WEEK
ENDING
AUG. 15, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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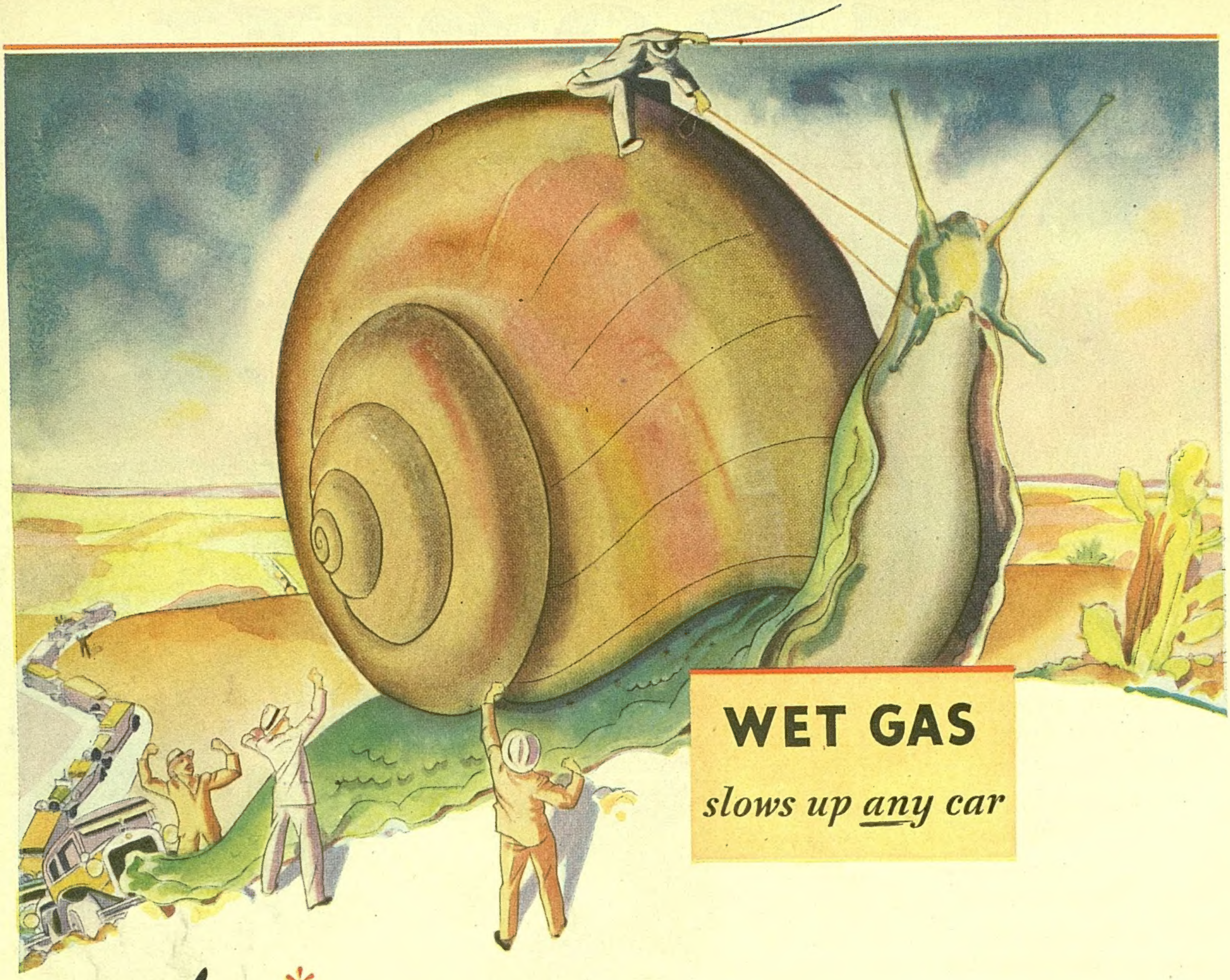

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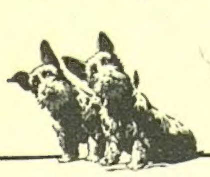

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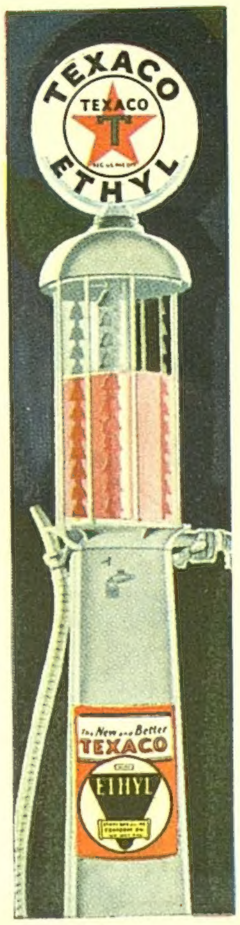

NAZIMOVA SAYS,

"I am over 40 years old!"

Famous stage and screen star declares years need not rob you of Youth

"ONLY the woman who *looks* it is afraid to admit her age," says Nazimova. "But I am proud of mine—look at me—I am over forty!

"It is easy to be lovely at sixteen, but to be still lovelier at forty . . . well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise! Actresses rarely look their age, you notice. Like me, they guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It is a marvel, that soap. For years I have been faithful to it—and my skin is so soft, so smooth. A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

How 9 out of 10 screen stars guard complexion beauty

Nazimova is only one of countless, perpetually youthful stage and screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

In Hollywood, actually 605 of the 613 important screen actresses use this fragrant white soap regularly.

NAZIMOVA. Who would guess, looking at this recent photograph, that she is over 40! More fascinating than ever she seems, this star who won early stage fame in *The Doll's House*, became a favorite of the screen in such hits as *Salome*, and returned to the stage recently in *The Cherry Orchard*.

Lux Toilet Soap..10¢

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

MORE TAXES FOR EVERYBODY

No one likes to hear about taxes. It is an unpleasant subject. The statement by the Federal Government that there was a shortage of more than a billion dollars at the close of the fiscal year means more taxes for everybody.

We all believe that we are already overburdened with taxes. We would like to see them reduced; but they cannot be evaded. And when the Government requires more money the legislators usually adopt the easiest procedure—they add to the income tax or to other taxes already burdensome. They rarely take the time to make the exhaustive research so much needed—they think the easiest way is the best.

But legislators should realize that every dollar added to a tax on incomes from business has a restrictive influence on business. There should be an effort on the part of our lawmakers at these times to find some way to raise money through taxation which will not affect legitimate business.

The necessities of life should be free from taxation as nearly as possible.

There is one source of taxation that formerly brought huge amounts of money to this Government, but in a moment of fervid altruism we concluded as a nation that we would wash our hands of such a degrading source of profit. The liquor tax brought us many hundreds of millions of dollars, and the exalted principles that influenced the abolishment of this source of revenue are to be commended.

We doubtless did not realize, when we refused to accept this source of profit, that the huge sum of money that formerly helped to pay the taxes of this Government would be turned over to crooks and criminals, that they would not only personally profit by it, but that they would use these unparalleled riches to promote their criminal activities.

It is our opinion that it would have been much better for the Government to have continued using this money to lessen our harassing taxes. Furthermore, it is our belief that now that we are being burdened almost to an unbearable extent by taxation, something should be done to take this profit out of the hands of the bootleggers and make it serve a worthy purpose. This would not only greatly relieve the taxpayer, but it would take an enormous capital out of the hands of the criminal element with which they are now promoting their underworld activities.

Remove all taxes from necessities if possible; lower the tax on every phase of legitimate business. Taxing business restricts business—the more business is taxed the less business we will have.

And last, but not least, recognize the necessity for lessening governmental expenses. But who ever heard of governmental expenses being lowered? They grow year by year. In times of good business they leap ahead, sometimes with giant strides, and when depression appears, they may be checked, but they cannot be lowered; and that indicates a defect in our governmental system that is open to severe criticism.

There should be a demand so widespread for cutting governmental expenses, that it cannot be ignored. Go to any of our state or Federal Government departments and one usually finds an appalling waste—bureaus overlapping one another, many departments occupied with activities that are simply a repetition of other departments. Not infrequently much time and effort are lost adhering to intricate and often antediluvian systems.

But we will probably have to pay more taxes. We will accept our fate grumpily, but we would be much more pleasant about it if we knew that intelligent efforts were being made to apply taxes where they would be felt the least and that the governmental expenses were being reasonably reduced.

If some superexecutive of one of our great corporations were turned loose on Washington he would probably reduce the expense of running our government from fifty to seventy-five per cent, and the system that he would introduce would probably be more efficient and effective.

Here's hoping that some of the common sense herewith presented will fall on fertile soil.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Golden Virgin—*A story* .... BEATRICE GRIMSHAW 6
Civilization's Progress .... JOHN HELD, JR. 15
Rackets of the Rich .... CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR. 16
Throwing light on some shady practices
Silver Bride—*Part II* .... ETHEL M. DELL 20
Black Diamond .... AL G. BARNES 29
The story of a love-crazed killer elephant
Love 'Em and— *A short short story* .... JOHN FRANKLIN FELLOWS 33
The Ocean for a Headache—*A story* .... JOSEPH GOLLOMB 36
$500 a Week for Limericks—*Some winners and a new offer* ... 43
Everything's Going Garbo—*Movie reviews* .... FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 44
He Was a Connolly—*A story* ...... EDWARD L. MCKENNA 48
To the Ladies! ...... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 54
A Masseuse Looks at the Stars—*Part VII* .... SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD 55
The Peril at End House—*Part X* ...... AGATHA CHRISTIE 60
A Trip to Spirit Land .... ROBERT BENCHLEY 65
Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (28); Vox Pop (46-47); For the Love o' Lil (51); Cross Word Puzzles (52-53); Bright Sayings of Children (64)

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IT COST BILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO BUILD

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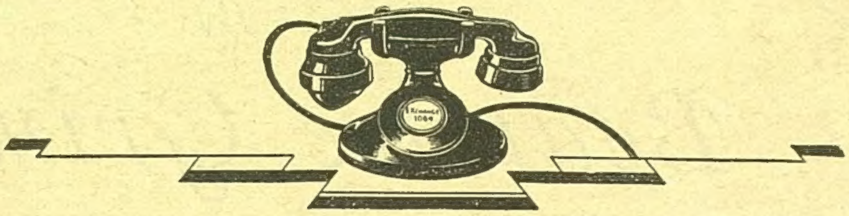

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The growth of the Bell System through the past fifty-five years and the constant improvement in service may well be called one of the great achievements of this country. Greater even than that are the policies, improvements and economies that make this service possible at such low cost.

Of all the things you buy, probably none gives so much for so little as the telephone.

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BELL SYSTEM

GOLDEN VIRGIN

The Story of a Woman Who Wanted Her Man and One Who Wanted Everything

By

Beatrice Grimshaw

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

(Reading time: 33 minutes 45 seconds.)

ADELAIDE ISLAND has the glassy sparkle, the fairy-like in substantiality that mark with a beauty all their own certain islands near the Line. There is no mystery about it. The overhead intensely vivid sun wipes out all shadow.

Yet, dreamlike as it appears, it is all as solid as Sydney Circular Quay, and if you live there long you may come to loathe the barren loveliness of it, and wish yourself back on that same Circular Quay, with the ferryboats of Sydney chunking up to the wharves. Or you may come to love it with a fatal love that eats you up, takes from you, one by one, ambition, friends, fortune, marriage, home; that drugs you, instead, with sun, and makes you drunk with beauty; gives you freedom that is too free, and love that burns like fire but lasts no longer.

You may find yourself, on Adelaide and her thousand sister islands, asking yourself throughout a lifetime the Celtic peasant's question: "Can a man be more than happy?" and finding no answer—until too late.

This is the tale of a man who found the answer.

. . . . .

Jerome Gunning, like all men who live long in the islands, had acquired the habit of talking for talk's sake. There were no picture shows, no radio, no mails (save thrice a year) on Adelaide. There were no other white men except Eneas Rugg.

Liliwai, Jerome's native wife, was brown and soft and sweet; a gay singer, a care-free thing who had never so much as heard of cold or hunger or sorrow, save the inevitable rare sorrows brought by death; who knew no world beyond Adelaide, and desired to know none. One could love her, but not talk to her. When the need of talk became dominant, one put on one's shoes—for ceremony, not because feet made horny by fifteen years of bare padding about needed protection—called to Liliwai for a clean shirt, belted one's *pareu* tighter, and set off along the shores of the inner lagoon for the far side of the island.

Eneas Rugg would be there, sitting cross-legged on the veranda of his brown-thatched native house. "Let's close the stores," one would suggest, and Eneas would nod, and it was understood that for a day or two, maybe more, trade upon Adelaide, in the two stores of the two white men, was at an end. The wives would get up a picnic next day, and there'd be singing and dancing until night, and after, on the long beaches where the coconuts hung over. But today one talked. . . .

"There'll be a boat in this week," Eneas said, taking his pipe out of his mouth and dusting a fluff of ashes from his gray beard. The southeast trade was blowing hard today; the plum-blue lagoon in the midst of the island was chipped all over with white.

"Plenty of copra ready," Jerome answered.

There was an easy silence. Jerome lit a cigarette. His clean-shaved face, lean and well bred, with sea-blue eyes set in its leathery tan, contrasted strongly with Rugg's heavy features; yet he was like Rugg. His years were by sixteen or seventeen less than Rugg's fifty-five, yet he seemed, in some curious way that made Rugg younger rather than Gunning older, to be the contemporary of the other man. Those who know the islands know this leveling, this mark; it has been called the Shadow of the Palm. . . .

"Prices down a bit, I expect," said Gunning presently.

"Been too high to last," was Rugg's comment. "A bit of a fall won't hurt us. You and me, all these years, sitting here, piling up a little and a little. But we don't want it. The fish in the lagoon. And the food gardens. And coconuts, pigs, fowls. Prices don't hurt 'm. I reckon we're pretty well off. I reckon we wouldn't be no better off, not if we found the Golden Virgin."

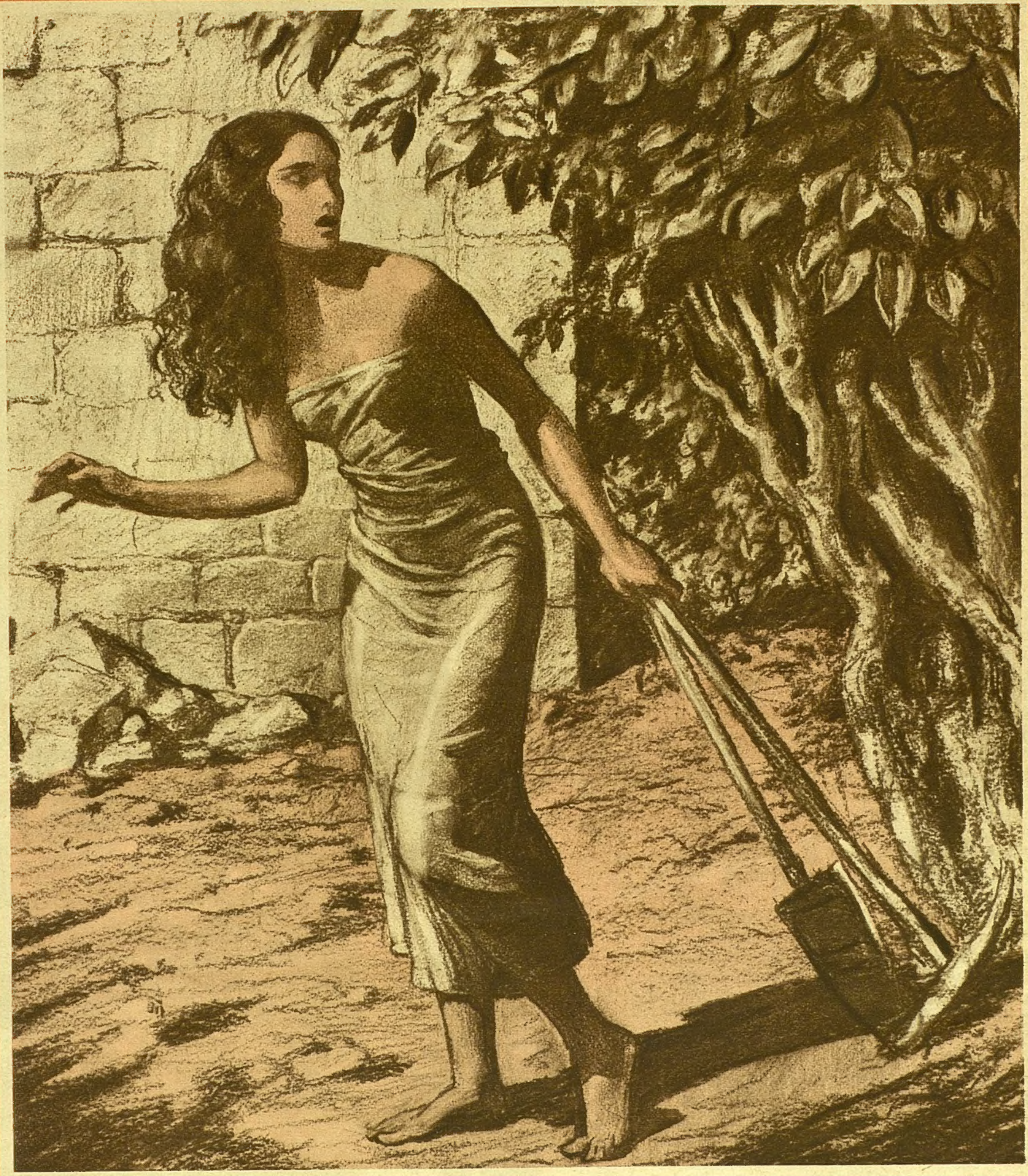
In that quarter of the Pacific, less than six hundred miles from the Cocos, where the undiscovered treasure lies, talk of the Golden Virgin was as common as talk of the Calcutta Sweep in India—the mysteriously found, mysteriously lost Golden Virgin of the Cocos.

Jerome Gunning said, "Ah!" thirstily, and looked out across the blue shield of the middle lagoon into the darkly brilliant ocean, as if he could see, a long way off, the isle of Cocos and the treasure hidden beneath its concealing landslides.

"You know," he said presently, "you know, I've always thought there was something, maybe, in the tale that she got to these islands."

Eneas had heard, before, everything that Jerome Gunning had to say; but he didn't mind hearing things over and over. He liked the sound of talk about gold. He settled down now, sucking at his pipe, to hear it all again.

"In that expedition that they ran from San Francisco somewhere about the seventies," Jerome went on, "it



Out of the thicket something came creeping on light feet; something that wore a long gown and carried tools.

was said they got nothing; just the same as the ones that went before. Just like the ones that came after; some of them we read about in the papers from Sydney, you remember."

"Aye," nodded Eneas Rugg.

"Everyone knows there was a statue of the Virgin all in solid gold among the treasure."

"It's always bin allowed there was."

"Well, six or seven years after that expedition had failed and gone back, there was a sort of a rumor got up among the islands that the Golden Virgin had been found and taken away. There was talk of her being on Adelaide years before Adelaide was inhabited again, when they'd all died off with the smallpox from the Chincha Islands boat and the place was empty."

"If she'd bin on Adelaide," commented Eneas hoarsely, "which I wouldn't say, for or against, you or me would have found her. The place is as hopen as your hand. No, Jerry, m'lad, you're runnin' your 'ead up against that copper woman in the old church again."

"Bronze," corrected Jerome. It was an old argument.

"No matter. Bronze or copper isn't gold."

"I'd like to break her up," Jerome said, as he had said a hundred times.

Rugg did not answer. He had told Jerome countless times that the Virgin in the little ruined church—the church built of sawn coral from the reef half a century ago, deserted when the sickness came, and unroofed by a hurricane after—wasn't life-size, wasn't gold, hadn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE GOLDEN VIRGIN
Continued from page seven

anything to do with the lost treasure. But the queer thing was that he did not quite believe this himself.

"I reckon," he said presently with cheerful repetition, "that you and me are on a pretty good thing here; I reckon we wouldn't be better off, not if we found the Gold Virgin. Are you staying to *kai-kai?*"

"I think I'll *kai-kai* at Kafi's mother's," Jerome said, staring straight ahead of him at the dazzling sand of the beach. Rugg threw him a keen side glance. "Kafi there?" he hazarded.

Jerome nodded.

"They do say," went on the other, knocking out his pipe, "that you're thinkin' of her."

"And if I am?" demanded Jerome somewhat warmly.

"Then you're in for big trouble," was Rugg's decisive comment. "A white man can't carry out them native customs and get away with it; not in these islands he can't do it. I been here forty year, and I never was married to more than one at a time. I been here when a man would have 'ad 'is 'ead cut off with a bamboo knife just for talkin' of it. They was always a very mono—monotonous people, even among themselves, except it was a big chief maybe—"

"Well, if I'm not a big chief, I don't know who is!"

"You're not, son. You're not no more a chief than me, when it comes to natives. I been reading Shakespeare. I mind where 'e says, 'That in the cap'n's but a choleraic word which in the sailor is flat blarsphemy.' If you go to marry two native women, you not bein' native and not bein' a chief, there'll be trouble, as sure as God made little apples and Eve ate 'm."

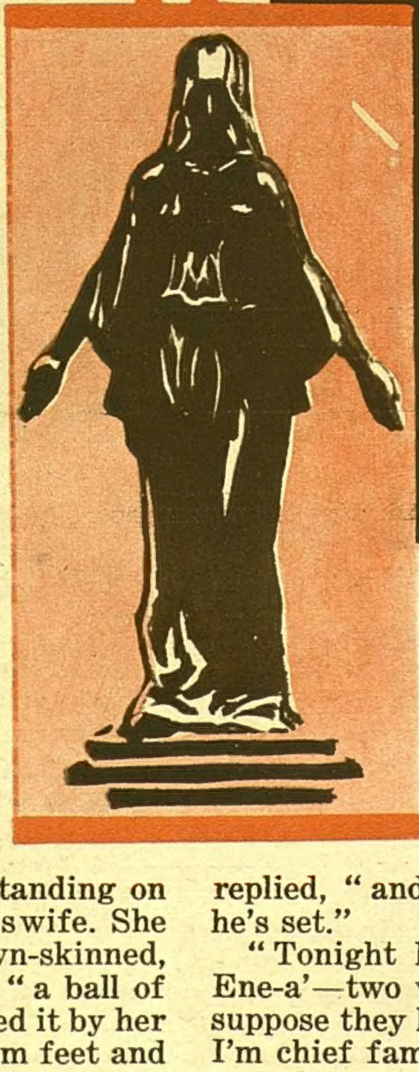
"Kafi's in love with me," said Jerome. He rose to his feet, pulled in his belt a trifle, and squared his shoulders, cocked his hat sidewise, and fingered his short mustache.

ENEAS, looking somewhat sourly upon these antics of the preening male, said, "Have it y'r own way; go and jump 'ead foremost into trouble if you like, and then come to me to get you out of it, and I won't." To himself he thought, "You're proud, you are, but I was a better man in ninety-four; I could've broke you with my 'ands; I could've took ten girls away from you."

Eneas, elderly widower, little looked upon by girls of any kind in 1929, was not yet past admiring a thing of fire and dew like Kafi; Kafi, the livest, prettiest thing on Adelaide; wild dancer, wonderful singer, swiftest swimmer, most daring canoe paddler among the dangerous breakers of the reef; Kafi, who had rejected every basket of fruit and fish brought her by languishing island wooers. Sixteen, ripe for love, as love goes in the islands, it was sure she would throw the handkerchief some day; and she had thrown it to Jerome Gunning.

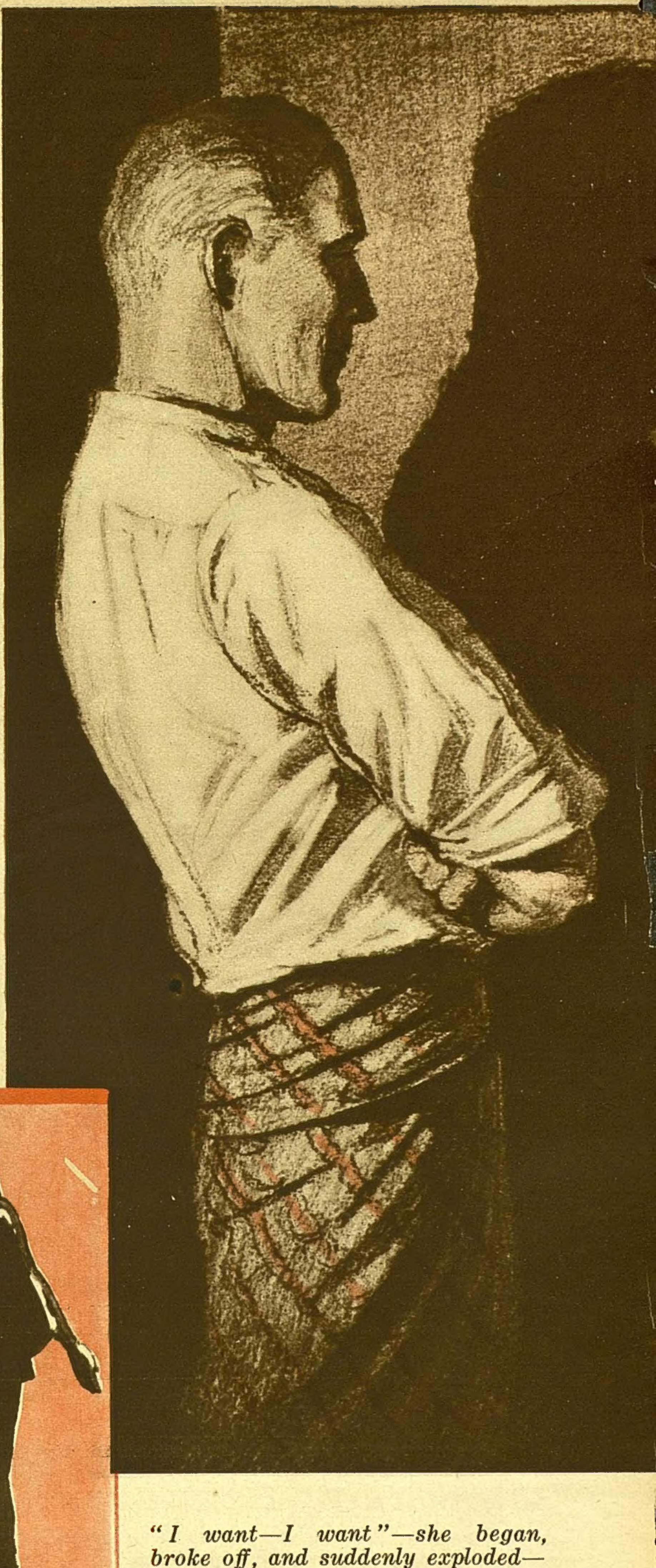
Eneas bit off a plug of tobacco, began to cut it in his horny palm. "G'wan with you," he said. He had never come nearer quarreling with Jerome.

Alone on the veranda of his *rau*-thatched house, with the dance of the shadows for all company, he fell to dreaming.



When he lifted his eyes he saw a woman standing on the white, blue-shadowed sand. Liliwai, Jerome's wife. She was a tall creature, nobly made, amber-brown-skinned, with the true island eye that sailors liken to "a ball of water." Chief blood was in Liliwai; she showed it by her height, her dignity, the beauty of her long slim feet and hands. Her eyes were swollen and her lips trembling.

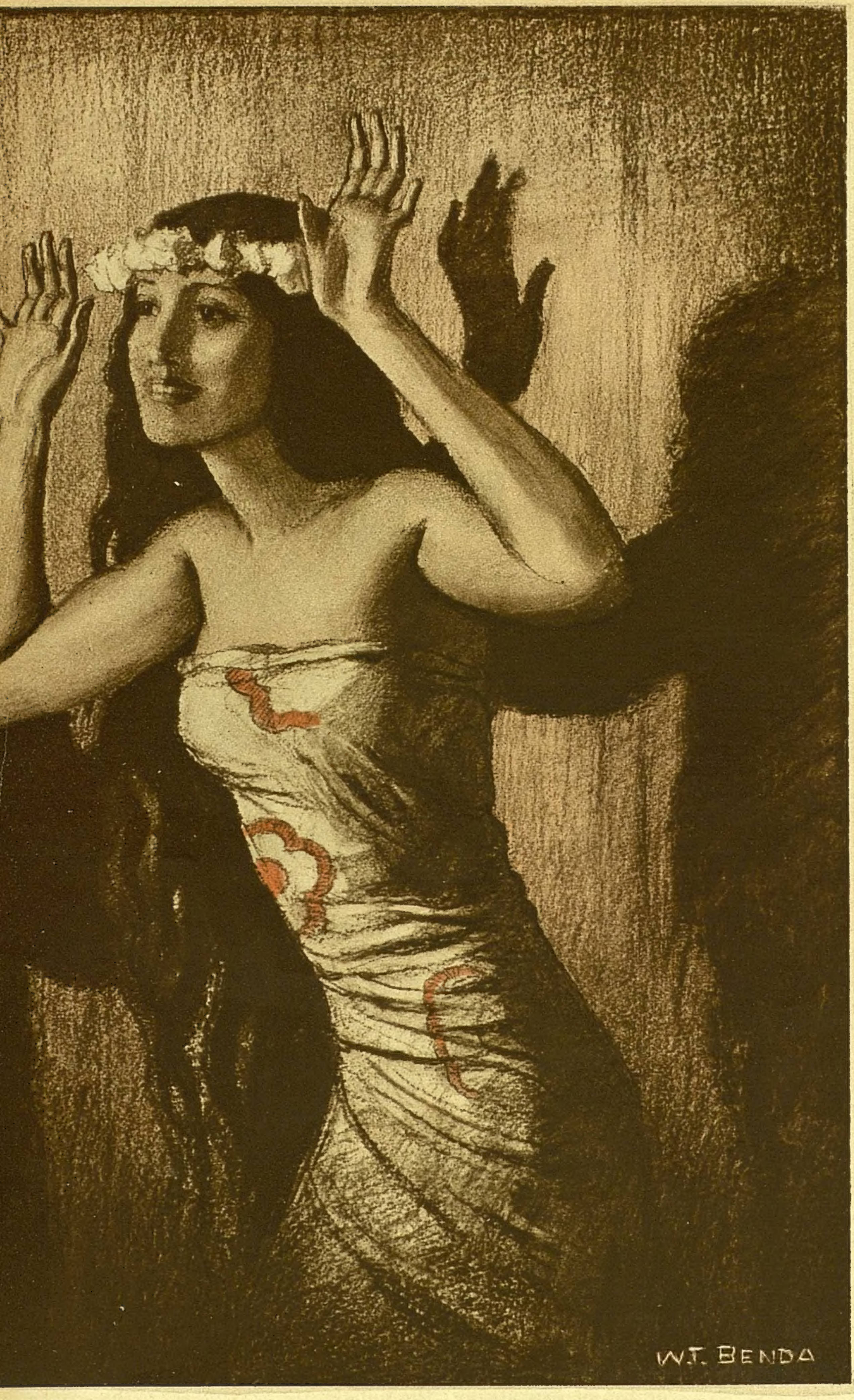
"Ene-a'," she addressed the sailor, "I coming to you because my heart very sick. You my man's friend. I want you talk to him. He say—"



"I want—I want"—she began, broke off, and suddenly exploded— "I want the whole world!"

"I know wot he says," Eneas curtly replied, "and it's a shame. I can't help you, Liliwai; he's set."

"Tonight he bring Kafi to my house! Two wives, Ene-a'—two wives the great chiefs of Adelaide having, suppose they like. And Jerome think he can do the same. I'm chief family; I have had two mothers in my home, and always my own mother was crying in the nights. I can't be like that, Ene-a'. I rather climb a coconut tree



and fall down. I have been good wife; no children because the baby died; but Jerome he not wanting children. I don't know why he want to bring Kafi, but I can't stay; I must go back to my father if she come."

She held herself in, but the angry light in her great eyes promised ill for Jerome.

Eneas watched her. "There'll be poison in the tea by and by, if he keeps them two together," the sailor thought. Aloud he said, "You take my advice, Liliwai. Collect your gear and go home."

"You are old man," Liliwai answered. (Eneas winced, almost visibly.) "Old men are wise. I go." With the sweep of a tragedy queen she turned away, then swung back again and said, in an ordinary tone, "You lend me two store boys to carry my somethings; I not going to leave one [embroidered] spoon, one [richly adjectived] *pareu* for her!"

Eneas lent the boys, glad to be quit of trouble. "I wish 'e was as sure to be quit of it."

When there is a holiday in the islands there is a dance, and the dance, in the nature of things, lasts from dusk till dawn. There is also a picnic mixed up with the dancing, and a concert inextricably entangled with both. Nothing was omitted on the night of Jerome's new wedding. It was without blessing of clergy, as there were none on Adelaide; none had been there since the dying out of the Catholic mission in the smallpox year long ago, when Adelaide was, for the time, depopulated. But there were all the native ceremonies.

ALL night the dance went on; it ended in the fine sawn-timber house of Kafi's people, and with dawn, according to custom, Kafi's father and mother symbolically flung her out of doors, slamming the front door loudly behind her. Weeping crocodile tears, the girl fell into the arms of a giggling native couple who had consented to enact the part of the bridegroom's missing family. They led her to Jerome's house, and Jerome, a little worn from his night of dancing and singing, but all alight with joy, took her from them and led her into the house. And so that was that, and the guests went home to bed. Nobody remembered Liliwai, who was lying on the mats of her father's house, face down, silent, till the dawn.

Next afternoon the friends of Kafi came with songs and dishes of food, according to custom. "There's a ship coming in," they told her as she and Jerome took the savory bundles at the door. "Hide Kafi away, white man," they said, "or the sailors'll carry her off." For she was, that evening, the loveliest thing that had ever been seen in the islands: slim as a taro stem in her new smock of emerald silk; her black hair, held by a crown of frangipanis, falling to her knees; her eyes, no finer than Liliwai's, but filled with twice the fire, lighting her face like lamps, so that you could see nothing else, so that it caught your breath to look at her. Kafi was a queen. Every woman is a queen once, but she was queen of queens that day.

They did not trouble about the ship. They went in again, and when they had fed their hunger, Kafi said, "Now I have a present to make to you, my white man," and Jerome answered her with the words that lovers use. She laughed and said, "A new present."

"What is it?" he said, beginning to be curious.

She said, "Am I not clever, as clever as I am lovely?"

"You are as clever as the golden crow of the legend," Jerome said. It was a fairy tale they knew. Kafi clapped her hands and laughed.

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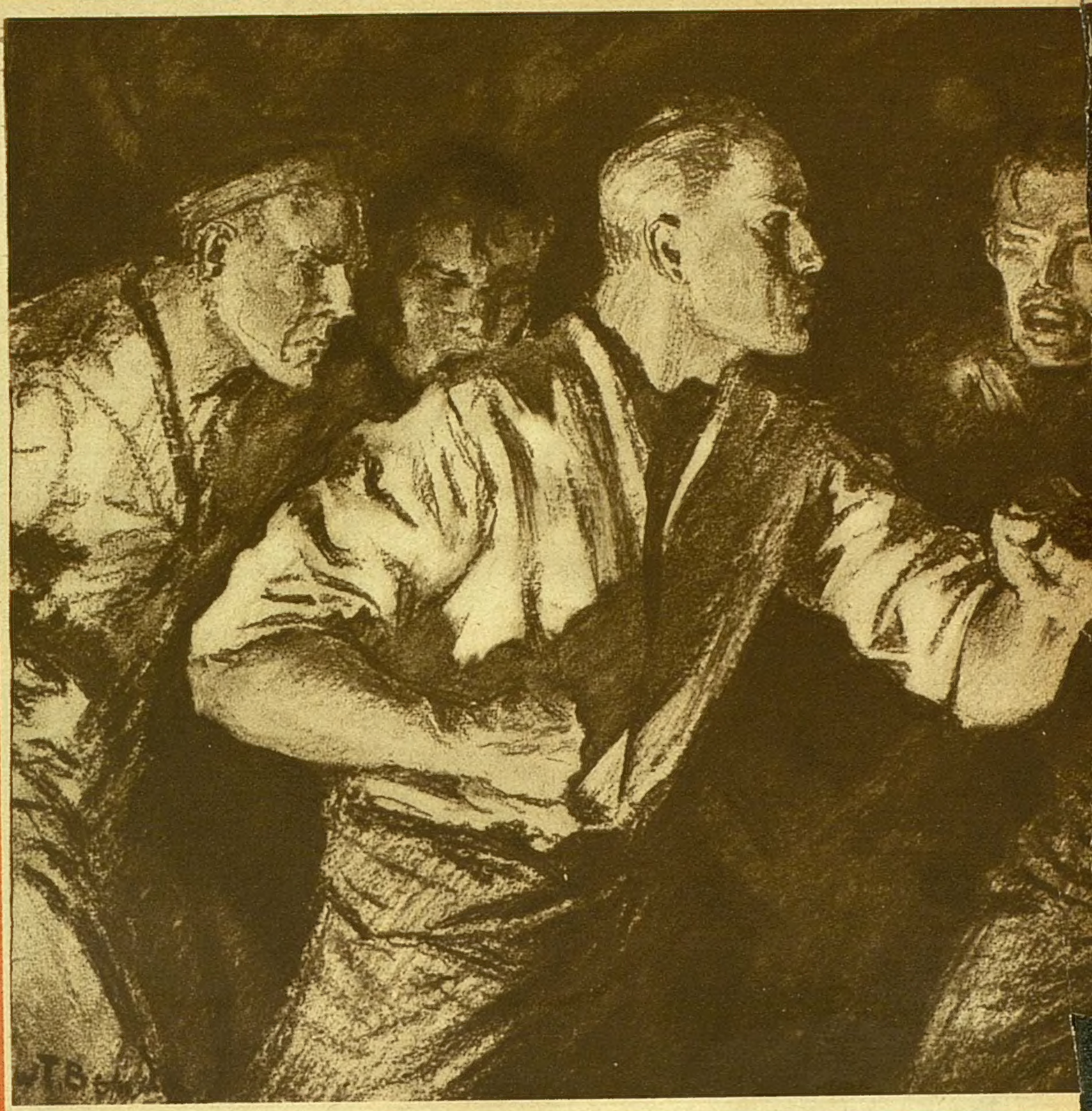
THE GOLDEN VIRGIN
Continued from page nine



"You cursed thieves!" Jerome shouted. "Get out!" One of the seamen made a lunge at him with his knife.

"You are right, *papalangi* [white man]!" she cried. "Golden, gold—you are right."

"What?" he asked her. "You don't mean that you know—"

"I know something," she said. "I know half, my *papalangi;* it's for you to find the other."

Jerome was serious at once. If there was indeed talk of the treasure—"What have you found out?" he asked her.

She told him that she had taken shelter from the sun in the church one day when she was hot and tired with dancing; it was the day the steamer last came in; that would be some months ago. She liked to look at the statue—the lady with her hands stretched out, standing on a big lump of coral stone where once (so people said) there had been an altar.

While she was there, someone came in, a Frenchman sailor from the ship. He had not noticed her, because she kept hidden behind the big bush of flowers that grew at the side of the church. He and another man were walking about, looking at things, and the sailor said that the statue was all wrong; he said it had been put there by some heretic who knew nothing; and someone should move it away.

"Why?" the other man had asked, yawning; he wasn't very interested. "Because," the sailor said, "they never put that kind of statue in that part of the church." "Why not?" the other said. "Not right on top, they don't," the sailor said. "If it was stuck up there it was done by someone who knew nothing; she'd ought to have the Child in her arms, and she hasn't; that kind goes in another place." "Oh, fiddle-de-dee," the other man said.

The men began to quarrel, and they went out of the church and she didn't know what happened after. But she heard the Frenchman say, "If I can come back when this trip is over, I'll come, and bring a mattock and spade." And the other said, "Too right you will, with me standing looking on. If you think there's anything there, we'll go halves in it." So they went to the ship, and the ship sailed away. But Kafi, she thought and thought, and she said to herself, "When I marry my white man, I'll tell him about this." And she was telling it, because there was nothing the white men loved like the thought of gold. Island people didn't—

THE shout that Jerome raised resounded from wall to wall of the timbered house, echoed into the store beside it, and roused the sleeping house boy into a moment's drowsy wonder.

"Girl, you're a marvel!" Jerome cried. "I see it! I see it!"

Clapping on his hat, he rushed out of the house to Eneas Rugg.

"Old boy," he cried, "I reckon we've got it at last!"

Eneas did not need to ask what he had got. "'Ow did you hear?" he demanded.

"It's that bronze statue, I'll swear," Jerome answered, panting with excitement. "It was left there as a blind—and a mark."

"A blind mark?"

"No, idiot. The gilding was meant—"

"I get you. Sort of red 'erring. People would hear of the gold statue in these islands, and they'd see her, and they'd say, 'Hiron, gilded; nothink in it,' and they'd give up before they started. I wonder 'ow many—"

"But there's more. Kafi says that a French sailor said that the bronze statue was put up there by someone who knew nothing about the religious business at all; he said that it wasn't the proper thing to put that brand right up at the top; seems they put one with a baby in its arms when they do the correct thing. . . . Don't you see what it means?"

"Blest if I do."

"Why, it was put there for some other purpose—as a sort of leading mark, if you know what I mean."

Eneas rose to his feet. "Come on," he said. "I got a mattock here; you take the spade."

They found the church deserted in the cool of the evening. The little bronze-gilt statue, set high on her pile of coral boulders, caught the last rays of sunset on her face and almost seemed to smile.

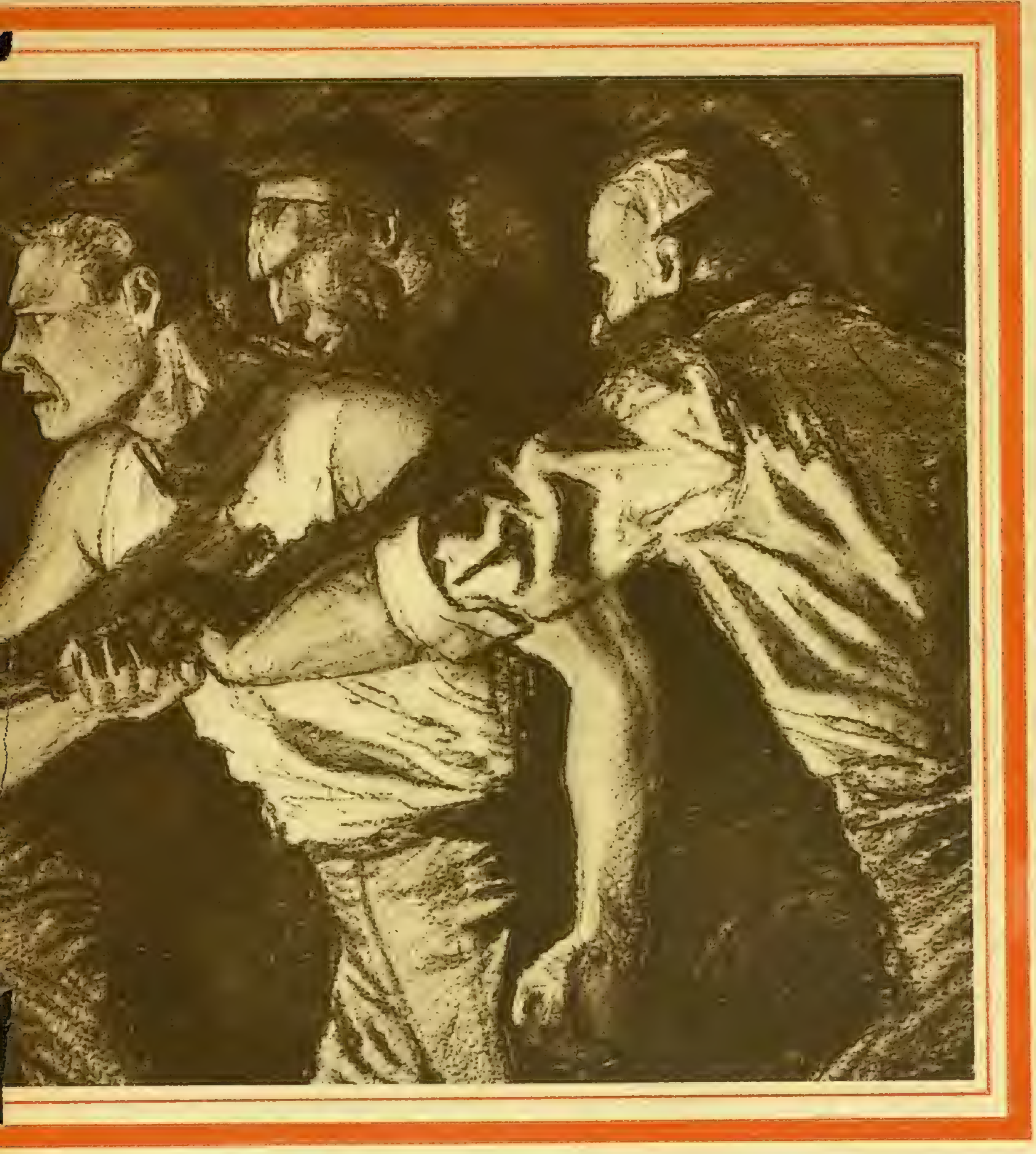
Eneas, with sailorly forethought, had brought a compass. "I lay," he said, "she'll be pointin' out something with them hands. That was why they put 'er right up on top of everything; the hangle—"

He began to take a bearing from one of the pointing hands. Jerome waited.

Through the silence that filled the little church—a silence that somehow seemed deeper, more regretful than other silences—the long murmur of the coral reef steadily rose; the smoke of it, pale in sunset, showed between the stems of the leaning palms. It was as if the soul of the islands had found voice. "You can't be more than happy," the reef said, in the distance; and the winds among the palms uncertainly echoed, "Happy?"

"Them bearings," Eneas announced, "if followed, leads right out, nor'east by east and nor'west by west, acrost the yam gardens, which they've been dug up again and again, world without end. I reckon your Kafi 'ad a nightmare."

Jerome said, "Give me the compass," in the same tone that Lady Macbeth may have used when she asked for



"Glory God Almighty!" he breathed, harking back, in that moment of emotional stress, to some Little Bethel of his childhood.

Jerome said simply, "Gosh!" and sat down on the ground.

They had both seen, looking up out of the enveloping soil and sand, the face of a woman. Life-size. Gold.

Eneas took a torn handkerchief out of his pocket and mopped his head. "It's true," he whispered. "Lord, she must be worth—she must be worth—millions."

"She must be dashed heavy," Jerome objected. "It'll need a good few men to shift her, and where are we going to get them? You can't, in these days, pick your carriers and then kill 'em to keep things quiet."

"Cover 'er up and say nothin'," advised Eneas. "Don't forget the steamer come in this afternoon. Wait till she's well away again." He checked for a moment, breathless. "You and me are goin' to be kings of all the world—if we can keep this to ourselves."

"And I know who's going to be queen," Jerome added. "Chuck earth into the hole and hide the tools in the big hollow maupei tree; no one'll think of looking there. Hurry. If I don't get back soon to Kafi, she'll think I've run away."

WHEN they had gone it was once more very silent in the little ruined church. The moon showed up in a rose-blue sky above. Last colors fled. It was night.

Out of the thicket where the maupei grew, something came creeping on light feet; something that wore a long cotton gown and carried tools heavily in its slim hands. Liliwai. . . . She dug for half an hour before she came on a hard substance that rang beneath her pick. Then, like the men, she threw a match into the hole, saw what they had seen, laughed a little, and, having rested, filled the hole again. The tools she returned to the hollow tree.

In his fine sawn-timber house, Jerome, with Kafi, was drinking champagne and eating tinned plum cake. "We're rich, queen," Jerome was saying, his eyes bright with wine. "We own the whole world between us—just you and me and my mate."

"More wine," said Kafi. "What do you think she's worth?"

"I wouldn't sell my chance of finding out," Jerome assured her, pouring another glass, "for a million gold pounds."

"What can you buy with a million?"

"Everything in the world."

At the bare thought, Kafi seemed to expand; her eyes grew bigger, her breast swelled with a covetous sigh. "I want—I want"—she began, broke off, and suddenly exploded—"I want the whole world!"

Jerome, uneasily, told her not to be too previous; they hadn't got it yet. But Kafi, drunk not so much on wine as on the thought of unlimited wealth, kept repeating, "I want everything!" . . .

The high chief, Taroti, was very, very old. They called him Liliwai's grandfather, after the careless island fashion, but Eneas and Jerome had always supposed him to be her great-grandfather at least. Taroti could remember the days when Adelaide was thickly populated; the days when the mission came; the days when smallpox, that terror of the Pacific, killed off the mission folk and all but depopulated the place. He could remember, after that, certain things that happened on Adelaide: how a band of young men, engaged for shelling by some adventurers from South America, had mysteriously disap-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

the dagger. He took it, half walked, half ran to a point behind the ruined chancel, busied himself with the compass and a scrap of paper, and then, lifting his head, demanded, "What would you do if you wanted to bury it here—and mark the place for yourself or someone else, so that it could be found any time—and use that bronze image in the job?"

Eneas, hands in his pockets, stared and said, "Dono."

"You'd take the bearings facing the other way. Don't you see they're bound to cross?"

Eneas let loose a shout. "'Ow did you guess that?"

"The sort of head I have," Jerome proudly told him. "Now let's try the spade and the mattock and the crowbar."

Where the bearings, taken from the figure's outstretched hands, crossed behind the church, it was rocky ground; but Jerome, hot on the scent, was not to be put off by that. "They'd have had several men to carry the thing," he said. "Enough to shift any stones that had to be shifted. I reckon people have dug everywhere but here. I reckon the most unlikely looking spot. Heave away!"

ENEAS, encouraging himself with strange sailor cries, "Heave, bullies! Heave and wake the dead!" set his weight, with Jerome's, on the crowbar they had brought. A huge stone lifted, tottered, slid away. Another.

"There's bones 'ere," Eneas objected, turning pale. "'Ere's a skull bashed in. 'Ere's another. And ribs, and all manner."

"Get on. That's—that's another proof. Don't you see? They killed the men who brought her here, so that they couldn't tell. Heave!"

One last heave, that almost broke Jerome's back and tore a breathless curse from Eneas, lifted the final stone of a buried heap of stones, set one beneath another. It was getting dark now. Eneas' fingers shook as he lit a match and threw it into the hole.

THE GOLDEN VIRGIN
Continued from page eleven

peared. All drowned, it was said, by the capsizing of a ketch.

But Taroti had had his doubts. He wasn't high chief then; he did not own depopulated Adelaide. He lived on another island, with two wives who quarreled a great deal, and thirteen or fourteen children; he had his family to look after, and did not much care what happened to a place that he might inherit some day, and might not. The aftermath of the smallpox, wiping out two heirs, saw to it that he did inherit. But by that time the adventurers had gone, with the leaky little ship that had brought them to Adelaide from nobody knew where. It was said they meant to return. They did not return. They never made any port with their leaky ship, save the port of Davy Jones' locker. And in time Adelaide Island, never much interested in the affairs of the outside world, forgot all about them.

What old Taroti knew or guessed, he never told anyone. Chief blood can keep secrets. He was very old now. He had no one belonging to him save his great-grandchild, Liliwai, who had married, native fashion, Jerome Gunning, and who was now back in his home. If he had any love, any care left for human beings, it centered in her.

On the night after Jerome's second wedding he noticed, without remark, that Liliwai was out in the forest a long time, alone, and that when she came back she was earth-stained and weary.

Taroti, a queer but impressive figure, white-wool-haired, loose-skinned, clad only in a cotton *pareu* that showed every rib in his old body, watched her as he sat on the floor doing nothing in a dignified manner. His black eyes were brilliant still; little escaped those eyes. But he made no comment.

Only, that night, when everyone was asleep, he went to his Chinese camphorwood box, took out of it a roll of parchment, and studied it long and deeply. Taroti could read. After attaining chiefhood he had gone to a native college in Fiji and learned many things that he had cheerfully forgotten since. But reading, more or less, had stayed. Satisfied with what he saw, he locked the parchment in the box again, curled himself up on his mat, and was instantly asleep.

"HOW many men do you think she'll take to shift?" Jerome asked of Eneas.

They were bending over the hole where the Golden Virgin still lay undisturbed. It was night, and Eneas had swung a hurricane lantern down into the hole, so that they could see the figure, from which they had scraped away almost all the enveloping earth and sand.

As to moving it—one might as well have tried to shift the dome of St. Paul's. It was hardly life-size; perhaps it might have equaled in bulk a small childish woman, but any hefty island girl would have made two of this golden figure. Nevertheless, the great maupei tree, where they had hidden their tools, was not more firmly rooted to the ground. They had tried Manila-hemp tackles, with a purchase round a tree. The tackles simply wouldn't run, no matter how they hauled.

"Gosh!" panted Jerome, sweat running down his hair. "How heavy is she? She's scarcely bigger than a lamb."

"'Bout as big as that scrawny little chap Taroti, and he weighs six stone twelve, for I put 'm on the copra scales the other day," Eneas replied. "'Ow much heavier is gold? You was purser on the Union before you come here; you must have done some figuring."

"Give me a pencil, and I'll see," Jerome answered. "I reckon she's heavy; I reckon she'll be, maybe, three or four times the weight of you or me."

"She can't be. You're ten stone!"

Jerome busied himself with his pencil. In a few minutes he held up the result to Eneas, placing it well in the lamplight. "Look there," he said. "She's just about the weight of fourteen men like me."

"Go on!"

"Read it for yourself."

Slowly Eneas picked his way through the maze of avoirdupois and troy, of weight as roughly estimated by displacement. "Gord!" he said. Then, "It would want fourteen men to get her away."

"Or maybe more," Jerome corrected.

"What are we goin' to do?"

"I don't know yet. Only thing I can think of is to lay low till that cursed cargo boat's gone."

"She still here?"

"Yes. Couldn't unload with that tide we had yesterday. She'll be gone by the day after tomorrow, and then we can—"

"Are you sure no one knows?"

"Sure as death. Sure as the chap was who killed all his witnesses and buried them here."

"And it will take fourteen men to shift her?"

"Fourteen at least."

There was silence then in the wood of the maupeis, in the dark. A long way off, outside, the reef continuously sang, caring for none of them. With the noise of the reef, by and by, began to mingle another sound: the feet of men coming slowly up from beachward.

"My Gord!" dully cried Eneas. "That's the fourteen comin' from the ship."

CHIEF TAROTI was very old, so old that he never slept all night, waking always two or three times before the dawn, and lying contentedly enough upon his mat until sleep returned. He had no troubles to poison his rest, hadn't Taroti. Taxes, bills, difficulty of keeping up with the neighbors, never had touched his peaceful life, or the lives of any of his tribe. Wives were dead, children and grandchildren married, gone away. When he woke in the night no black dog rode his shoulders; he could lie contentedly on his mat, reaching out for a chew of tobacco, munching it for a while, and gradually, with the quid in his cheek, drift away into peaceful dreamlessness.

This night, when he woke, he did not fall asleep again. Taroti's hearing, for his age, was abnormally quick. At once he noted unaccustomed sounds from the neighborhood of the ruined church: faint click of tools; trampling of feet; talking—all subdued, but to the keen ears of the chief perfectly audible. For a minute or two he lay quiet, gathering his thoughts. Then, in the darkness, he rose and went to his camphorwood chest, heard the lock ring twice as he opened it and closed it again, pushed a roll of parchment in behind his leather belt, and, still in the dark, went forth.

At the back of the ruined church, in the light of a couple of hurricane lamps, strange doings were afoot. Taroti, taking his time and moving noiselessly, saw, without surprise, Jerome Gunning and Eneas Rugg in violent dispute with a crowd of men from the steamer. The lamps, set on the ground, threw orange light upon furious faces; fists were clenched and shaken; seamen's knives began to flash.

"You cursed thieves!" Jerome shouted. "Get out! It's ours. Findings keepings—you've nothing to do with—"

One of the seamen made a lunge at him with his knife. Eneas, standing a little way behind, kicked the knife out of the sailor's hand. The man, overbalancing, went down, and instantly his fellows closed about him.

"Get out yourselves," coolly advised the man who seemed to be the leader. "It's no more yours than ours, and we're ten to one; and, anyhow, you couldn't shift it, not in a month of Sundays. Here, boys, get busy and cut three of them young trees for sheer legs. You and you, dig away underneath it, and pass them wire ropes under. Leon, that other tree will just do for a carryin' pole if you lash eight or nine smaller ones acrost it; I'll put two men on each. Hump yourselves, heave! We ain't got a week to spare."

Stunned, the two discoverers watched the reeving of their booty. The sheer legs were put up over the hole; wire ropes and blocks, groaning, lifted the figure by slow degrees. Level with the ground, it was swung over, dropped, and laid down in the light of the lamps: a dulled yet shining figure, scarce as big as a twelve-year-old girl; primitive in type, and roughly fashioned, yet, in all its roughness, worth a sum incredible—the Golden Virgin of Cocos.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FOURTEEN]

ask the fountain fans
ask the scientists

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Borden's Richer Malted Milk

THE GOLDEN VIRGIN
Continued from page twelve

Jerome could no longer restrain himself. He gave a doglike howl of disappointment and would have flung himself upon the figure if Eneas had not held him back.

"They got knives," he said warningly. "No use losin' y'r life as well as y'r money. 'Ow did they 'ear about it? Seems to me someone's bin havin' the loan of y'r. Was it that new wife of yours?"

"No, no. She couldn't even if she would've. We've hardly been out of each other's sight. I can't think for the life of me. They're going to carry it off!"

The eighteen sailors, having secured the golden statue to a narrow tree trunk, and further lashed nine crosspieces to the tree, were preparing to take hold and heave. Jerome struggled to pull away from Eneas' resisting hands.

"Let go of me!" he panted. "I'll—I'll—" What he intended to do remained unknown.

A thin, sharp voice, coming out of the forest darkness, cried authoritatively, "Stop! Put that down. Mine." And the sailors, amazed, ceased heaving. Taroti appeared in the lamplight. He was entirely self-possessed, very much the chief, and he wore, the night being hot, a breechclout and a belt only. The big sailor who had been ordering about his fellows recovered first.

"Up she goes!" he cried. "Heave!" And as the little image slowly rose, he turned to Taroti. "What the hell do you mean?" he bluntly asked.

Taroti, with a native banana-leaf cigarette pinched in one corner of his ancient mouth, quietly replied: "I mean mine. The island mine. The people mine. You can't touch nothing s'pose I don't let you. I, Taroti, high chief."

"Oh, you are? And how are you going to stop us doing what we like with what we've found?"

"Eighty-seven, or I think eighty-nine of my young men, they stopping you," Taroti sweetly replied. "You see that big tree all hollow? That's our drum. S'pose I drumming on that tree—"

"Suppose you don't do any such [adjectival] thing!"

"You not letting me finish; very bad manners. Suppose I drumming, my eighty-seven or -nine young men they hear; they hold off. Suppose not drumming they cut your ship cable and send her on the reef."

"All very well," said the big man, breathing quickly; "but I don't take your authority, Mr. Carrots, or whatever you call yourself. Who do you suppose you—"

Taroti plucked a parchment from his belt, and held it out in the lamplight. "That's my deed of ownership from thee high commishner of thee wesstern Pacific," he rattled off.

Jerome and Eneas gasped. They had never heard of such a deed, but they knew instantly that Taroti was speaking the truth.

"Got it when he went to Suva, that time his old man died," Eneas suggested. "Cunning as a bag of weasels."

Jerome was silent. He was thinking of Liliwai; wondering whether he might not have acted a little differently if he had known quite all about her grandfather. Native chieftainship was one thing; actual ownership, backed up by the British government, was another. And Taroti, he knew, forgot, forgave nothing. He was to have proof of that. The big sailor, a sharp judge of men, had somehow gathered that Taroti did not want the treasure for himself.

"Well, old gentleman," he said conciliatingly, "I don't want for any of us to bump up again' the British authorities. Perhaps you'll call off your chaps and let's talk business."

Taroti struck the hollow tree a few sharp blows. "My young men go home now," he said. "We talk."

The sailors had set down their burden. The little gold image lay quietly in the lamplight; over its roughly shaped features, as the wind blew the flames about, an uncertain smile seemed to hover.

"All the time," Taroti oratorically said, "I thinking some day some man finding that gold what they hid here long, long time ago. I think then bad times come for Adelaide, my island: men fight, men drink, kill. Always it's so when men finding gold, big pearl, anything the white man want. I, Taroti, old man, wise old man; I know. But gold it is like blood—must come out. Never always hid. This gold have come to the sun at last. Now I say, Taroti, that the gold mus' be taken away. I not want it. I am wise man. You want it. You can have it if you take it quick, very quick, before it do harm to my island. But—"

"But look here!" shouted Jerome. "We found it, Eneas Rugg and I. Where do we come in?"

Taroti might not have heard for all notice that he took. He went smoothly on, a queer little shriveled figure, naked, splayfooted, white-wool-haired, yet every inch of him a leader, a chief.

"But I say one thing: You shall take with you my friend, and give him share of all you get."

"Your friend? Who's he?"

Jerome held his breath. After all—perhaps—

Taroti, with a masterful gesture, beckoned Eneas forward. "This my friend; friend of my house. He go tonight with you."

The big sailor stared, laughed, seemed to decide that Taroti was eccentric and must be humored. "Aye, aye, we'll take your friend," he promised. "We'll whack out a share for him, if that's your price. What about his mate?"

"His mate," Taroti smoothly answered, "will stay on this island. He does not want to go." And Jerome, bursting, found that he had nothing to say.

At sunup, when the steamer was making the passage, loud shrieking rose among the women of the island. Kafi was nowhere to be found. They looked for her along the reef, in the forest, through all the gardens. They wept as they looked for her, for something told them that of Kafi they had seen their last.

Jerome did not help them. He sat sullenly in his house, remembering Kafi's eagerness about the gold and Kafi's impulsive words, "I want the world—I want everything!"

. . . . .

Liliwai and her husband are a reasonably happy couple. Perhaps that is because Liliwai, a chieflike woman, knows how to keep her own counsel. Jerome will never know who visited the boat in secret; who made the bullets that Chief Taroti fired.

They have heard of Eneas from time to time. He is married to Kafi, and they are spending their share of the treasure very fast. Eneas drinks, and Kafi is somewhat too popular in the night clubs of Buenos Aires, where color counts little.

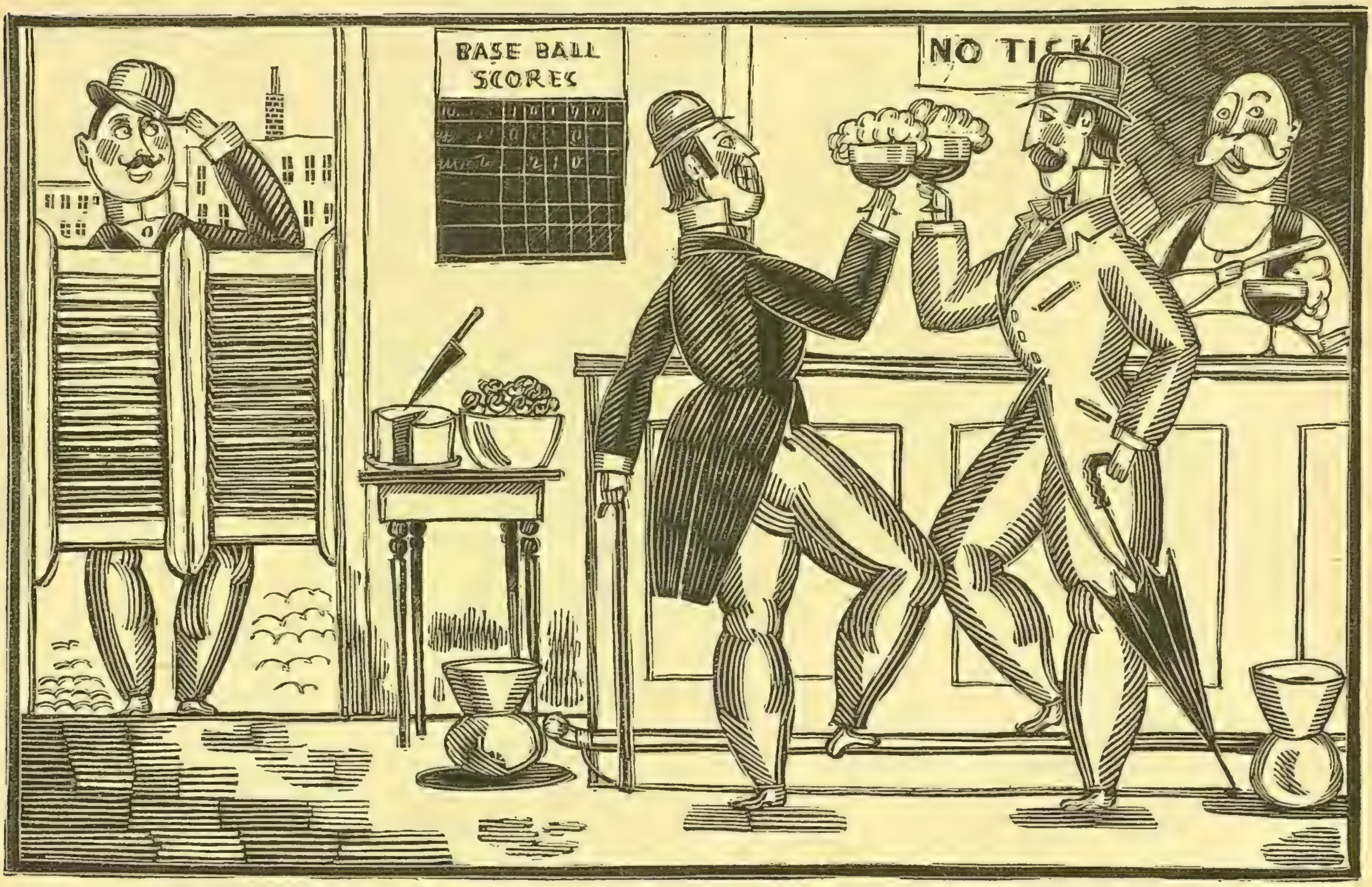
The *rau*-thatched house of Eneas Rugg stands almost bare to the winds; sun spills through the rafters, and banana birds peck and quarrel about the floors. Jerome comes there once in a way, sits long enough to smoke a pipe in the veranda where he and Eneas used to "yarn" together, and wonders how he would have fared if he had got his share and gone as Eneas went. It is idle to wonder; he will never go.

Wind blows in the palms; reef thunder, outside, never ceases; the murmurous silence and the peace of the island world are in his heart. He has forgotten Kafi; Liliwai's children play beside him. A man, he thinks, can't be more than happy.

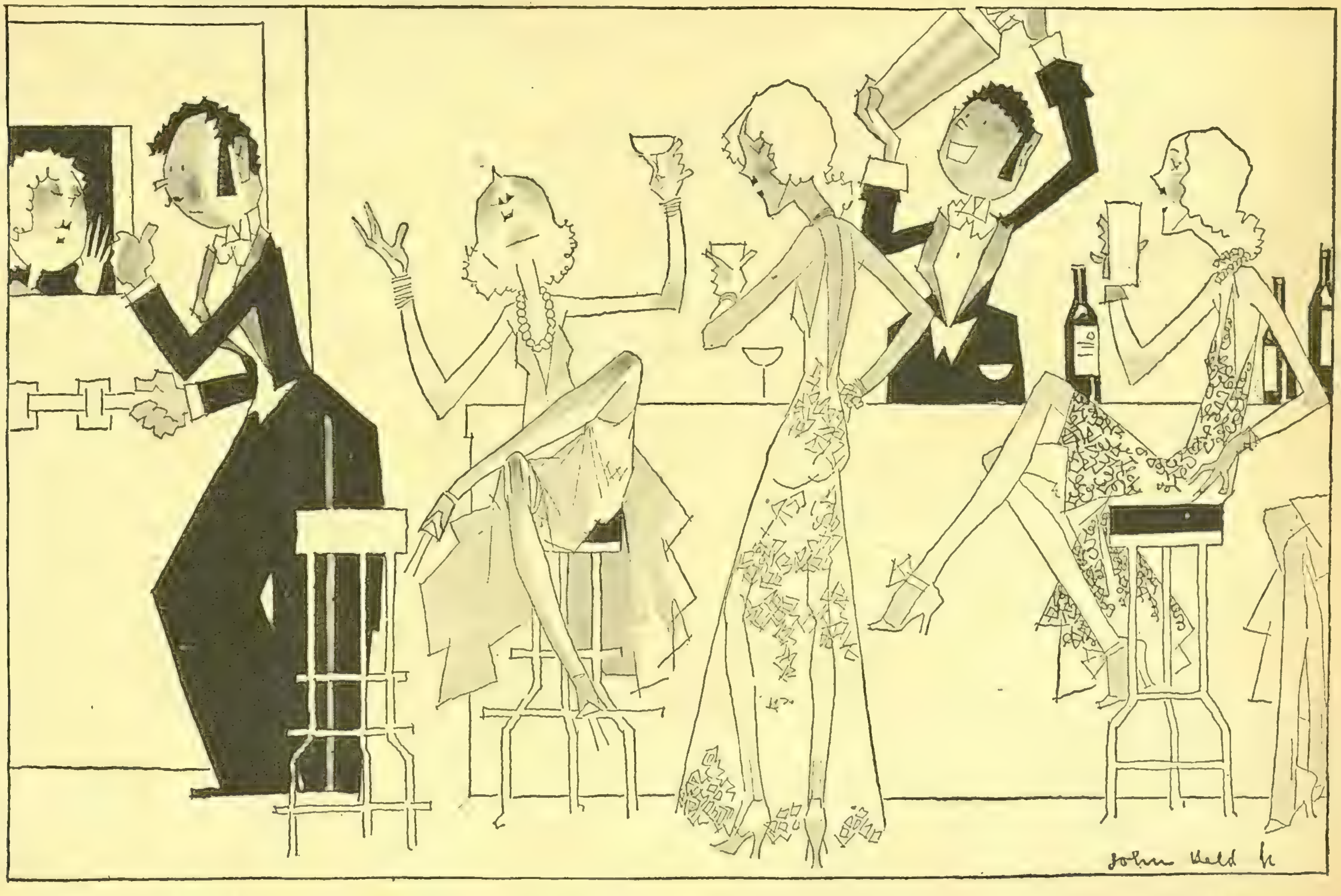
Over his head, as he sits there, flickers and darkens and fades the Shadow of the Palm.

THE END

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS *by* John Held, Jr.


BASE BALL SCORES
NO TICK

When Good Fellows Get Together . . . Yesterday


John Held Jr

When Good Fellows Get Together . . . . Today

RACKETS

Throwing Light on Shady Practices In and Out of Society

By

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

Pictures by GEORGIA WARREN

(Reading time: 17 minutes 30 seconds.)

HE played backgammon at Mrs. Vincent Astor's and poker with Legs Diamond. His friends lived in Fifth Avenue penthouses and in smelly two-by-fours in the ghetto. Rich men, poor men, highbrows, lowbrows—they all liked him. Among other things, he was known as the most honest man in town. But I was wise to him; I had been tipped off some years previously.

His racket was preying on wealthy middle-aged women, the type who fall hard for wavy-haired young men who croon through large megaphones. In the course of several years he had left a trail of fractured hearts—and splintered bank rolls—from Newport to the Riviera.

And so it was that one morning early in May, just a few years ago, a middle-aged lady with more money than sense broke in on me at my bachelor flat on upper Fifth Avenue. And when I say the lady broke in, I mean exactly that. When the buzzer sounded, I answered the door myself, being the sole occupant of the apartment. I had not been long out of bed and, clad in blue cotton pyjamas and a striped dressing gown, I presented a somewhat slovenly picture to my early visitor. But that seemed to make little difference to her as she angrily burst past me and demanded:

"Mr. Vanderbilt?"

I sleepily admitted my identity.

Thereupon the lady—let us call her Mrs. Hendrickson—explained that she had come all the way from Louisville, Kentucky, to have it out with me. A close friend of mine, she explained, had made violent love to her (not exactly against her wishes) and then taken several thousand dollars' worth of her gems, "to get them reset." You probably know the answer: the man vanished with the jewels. Mrs. Hendrickson wanted to know what I intended to do about it.

I asked the woman to describe her erstwhile lover and presently became aware that he was none other than the man I have just referred to. I assured Mrs. Hendrickson that my acquaintance with this man had been very slight. The woman was dubious, and intimated quite broadly that she thought that I knew all about the crook's schemes and was probably getting a cut on the spoils.

It was only with the greatest of difficulty that I succeeded in convincing her that to pose as a bosom pal of a man with a well known name is one of the oldest rackets in existence. Eventually she took the next train for Louisville, a sadder but wiser woman.

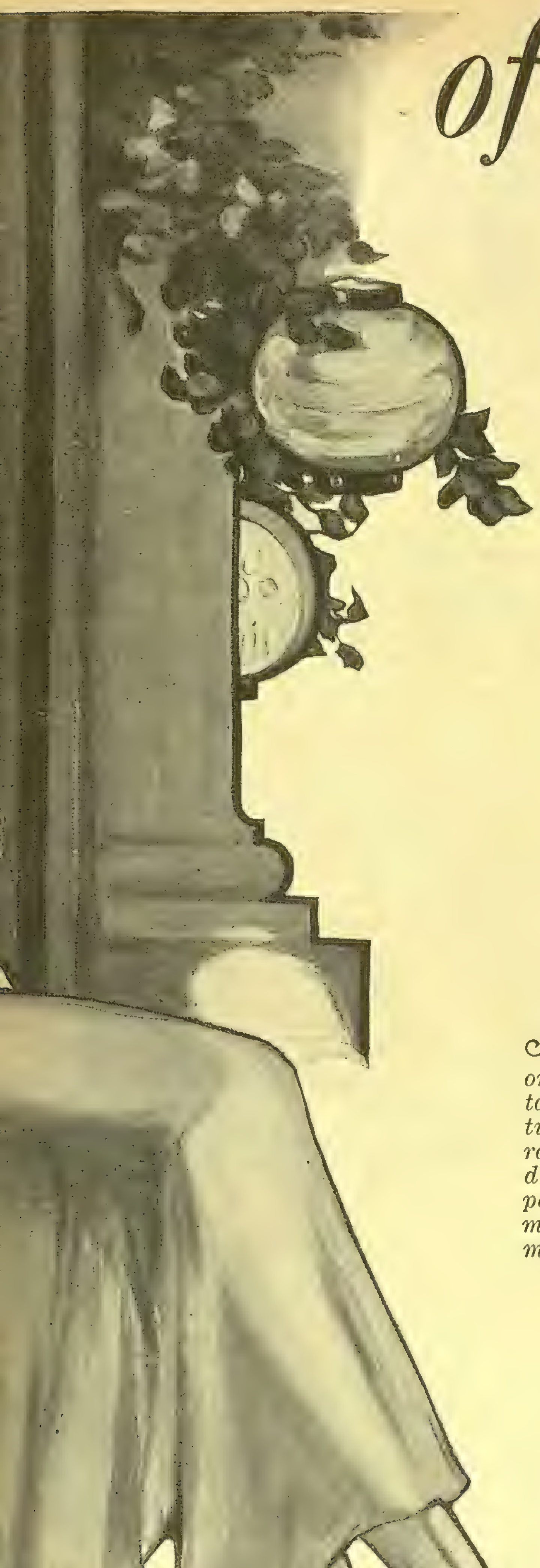
You may think it strange that Mrs. Hendrickson entertained the idea that I—a member of one of the oldest clans in America—would be a party to anything so low as theft. If you do, you'll probably have an altered opinion when you've heard what I have to say. For, while Mrs. Hendrickson had me wrong (I'm afraid you'll have to take my word for that), the fact that mine is such a name as Vanderbilt would not have precluded the possibility of my being mixed up in something not strictly according to Hoyle. Not by any means! For racketeering and other schemes for the accumulation of easy money are by no means confined to those whose records adorn the rogues' gallery. Some of the wealthiest and most respected people of the nation—many of them nabobs who circulate within the gilded domain of "the four hundred"—are today engaged in rackets that make Broadway con men look like pikers.

I'll probably get in wrong with some of my acquaintances by what I'm about to reveal, but here goes!

ONE of the most vicious of current rackets practiced by certain socially prominent persons is that of tipping off the newspapers to scandals within the ranks and other choice morsels of gossip about the four hundred. The tipster may be of either sex, and may be wealthy or temporarily impoverished. It doesn't make much difference, just so long as he has entrée to society goings on. The tipster is always, however, a traitor; his identity is seldom known, except to the newspaper that employs him. His compensation ranges from a nominal amount to a small fortune over the course of a year.

Let's glance for a moment at the *modus operandi* of a society tipster. He is invited to a gala society affair, let

# of the RICH



As the evening wears on, the tipster takes a turn or two on the terrace to do eavesdropping and perhaps catch a married man making love to a débutante.

us say. As soon as he receives his engraved invitation he gets in touch with his newspaper and informs his " connection " there that he will " cover " the party.

On the night of the fête, he arrives early, so as to run no chance of missing anything. First off, he chats with the hostess. She's usually in high spirits on such an occasion and, inasmuch as the tipster is of the inner circle, she is more than likely to drop a confidential remark or two, all carefully noted by the traitor.

As the evening wears on, the tipster takes careful cognizance of who's with whom, politely butts in on conversations that might be of value to him, and takes a turn or two on the terrace or in the garden to do a little eavesdropping and perhaps catch a married man making love to a débutante. After the party is over, the tipster secretly meets a representative of the newspaper and spills all the dope. And the next day the dished dirt rolls off humming presses.

PROBABLY no racket of the rich exceeds in financial returns that practiced by many prominent and highly respected bankers and brokers in most of the nation's large cities. The racket in question is known as the " organization " game, and involves the manipulation of stock prices. Here's how it's done:

A well known financier will get in touch with a few of his wealthy friends and announce to them that he is going to play Balloon Doughnut Preferred, suggesting that they join him in what Wall Street knows as a pool. The combine then buys thousands of shares of the stock, the members bidding it up among themselves, giving it an artificial value.

When the stock begins to rise, the big financier secretly arranges with brokerage houses throughout the country to pass out " confidentially " to customers the " tip " that he is buying Balloon Doughnut heavily. Naturally, small investors think that if the stock is good enough for the prominent financier, it's good enough for them. So they rush in and buy. Then the financier and those associated with him in the pool unload their stock at a handsome profit, and the suckers are left holding the bag. The financier collects a large fee from the others in the pool for his " services," in addition to the profit he has made on his own stock.

No wonder they say the rich get richer and the poor get poorer!

Many a man with a name that is synonymous with honesty and integrity in the financial world reaps a golden harvest simply by charging a staggering fee for the use of his moniker as a director of a new or reorganized company. Such men seldom have very much, if anything, to do with the actual operation of the company, yet thousands of investors buy stock in the concern solely because they see the name on an imposing letterhead.

Men who sell their names, however, are very careful to see that their interests are fully protected. Before consenting to the use of their cognomens, they thoroughly investigate the company with which they are about to affiliate; they also make it a point to have an agreement in writing to the effect that in the event of the company failing, they personally are not to be held responsible.

Closely allied to the letterhead racket are several others. Among the favorites is the country-club idea. A few prominent men will lend their names to a proposed country club and those attracted by the well known names are charged big membership fees. The owners of the names get a nice slice of the money collected, then have little or nothing to do with the project. The same stunt is often worked on new real-estate developments, the wealthy collecting big fees simply for giving the real-estate men permission to tell prospective buyers that " Mr. So-and-so—you've surely heard of him!—has taken an option on this corner plot for his new summer home."

There are a thousand and one other ways of cashing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

RACKETS OF THE RICH
Continued from page seventeen

in on a reputation. When miniature golf was the rage last year, many wealthy and prominent persons—especially in Hollywood—were not long in discovering that it was the thing to do to own a baby links.

A prominent society girl, who ran away with a romantic cowboy, went into the pony-golf business, and many social climbers played there in the hope of meeting her and gaining entrée to her family's exclusive circle.

The phony charity drive was one of the most despicable rackets ever practiced by the rich and prominent. While the great majority of charity drives have always been above reproach, I know for a fact that quite a few of them would have looked pretty bad under the spotlight of investigation. Such drives were usually instituted by someone of high standing who announced that it would be a splendid thing "if we all got together and helped this great cause."

The community hat was passed around and wealthy and poor alike contributed liberally. But the person who organized the drive saw to it that he got a juicy slice of the money before it was turned over to the charity for which it had been collected.

FOR a long time, until charities came under better government surveillance, the custom of organizing "for a cause" was often a means whereby many of the rich and the élite profited handsomely.

The professional organizer has other schemes in addition to the charity drive. A favorite idea among some of the wealthy whose reputations are above suspicion is to organize some sort of benefit performance before a restricted little group. A prominent lecturer or concert or other platform artist is approached by the organizer and asked to donate his services. The artist is usually willing, especially when told that it will be a fine opportunity for him to meet some of the best people. Those who attend the performance usually pay a stiff sum for the sake of charity and also because they want to meet the visiting celebrity. Thus the scheming organizer is playing both ends against the middle, and usually pockets a tidy little sum for his—or rather *her*—trouble.

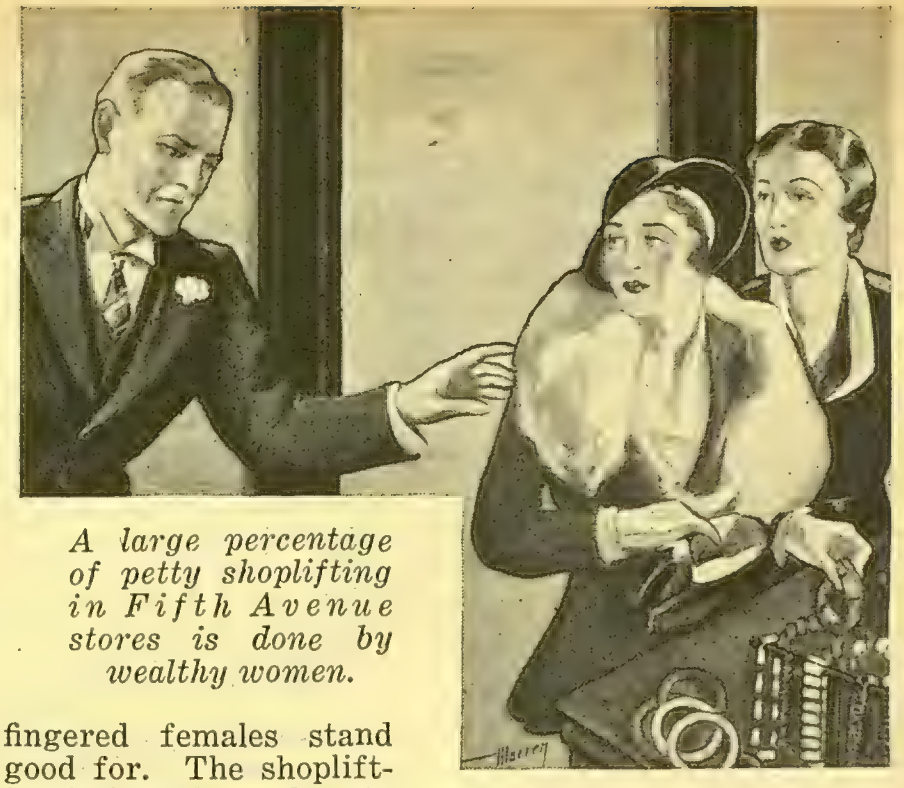
Many wealthy society people, owing to their standing in the community, are prone to take undue advantage of those they consider their inferiors. This is true not only in a social but also in a financial way. One of the worst offenses along the latter line is that such people simply won't pay their bills until they're good and ready, with the result that shopkeepers of all kinds are in many instances just about driven to the wall.

Proprietors of stores and shops in Palm Beach, Bar Harbor, Newport, and other favorite spots of the élite will all tell you the same story. The wealthier the customers are, the bigger the bills they run up. Sometimes it takes them a year to pay, sometimes longer. In the meantime the small merchant has to struggle along as best he can. He's afraid to dun them for the money that is rightfully due him, for fear of losing their trade.

The outward attitude of the rich who make a habit of this is that they "are good for the money," and that they are too busy to be bothered with petty bills each month, and would rather pay in a lump sum at the end of six or twelve months. But, deep down in their hearts, many of them are motivated by the interest that they will draw by holding on to the money they owe for six months or a year longer.

The merchant, on the other hand, may have to borrow thousands of dollars from a bank at interest to tide him over until his wealthy debtors come across. It's only the wealthy who could get away with such a racket; the sheriff would come after a workingman who tried to pull the same thing.

You'll probably be somewhat amazed when I tell you that a large percentage of petty shoplifting in exclusive Fifth Avenue stores is done by wealthy women, some of whom belong to the four hundred. Nevertheless, it's a fact. Many prominent women have been pilfering from grade-A shops for years, and the stores don't dare do anything about it because they don't want to lose the enormous charge accounts that the husbands of these light-fingered females stand good for. The shoplifting is just charged up to profit and loss, the stores correctly calculating that the cost of the stolen articles will be compensated for many times over by the profits from the thieves' legitimate purchases. The result is that store detectives no longer bother wealthy customers when they steal some small article or other.



A large percentage of petty shoplifting in Fifth Avenue stores is done by wealthy women.

I know of more than one specific instance where a wealthy woman has gone into a big Fifth Avenue store and, after legitimately purchasing a sable or chinchilla coat, has stolen a two-dollar trinket.

The psychology behind this is that no matter how much money she has, a woman generally wants something for nothing.

WHEN rich women steal they figure that if they are spotted their social standing will see them through. In the days when department-store detectives went after rich and poor alike, a thief of the former class would brazen her way out of the situation by saying:

"Why, the very idea of accusing me—*me!*—of taking a two-dollar bracelet! Do you realize who I am and how much money I spend in this store? This is an outrage! I'll see that you are promptly dismissed from your position!"

And then the élite culprit would seek out the manager of the emporium and explain that a detective had humiliated her merely because "I absent-mindedly picked up a worthless little bracelet—something I'd be ashamed to own."

In the past few years daughters of wealthy families have had a racket all their own. The idea had its genesis when débutantes decided that it was "smart" to get a job of some sort, or otherwise make a gesture at earning a living.

No doubt many of the young women in question are quite sincere in their desire to do something besides playing bridge and sipping tea. On the other hand, there are such girls who take a job simply because of the money that is in it.

That's all right in itself, but what burns me up is the fact that most of those girls grab jobs that rightfully belong to working-girls who need the money and who are, into the bargain, generally more efficient than débutantes.

When a wealthy girl applies for a job, say, as a saleslady in an exclusive shop, she realizes that she will, as a rule, get the preference over the ordinary working-girl. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, her employer can capitalize her presence in his establishment; it will help his business. Many new customers will come to the store just to get a look at, and perhaps have a word with, the prominent saleslady. Secondly, the employer—or his wife—may be a social climber. If so, he figures on using the girl as an entrée to the inner circle of society.

It's a sorry situation, but true nevertheless.

A racket in high favor at the present time is the "coyote" game—a rather infamous scheme in which down-at-the-heel society leaders arrange, for a price, the entrance of the *nouveau riche* into the social swim. I say the scheme is in favor just now, because scores of the élite were caught short in the market crash and, never having known how to earn a living, are hard put to it for funds with which to keep up appearances.

The racket, however, has been practiced for many years by those people who, although "bottle necks" to the four hundred, had fallen heir to reputable names, not riches.

By way of laying the groundwork of his racket, the "coyote" studies the newspapers weeks in advance. If he happens to be in Palm Beach, his job is to find out just what wealthy (but not socially prominent) personages are due to arrive at the resort. Then, through subterranean channels, he ascertains just who among the prospective arrivals has social aspirations. Once in possession of this information the coyote has singled out his prey.

A meeting between the social leader and the social climber is arranged through a mutual friend. From then on it's easy, for the climber is generally dwelling in a seventh heaven when he finds that he is at last rubbing shoulders with a genuine blue-blood. And so the social leader suggests:

"By the way, Mr. Schwartz, has it ever occurred to you that your charming wife and yourself are born social leaders?"

Mr. Schwartz stammeringly lies that the thought hadn't occurred to him, at the same time trying hard to conceal his utter elation over the suggestion.

FROM this point on there is much jockeying back and forth, Schwartz finally admitting that he would give anything to be taken into the inner circle. Then the coyote mentions money—a sum ranging from five to fifty thousand dollars, depending upon the wealth and gullibility of the victim.

For that sum, the depleted society leader says, he will see to it personally that Schwartz and his wife are introduced to the four hundred. Schwartz, too tickled over the possibility of "getting in" to see that he is being taken over the hurdles, invariably agrees and comes across with the lucre—whatever the amount may be.

During the succeeding weeks the coyote throws several parties in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz, described as "dear friends of mine for years." And so the Schwartzes meet and talk with the four hundred.

If Schwartz is still satisfied with his investment at the close of the Palm Beach season, the coyote takes him to Southampton, Newport, or Bar Harbor—and also for more money.

Schwartz and his wife may turn out to be rather interesting people, at that. In such an event, they may succeed in forming a genuine friendship with a few of the élite. But in most instances the climbers are spotted for what they are, and gradually feel the cold shoulder. This, of course, is no fault of the coyote. He has tried his best to put his new-found friends across, because the longer they last the more money there is in it for him. Some depleted big fish of the social swim have succeeded in "carrying" the more interesting type of climber along for years, with great financial benefit to themselves.

Perhaps the most widely known method of which the impoverished élite reap huge financial rewards from their names is through the marriage of a son or daughter into a wealthy family.

The daily papers are full of such marriages, but I doubt whether the public at large is acquainted with the inside of the racket that often leads up to such marriages. I found out about it while working in Washington as a newspaper correspondent some years ago.

While in the nation's capital I made the acquaintance of a very interesting and polished young society man who claimed to have retired early in life on a fortune cleaned up during the war.

He told me very little of his background, merely hinting that it had been of the best. He said he liked Washington so well that he had decided to make his permanent home there.

FOR some reason or other, there was something about this man that made me curious, so I decided to keep an eye on him and find out just what his game was.

For a long time I made no headway. He was an enigma if ever there was one. At least, he was to me. To others, however, he was just another charming, eligible bachelor. And eligible bachelors are not exactly a drug on the market in Washington for the simple reason that diplomats residing there are, curiously enough, usually blessed with daughters, not sons.

At length I learned that my new acquaintance was on intimate terms with several rather well informed attachés of the Treasury Department.

I made it my business to find out why, and soon discovered that his game was to learn, from time to time, the incomes of little-known men and women throughout the country.

He knew, too, exactly how much various people inherited when their elders passed away, and thus was fully equipped with the financial rating of almost any family he cared to know about.

This information was then transmitted to a sort of underground clearing house in New York, from which it filtered through to certain "clients" among the threadbare élite of many cities.

The next step was the maneuvering of a marriage linking society and wealth, after which the now affluent society family made a generous financial settlement with those who had furnished the information that made the marriage possible.

This was the sordid truth of the "wartime fortune" on which the young man had retired!

With variations, this racket is still being carried on today.

And so it goes. While well known con men continue to get their pictures on the front page, the less scrupulous of the wealthy and the élite, politely racketeering behind the scenes—and usually within the law—continue to grace the society and rotogravure pages, safe in the knowledge that the camera cannot catch the shady plots that lurk in their scheming minds.

THE END

Many new customers will come to the store just to get a look at, and have a word with, the prominent saleslady.

Ethel M.
Dell's
Greatest Novel

SILVER BRIDE

A Story of the Stratagems of a Love-Hungry Wife

(Reading time: 29 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the love life of Marcia Templeton. During the war she left husband and children to become a nurse. While a hospital burned she remained with a shattered patient until both were rescued, unconscious.

The war over, Marcia, vacationing with her children, got lost as she wandered alone on a Cornish moor. An isolated house became her refuge.

Within was a youth she knew only as "Peter"—and a man she had never thought to see again.

PART TWO—TAKING CHANCES

MARCIA became aware of gentle hands that drew off her sodden shoes.

The rim of a glass was held to her lips, and a scalding mixture of hot brandy and water went down her throat. While she drank, her eyes were raised to his, wonderingly, incredulously.

As he took the glass from her he answered the look. "So you haven't—quite—forgotten me!"

"Forgotten you!" she said. "But what an absurd idea!"

She saw him faintly smile. "Three years is a long time," he said.

"It is nearer four," said Marcia.

"You are exactly the same," he said.

She shook her head slightly, though she also smiled somewhat wistfully in answer.

"We had our day, didn't we?"

"A pretty hectic one while it lasted!" he commented. "What happened to you afterward? I tried to find you, but I got on a wrong scent and so lost sight of you altogether."

"I just—carried on," said Marcia. She added half whimsically, "I didn't want to give up at all. Though it was all so gruesome, it was life. You made a special impression upon me. You were so brave."

"Heavens above!" he said. "I was the most chicken-hearted of all your charges! I've often thought, since, what a devilish poor show I put up."

"Oh, no!" said Marcia. "You conquered yourself. You were brave in spite of it all."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, anyhow," he said. "Do you remember my name?"

"Yes. You were Major Morven." She spoke with absolute assurance. "But I never heard your Christian name. I completely lost sight of you—after that night."

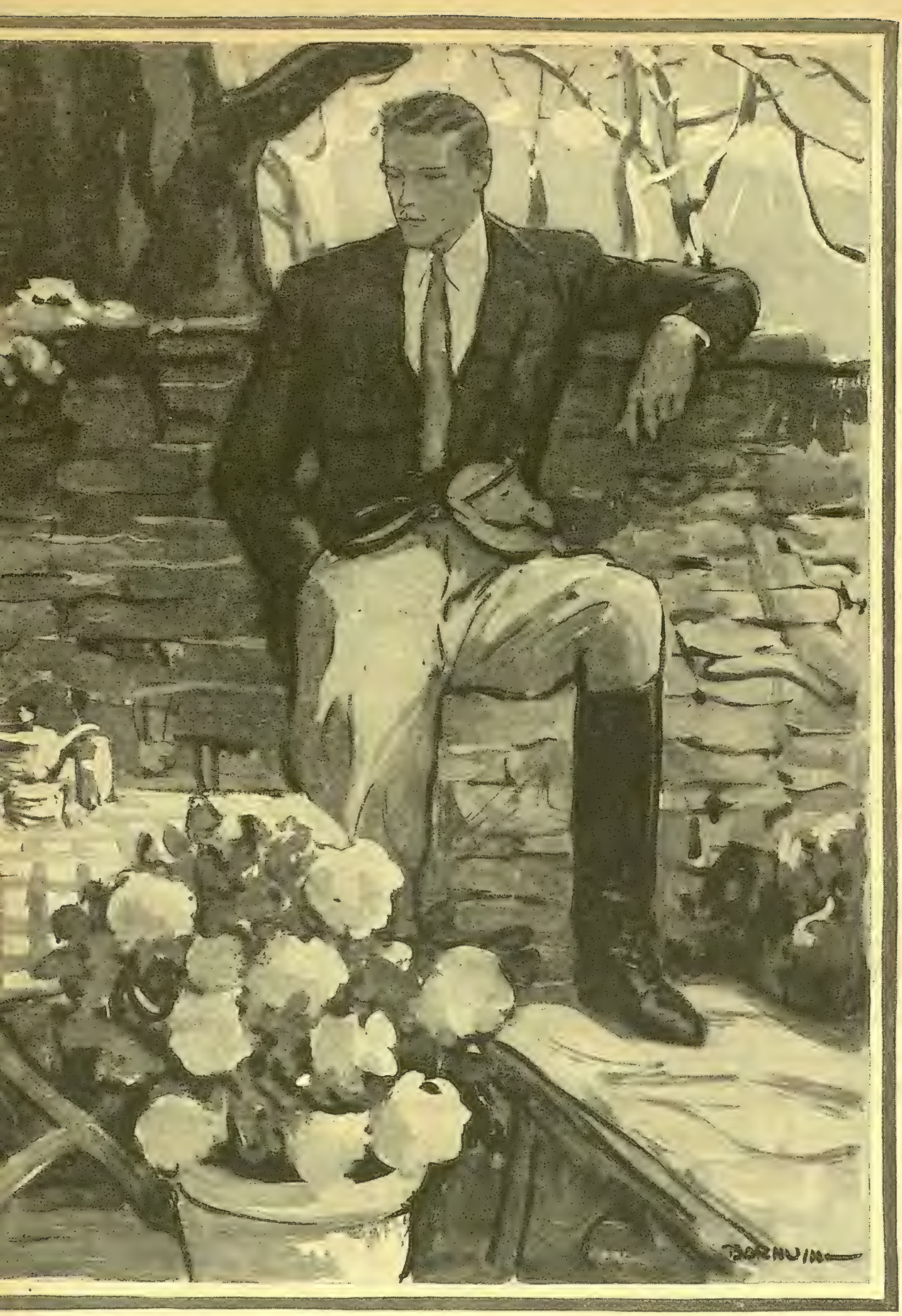
"I know," he said. "I was drafted home—against my will. My name is Eric. You're feeling better now?"

"Much better, thank you." She turned round from the fire. "I ought to be going. Ah, there is—Peter!"

The lad was standing near her.

Marcia smiled at him.

"We seem fated to get into trouble, don't we? And you seem fated to be our rescuer." She looked at Morven. "Did you hear what he did for my young son this morning?"



She sat motionless, forgetting her meal. "Sister—I mean—Marcia!" he said. "May I call you that? Why don't you finish your breakfast?"

Pictures by
JAY BARNUM

"No, he never told me anything. I only arrived myself this evening," said Morven.

"There wasn't anything to tell," protested Peter, embarrassed.

"THERE was danger," said Marcia, "considerable danger. And I am all the more grateful to you for your help. Now I think I had better get my shoes on again, don't you?" She addressed Eric Morven. "I must get back because of the children."

"You won't go back tonight," he said with decision. "I simply won't let you attempt it."

"They're not really kids, are they?" put in Peter. "I'll go round myself early and let them know you're safe. But even I mightn't get through tonight. I know these sea fogs."

"You mustn't attempt it, of course," said Marcia. "But, oh, I do wish I knew what to do." She looked up at Morven again half appealingly.

"How old are your children?" he asked.

"The boy, Dennis, is fourteen, and my little girl, Goldie, thirteen. They are very independent, both of them." She paused.

Peter said quickly, "There's a very decent spare room upstairs. I'll tell Mrs. Rider to get it ready for you."

He turned to the door with the words, and went out.

MARCIA leaned back in her chair and Morven lighted a cigarette, standing against the open fireplace, the glow playing over him.

She saw that he was not so tall as instinctively in the past she had pictured him, but his form was straight and active, essentially that of a man who played the part of actor rather than onlooker in the theater of life. He had an air of authority about him. His brown smooth face, with features slightly aquiline, expressed a firmness of purpose tempered with humor that appealed to her in a fashion that she could not have explained.

He smoked in silence for a space, looking at her with semirueful amusement.

"Yes, I know," he said at last, as if she had spoken. "You are just as much married now as you were when I saw you last—perhaps a little more so, since Convention has resumed her sway. But that fact can't alter or take away. Remember that!"

"Perhaps you are right," she said. "The past is certainly beyond reach of the present. We could not relive a single hour that is gone."

"I'm not so sure of that," he said. "We can do practically anything if we have the will."

The entrance of Peter made them both turn toward him.

"Everything's fixed up," he said.

Marcia got up.

"I am more than grateful," she said, holding out her hand.

Peter took it with a boyish embarrassment. "Good night! Hope you'll sleep well."

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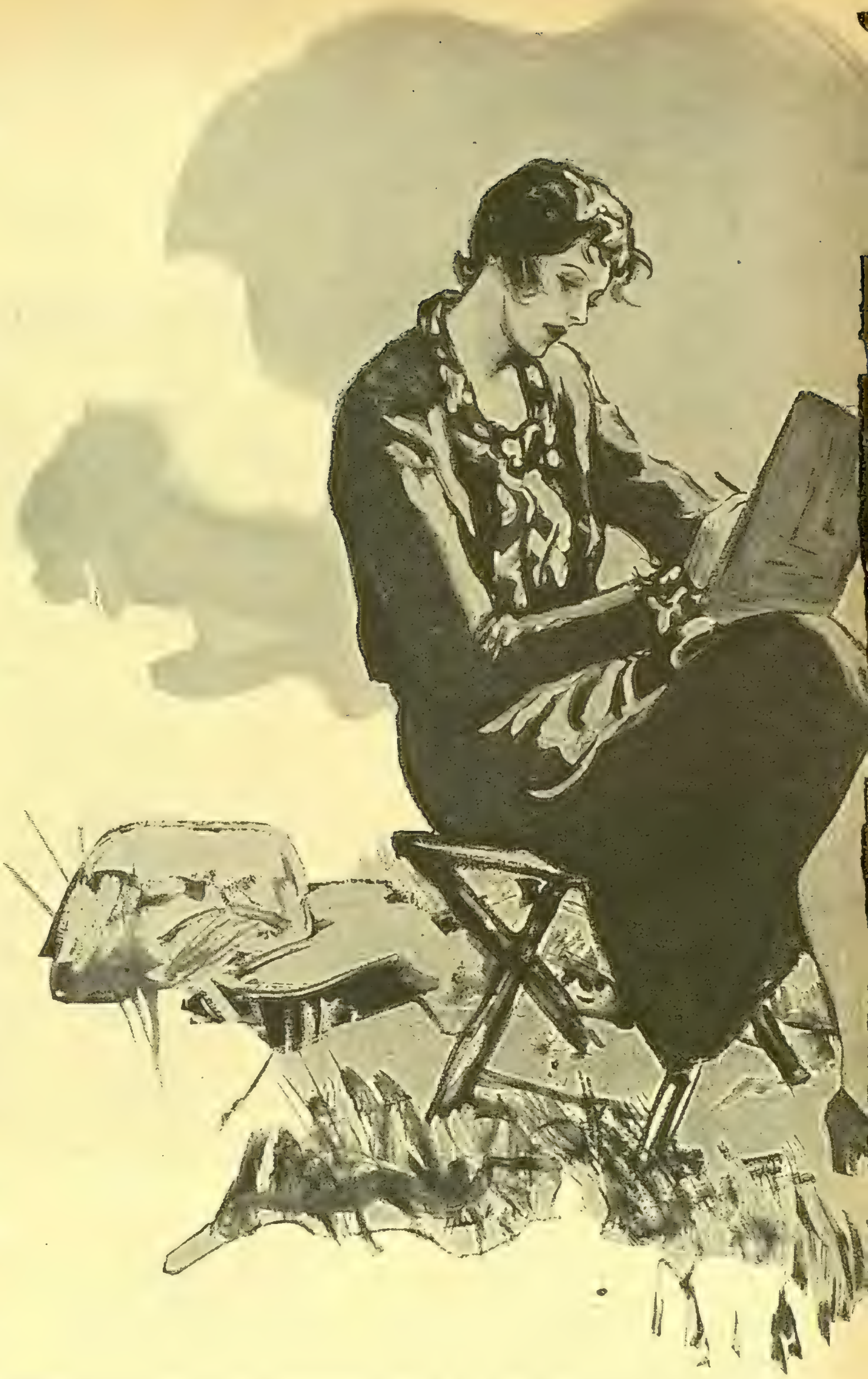
SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page twenty-one



She turned to Eric Morven. " Good night! And thank you a thousand times! "

He held her hand in his. " For nothing whatever! " he said. " But there's one thing you've forgotten." His dark eyes looked straight into hers with a glint of domination. " You haven't yet told me your name."

" My name! You never heard it! How extraordinary! My name is Marcia Templeton."

" Marcia! " He repeated it softly, dwelling upon it as though it pleased him; and then, a moment later, " Templeton, K. C.? Is that the man? "

She bent her head. " My husband—yes."

Her hand still lay in his. She could not have removed it without a decided effort.

He spoke rather abruptly. " Do you know the name of this place that the god of chance has led you to tonight? It is called—Truelove Farm."

There was a second's silence and then Marcia spoke, quietly freeing herself with the words, " What a sweet, old-fashioned name! "

Peter was holding open the door. She turned to pass out, and as she did so, Eric Morven's voice reached her.

" Yes, it is old-fashioned. I like it. Don't you? "

" Very much," she answered gently. " Good night! "

The door closed behind her.

II

WHEN Marcia came downstairs next morning, she found Eric Morven seated in the sunshine in a sheltered angle of the old wall.

He rose swiftly to greet her.

Their hands met and clasped. " You are looking splendid," he said. " I've got your breakfast laid here."

He pointed to a little wooden table by the bench on which a cloth had been laid and weighted at the corners with stones.

" What a lovely idea! " said Marcia, as she sat down.

Presently Mrs. Rider, the farmer's wife, came stoutly forth bearing a tray which was laden with good things.

" What a dear old woman! " said Marcia, when Mrs. Rider had smilingly withdrawn.

" Yes. She was Peter's old nurse, and is devoted to him. He's a good lad, Peter. We're cousins of a sort, and I've been appointed his guardian. That's why I'm back in England."

Marcia, eating her breakfast with relish, was conscious of supreme content.

" So you have been abroad," she said.

He nodded.

" England after the war wasn't good enough. My old father died before it was over, and there was nothing to keep me here. So I retired and went out to Canada and bought a ranch. I'm going back to it later. But I had to come home to settle Peter's affairs."

" Will they take much settling? " asked Marcia with interest.

" Don't you know who he is? " said Morven.

" No." She looked up with a smile. " Someone very special? "

" In these parts, yes. He is Sir Peter Tregassa and owns the whole countryside." Morven laughed a little. " Poor chap! He's rather overwhelmed about it at the moment. It's a pity he hasn't trained for the army or in fact for anything except farming. He seems to have a better knowledge of that than I have."

" What a pity you can't change places! " said Marcia.

He laughed again, quietly, rather sardonically. " Odd! He said the same thing to me last night. You think I could play the country squire creditably? I don't. I'm out of joint with the times. Either we were stunted before the war, or we are overdeveloped now. We may have to cramp ourselves back into the old niches, but we shall never fit them again."

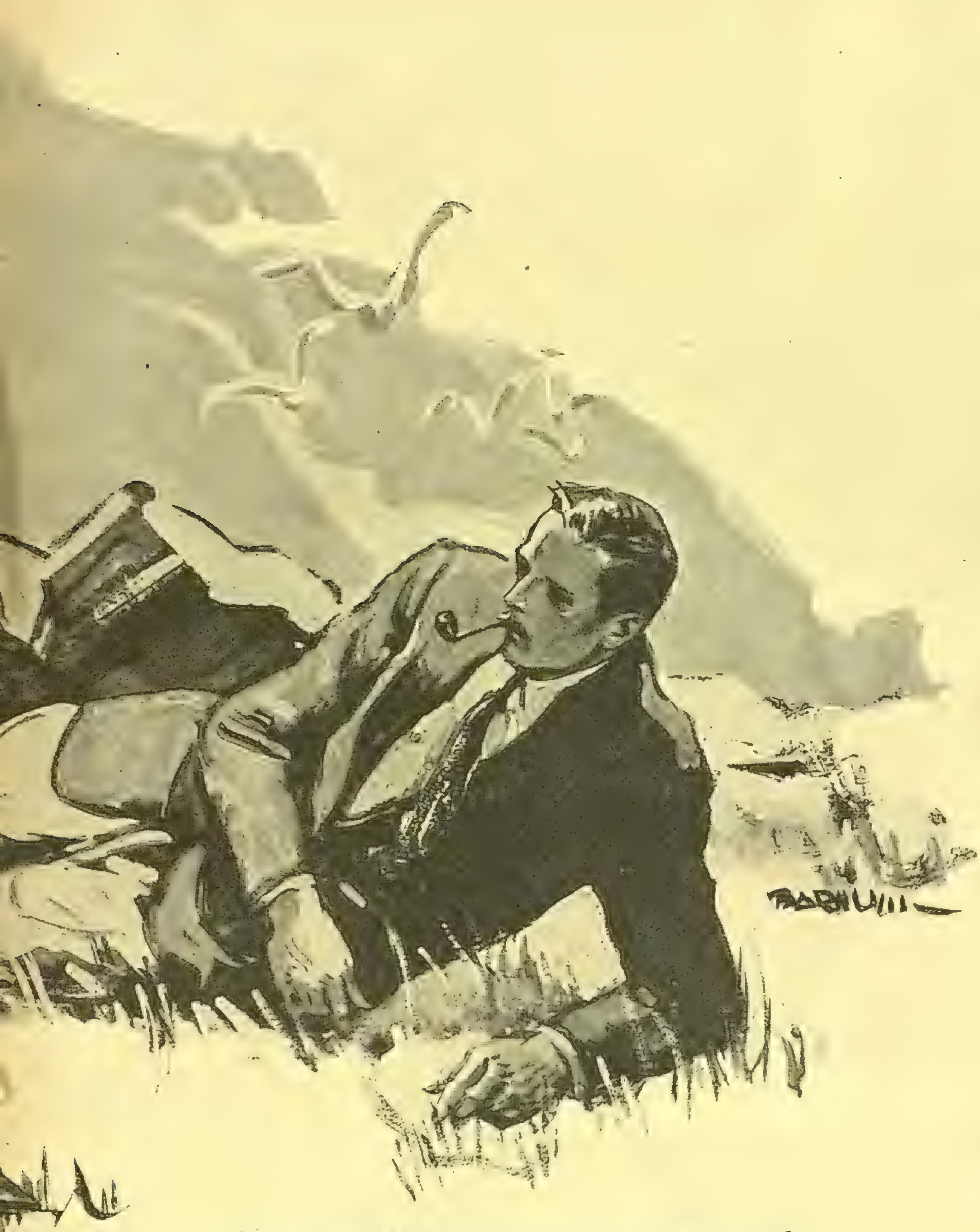
SHE sat motionless, forgetting her meal.

" Sister—I mean—Marcia! " he said. " May I call you that? Why don't you finish your breakfast? "

" You may call me anything you like," she said. " I have practically finished. Tell me some more about Peter! "

" Well, the boy was the only son of a younger branch of the family who never expected to inherit. The war cleared all the other heirs away, including his father. His father was a gentleman farmer when the war broke out. He joined up immediately, leaving the mother in charge. He was killed at Cambrai and she and Peter carried on as best they could, but it broke her, poor soul. She died of pneumonia the following winter.

" Then Peter, who has plenty of grit, joined forces with the Riders here. I was still in France. I'd only seen him once in my life. As I say, we are only distantly related. But I knew old Sir Arthur Tregassa, and his son Percy



They found Marcia seated on a camp stool, sketching, while Eric Morven lay beside her in the sunshine, stretched out in sublime content.

was a friend of mine. He was dying of tuberculosis from being gassed when I went out to Canada, but they kept on hoping they'd pull him through. He lingered on for a couple of years and then died rather suddenly just a week before his father.

"I don't think Peter ever realized that he was next in succession until the old man was dead. Very little notice, if any, was ever taken of him. But then it all came out; also that I had been appointed his trustee. That's what brought me home. I can tell you I didn't bless the chance—till yesterday."

HE was still on his feet, leaning against the wall. Marcia, looking up at him, caught the somber glint of his eyes as they rested upon her.

"I like Peter immensely," she said.

"So do I," said Morven. "The boy's a good sort and I believe we shall be friends. You must get him to show you his ancestral castle. It's only a few miles away. He wouldn't go near it till I came. He's very shy about it. I haven't seen it myself yet. We've half arranged to go over today."

"I should like to see it some time," said Marcia. "But certainly not today."

"Why certainly not today?" he said.

She smiled up at him. "Because, Major Morven, you will get on with the job much better without us."

"Can't you call me Eric? Or are you putting me in my place?"

She answered him quietly, her eyes still lifted. "No—Eric! I am putting myself where I consider I ought to be."

"You ought to be first—everywhere," he said quickly.

A faint flush rose in her face as she turned her eyes away.

III

PETER and the two children did not come up from the beach until the hour for the midday meal was approaching. They found Marcia seated on a camp stool not far from the cliff edge, rapidly sketching the exquisite coastline, while Eric Morven lay beside her in the sunshine, stretched out in sublime content.

"Oh, there's mum!" exclaimed Goldie, as the group drew near. "We'll ask her. She'll know." She addressed Marcia. "Dennis has got a crab in his pocket, and he wants to cook it; but I say he ought to dress it first. You do, don't you, mum?"

"Rot and bunkum!" said Dennis. "She doesn't know what she's talking about. Hullo!" This to Morven, who had suddenly raised himself from his recumbent position to regard him and his sister with an attention that could hardly be described as flattering.

"Good morning!" said Morven with emphasis. "Good morning, madam!" to Goldie.

"Oh, good morning again!" said Goldie serenely. "I don't know who you are, but that doesn't matter."

"I am an old friend of your mother's," he explained with some ceremony.

"Major Morven," said Marcia.

Goldie smiled her approval. "Oh, that's nice for you, mum. Now you'll be happy. I suppose you were coming over here to see him last night when you lost your way."

"Hardly, darling," said Marcia. "You see, I didn't know he was here."

"Well, I expect you would have if you had," said Goldie with some insight.

"Your mother had a pretty bad time last night," said Morven, still speaking emphatically. "You might have lost her altogether, and then where would you have been?"

"Oh, tut, tut, tut!" said Goldie airily. "Well, it was her own fault, wasn't it? She shouldn't have done it. You're very naughty, mum," with an admonitory shake of the head. "No," as Marcia stretched out an arm to her, "I'm not going to kiss you. You don't deserve it."

"I'll tell you what," broke in Dennis with keen enjoyment. "If it happens again, I shall have to write to dad and tell him that this holiday must come to an end."

"Brats!" muttered Morven, while Marcia simply laughed and resumed her sketch.

Goldie passed a persuasive arm round her mother's shoulders.

"Do get up and come along to lunch!" she urged.

Marcia looked at Morven ere she rose. "I suppose I must go," she said. "Youth must be served."

"Especially when it wants a meal!" he rejoined unsympathetically.

"I hate people who pretend they're never hungry," remarked Goldie.

"You would," said Morven dryly. "You're really going?" He addressed Marcia. "When shall we meet again?"

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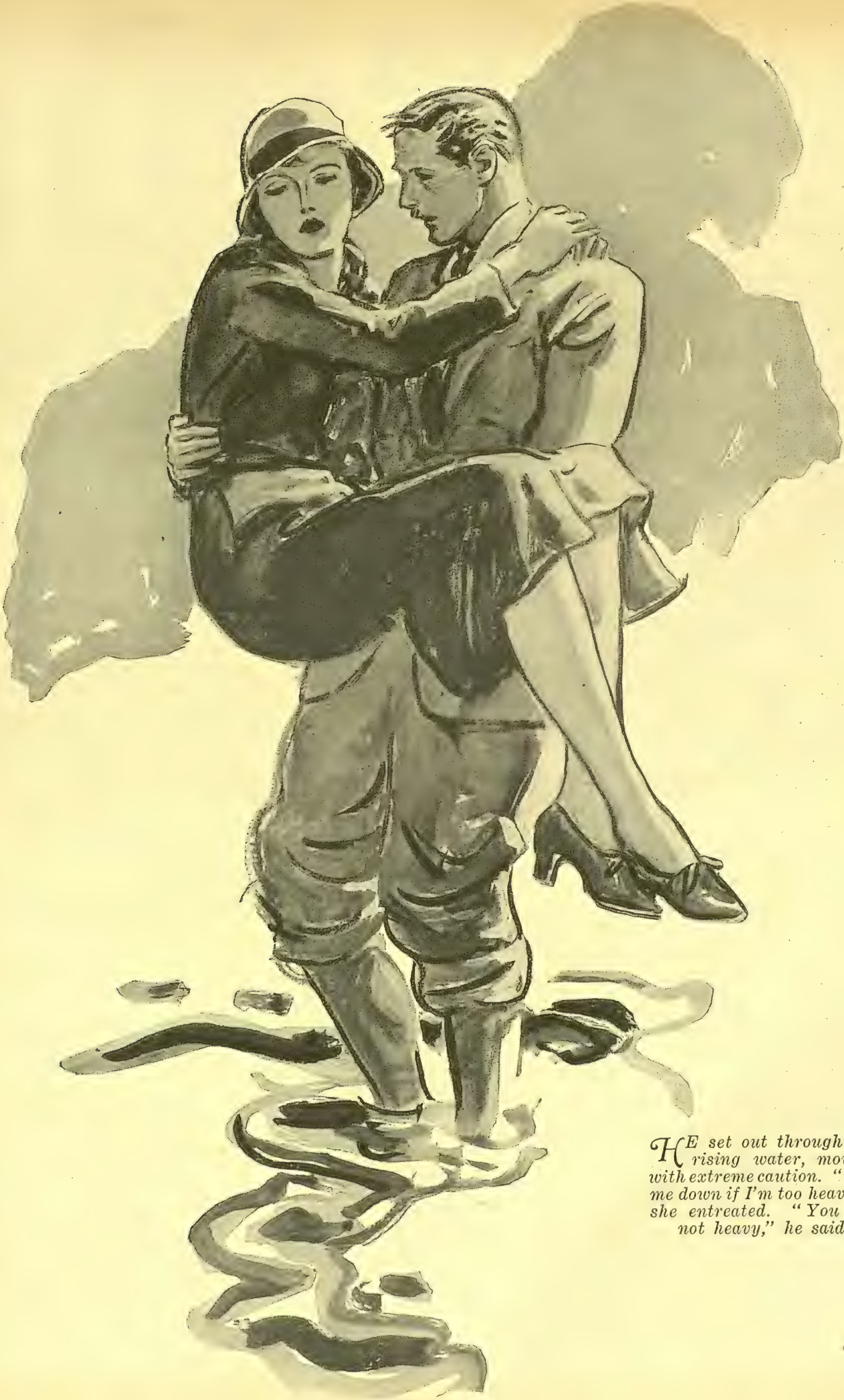

HE set out through the rising water, moving with extreme caution. "Put me down if I'm too heavy!" she entreated. "You are not heavy," he said.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"Oh, any time," she answered lightly. "Come and look us up, you and Peter! We are staying at the little house next to the post office, just on the other side of the moor."

Goldie turned to Peter. "Yes, mind you come too! We play cards when it rains, and when it's really fine we'll have some picnics."

"Good work!" said Peter heartily.

Marcia also turned to him. "And thank you so much for the loan of your room and all your care of me last night. If I can ever do anything for you in return, I will."

"Oh, but I didn't really do anything," pleaded Peter, turning very red. "I mean—not really!"

"Don't blush!" said Goldie. "It isn't done nowadays. I'm obliged to you, too, for looking after her. She wants it."

With which stately declaration she stalked away past Morven, upon whom she did not deign to bestow another glance, leaving her mother to follow.

. . . . .

The visit to Tregassa Castle was arranged for the next afternoon. The three younger members of the party, having decided to walk the three miles across the moor, started directly after luncheon.

Marcia and Eric, with the tea things, set out later in the car.

The road that wound about half a mile from the coast was rough and narrow, but there was no other traffic upon it, and to Marcia the scenery was the most beautiful she had ever beheld.

"Go very slowly!" Marcia begged. "I want to enjoy every inch."

He reduced the speed to a walking pace, then gradually came to a standstill.

"Marcia!"

He spoke with a curious mixture of insistence and hesitation. "Tell me, if you don't mind—were you happier before the war than you are now?"

"I don't know," she said. "It's so difficult to tell, isn't it? One forgets. But—yes, in a way I suppose I was."

She stopped as if involuntarily, and he saw her throat work. Then, very gently, he laid his hand upon hers. "You give so much to other people. Are you ever sorry afterward? Do you ever wish you hadn't?"

"Oh, no, I don't think so," she said. "Besides, I really don't feel that I am as ultragenerous as you say."

"No, you wouldn't." He smiled with more assurance. "Then you don't ever regret anything that you gave—to me—in the past?"

His eyes searched hers for an instant as he uttered the question, and then, before she could answer it, he had turned from her.

"Don't tell me if you do!" he said. "I'd rather not know."

The next moment the car was running swiftly over the moorland road and all confidential talk was at an end.

IV

TREGASSA CASTLE stood up rough and gray against its green surroundings as it had stood for centuries. It was one of those ancient homes of greatness which had never been allowed to decay. Morven drove in between the heavy iron gates and brought the car to a standstill before the portico.

He conducted Marcia by a gravel path which bordered what had once been a moat to the sheltered stretch of garden below the terrace, and then up the steps. He turned toward a side door at one end of the terrace and produced a key.

"Come and see the lower rooms!" he said. "There is a rather beautiful old French drawing-room here which I think you will enjoy."

She entered impetuously, and then paused.

"Eric! There's something I don't like about this room. What is it?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Winner

. . . not by a hair, but a head of hair

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page twenty-five

He moved forward. "Only because it's dark. Let me undo one of the windows!"

She put out her hand sharply and stopped him. "Don't!" she said. "Don't! Let us go back!"

Out on the terrace once more, in the fitful sunshine and racing wind, she threw him an apologetic glance.

"How foolish you must think me! There was something in the atmosphere of that French drawing-room that brought back to me so vividly—so intensely vividly—that château in France that we turned into a hospital. It was some essence—some sort of scent—that used to hang about the place. I really can't describe it. And being there with you, too. In some way it brought back the ghosts of those dead days."

"And you have no use for them now!" he said. "Poor ghosts!"

She flushed a little at his tone. "Oh, don't think me fickle! Really I am not. Only—it took me rather by surprise. I felt as if I had been swept back into the past—almost like a ghost myself."

"And is the past ever dead?" he pursued. "Do you want it to be?"

She did not answer him, for at that moment a distant shout of greeting reached them from a group of trees below the lawns, and they saw the rest of their party approaching.

Nothing but an immediate inspection would satisfy Goldie, and they all accordingly obeyed her imperious behest and proceeded to explore the ancient pile from roof to cellars.

The ancient four-poster beds in the bedrooms attracted her immensely and she kindly promised Peter that she would come and stay with him the moment he had any servants.

"I'll sleep in this room and you can have the one next to it. Then, if there are any ghosts about, I shan't mind."

"You can't do that unless you're married," broke in Dennis. "This is 'My Ladye's Room.' It's on the door."

"I don't see why not—nowadays," contended Goldie. She turned round, flushed, to Peter. "I'm sure you wouldn't mind sleeping in that little room next to this, with me in here, without being married, would you?"

"Not in the least," said Peter with simple alacrity. "I should like it."

Morven gave vent to a brief laugh. "Well, I, as a chaperon, refuse my permission. Peter, don't be so young! Can't you see she's trying to catch you?"

IT was carelessly spoken and held no more than his usual touch of caustic satire, but for some reason Goldie's armor was pierced. She whirled upon him.

"You sneering cad!" she ejaculated. "You—you bounder! How dare you say such a thing?"

Everyone stared in amazement.

"Goldie!" Marcia said. "Major Morven was only joking, remember."

"He wasn't!" declared Goldie passionately. "I know he wasn't! He always means at least half he says."

Morven made her a curt, ironic bow. "And occasionally twice as much," he said.

It was here that Peter deemed it his duty to intervene, and laboriously came to the rescue.

"Well, anyhow, on this occasion it's quite obvious nobody meant anything," he said. "So let's get on with the job! I'm sure it's teatime."

He laid a hand upon Goldie's shoulder with the words, and literally propelled her out of the room before any idea of resistance occurred to her.

She continued to express her indignation in no measured terms when they were alone.

"I always hated him," she declared. "I can't think why mum likes him—horrid, sneering beast!"

But Peter, much as he valued her favor, would not stand by and hear a friend disparaged. "No. You're wrong," he said. "He isn't. You don't understand each other, that's all. Your sense of humor isn't the same. He was only joking, though you didn't realize it. You'll like him as much as I do when you know him better."

"I'm sure I don't want to know him any better," averred Goldie. "He's always laughing at one. I detest being laughed at, don't you?"

"One's got to be sporting," said Peter.

She looked at him. "Oh, yes, of course, but— D'you think I'm not sporting?"

Peter's eyes met hers with absolute directness. "I shouldn't say you were—very," he said.

GOLDIE turned red up to her fair hair. She turned from him with a gulp.

"Oh, I say!" said Peter.

He put his arm round her, though she resisted him.

"Oh, but I say!" begged Peter. "I didn't mean to be a cad," he urged, "but I had to be honest."

"Shut up!" said Goldie. And then, as abruptly as she had turned from him, she wheeled back and threw her arms round his neck. "I like you, Peter!" she said. "You're so jolly straight. I'm going to be sporting—like you are. Only it's much harder for a woman than a man."

"Of course it is!" said Peter. And then, as she evidently desired it, he stooped and kissed the trembling lips she lifted.

She kissed him heartily in return, as though thereby she sealed a peace pact with herself as well as with him; and then, with her arm linked in his, she closed the discussion.

"Come on! Let's go down and have it out with this tinker!"

Marcia and Eric were engaged in unpacking the tea and arranging it in a sheltered angle near a stone seat on the terrace when Goldie marched up to them with a combative air, with Peter and Dennis in her wake.

"I've come to apologize," she announced rather loudly. "I beg your pardon for calling you a cad and a bounder."

She stood straight in front of Morven as she uttered the words. Her eyes challenged him proudly, but her mouth was quivering.

"Please don't apologize!" he said. "It's nice to be told the truth about oneself occasionally, and I'm inclined to think you were right."

Goldie looked at him with deep suspicion, but he extended a conciliatory hand, and after decided hesitation she laid her own within it.

Throughout the meal that followed, Eric conducted himself in the most exemplary fashion, and all the strain speedily passed from the atmosphere.

The walking party was sent off in advance when the meal was over, as rain clouds were beginning to drift up over the sea; Marcia and Eric remaining to pack up again.

Everything was soon in order and ready for the homeward journey.

Then he paused. "Don't let's go yet! Come on down to the shore! There's such a jolly little cove down there."

They climbed down the path that, flanked by bushes, wound steeply down from the cliff edge.

The shore was gray and lonely, lying dreamlike in the evening light. Heavy clouds had drifted over the sinking sun and the cove had a ghostly look. The waves broke outside and washed up over the rocks with almost a secret sound.

A large flat rock fifty yards from the narrow entrance to the cove caught Marcia's attention. She pointed to it. "Let's get on to that and watch the breakers!"

The rock was easy of access, and they were soon mounted upon it with their faces to the sea.

For five full minutes they sat in silence, with the west wind blowing in with the tide and the roar of the waves in their ears.

At a touch on her arm at length she turned, smiling but reluctant. "Oh, if there were only no such thing as time!" she said, and then stopped, arrested by something in his face.

He was smiling a little, but there was a certain urgency in his look. His hand had closed upon her elbow. "Or tide either!" he said, with a glance behind him.

"Oh!" said Marcia in dismay.

While she had sat in rapt contemplation the water had crept into the cove and surrounded them.

"I'll carry you through," he said.

He began to pull off his shoes and stockings with the words, finally stuffing the stockings into the shoes and standing up to fling first one and then the other across the strip of water that intervened between their rock and the shore.

He turned to her. "It was my fault. I ought to have been on the lookout."

He lowered himself from the rock into the water, which rose above his knees, and stretched up his arms.

There was no time to be lost. Every wave that broke outside the cove increased the depth between them and the shore.

"Put your arm round my neck!" he said, "and keep your feet up!" And when she had meekly followed these instructions, he set out through the rising water, moving with extreme caution.

She saw that there were drops of perspiration on his face. "Put me down if I'm too heavy!" she entreated.

"You are not heavy," he said.

THEY reached the shore in safety. He lowered her very slowly, keeping his arms about her as though to steady her.

"Thank you," she said. "Oh, thank you!"

And there she stopped. For it seemed to her as though a thrill had gone through him like an electric battery suddenly directed into his taut muscles. She found herself on her feet indeed, but a prisoner in his arms.

"Marcia!" he said. "Marcia!" And his voice fell oddly, broken like a jarred instrument. "I can't bear it—to hold you—and let you go again. Marcia!"

Before she knew it, his hold was a grip. He caught her close, so that her head went back upon his arm, her feet slipping from under her, and so holding her he pressed his lips passionately, fiercely, upon her own.

As his lips left hers he spoke with a wild exultation: "You love me—you know you love me—just as I have always loved you—worshiped you—adored you! Marcia—my own—my darling!" Again his lips held hers.

When he released her, she was sunk upon the shingle, while he knelt on one knee beside her, supporting her, gazing closely into her face. For her eyes had closed before the eager flame of his. Her breath came through her parted lips. "I am—afraid."

"But, darling," he said, "why—why?"

"Eric," she lifted her eyes to his with a kind of desperate determination, "this ought never to have happened. It never must happen again."

She saw his face change.

"Are you going to tell me," he said, "that you are the sort of woman to wrench the very heart out of a man and then deliberately break it into pieces and throw it back? If so, I don't believe you—and, by heaven, you'll have your work cut out to make me."

HE covered the half-veiled ferocity of his speech with a smile, but it was a smile that hurt her almost unbearably.

"We mustn't be—melodramatic," she said, with a piteous attempt to introduce a lighter vein into their tragedy. "I think perhaps—we take ourselves too seriously. But, anyhow, convention is the accepted rule, and can't be—quite ignored. And now let us get back!"

He got to his feet slowly, and quietly helped her to hers.

Then he picked up her hat and gave it to her, stooping immediately to pull on his shoes and stockings, with his back toward her. When he turned at length, all the fire seemed to have died out of him. His face was set and grim. "Will you lead?" he said.

She turned, stumbling a little, toward the path.

As she began to mount, a steady hand came from behind her and supported her free arm, helping her to ascend.

The sky had darkened and become heavy with clouds. As they neared the car a few drops splashed down.

Eric drove fast through the rain, not speaking.

"Don't bother to get out!" she said, when they reached their goal. "I can manage."

But he had already followed her. "You go in, out of the rain!" he said. "I'll leave the baskets in the porch."

With a murmur of thanks she turned and fled.

Blindly she made her stumbling way up to her room and shut herself in; then sank down by the bed, her face hidden. "O God," she prayed incoherently, "O God, forgive us—and help us—out of Thy great mercy!"

Kneeling there in tense supplication, she heard the wheels of the car as he drove away.

The voices of the two children calling her aroused Marcia from what had become almost a stupor after her agony of prayer. She got up feeling oddly numb and went out to meet

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A
laxative
must be
more than
effective

IF all you had to find in a laxative was something to move the bowels, a thousand of them would do.

But the right laxative must be more than effective. It must check on a number of other very important points.

What doctors expect

Here are a few requirements doctors set down as important about laxatives:

A laxative should limit its action to the intestines. It should not rush food through the stomach—thus disturbing the digestive processes.

A laxative should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

A laxative should be mild and gentle in action. It should not irritate and overstimulate the intestines—for this would weaken the natural functions.

It must not shock the nervous system.

It should not form a habit.

It should not gripe.

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chew
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GOOD FOR DIGESTION
for digestion

EVER led astray by your appetite? Come home hungry, eat too much and then feel digestive discomfort the rest of the evening?

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Try a stick tonight—or tomorrow after lunch and see. For smooth and flavorful goodness, this delicious chewing gum has held the favor of millions for more than 30 years. When you buy cigarettes, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

[SILVER BRIDE
Continued from page twenty-seven]

them. "You needn't change, either of you," she said. "It's so near to bedtime that you may as well undress altogether and have your supper."

It was nearly half an hour later that Marcia came out of her room and, descending, found her two children, attired in dressing gowns, finishing their meal in the sitting room.

"I think," she said quietly, "that we have been down here long enough and we ought to go back to dad for a little while before the holidays are quite finished."

There was a loud outcry at this. Dad couldn't possibly be wanting them back. There were heaps of things they hadn't done yet.

Goldie went to her mother and wound her arms closely round her neck.

"Please, darling," she begged very earnestly, "do let us have one more week here! It couldn't make any difference to dad. You know it couldn't. And there are so many things to do before we go. Dennis and I don't want to go back. Do we, Dennis?"

"Depends what mum wants," said Dennis unexpectedly.

Both Marcia and Goldie gave him a quick look, then swiftly Goldie lifted her head and transferred her look to Marcia.

"Oh, it's that!" she said rather incoherently. "You—you want to go!"

The child stood staring at Marcia, then very suddenly the tears welled into her eyes and she slipped from the room and ran hurriedly upstairs. Dennis got up awkwardly from his chair. "Good night, mum!" he said.

Marcia held out her hand to him. "I'm very sorry, Dennis," she said humbly. He took her hand and patted it. "It's different for you," he said. "You don't enjoy things like we do. And of course Goldie's gone quite potty about Peter. Well, it's bedtime. I'd better go."

He stooped and kissed her rather perfunctorily. She made no attempt to detain him. But as he moved away she rested her chin upon her hands in an attitude of deep dejection.

. . .

It was more than two hours later that Marcia sat alone at the little writing table in the window and wrote her letter to her husband announcing their return.

When she had finished she sat for a space quite motionless, gazing at the white blind and hearing the long deep roar of the sea.

She looked at the watch on her wrist and saw that it was ten o'clock.

She made a weary movement as if to rise, but at that moment there came another sound, arresting her—a slow, quiet knock upon the windowpane.

She gave a great start and sat motionless, her eyes upon the blind.

Several seconds passed, then the knock was repeated. Marcia pulled up the blind. Against the darkness, close to the window, she saw a face.

It looked straight into hers with a half-smiling appeal, and her hand went straight to the catch.

Marcia tries to thrust aside the chance for full, exultant living that has been offered her—tries and fails. Next week you'll thrill as you watch her poignant struggles with herself.

NEXT WEEK—

Emil Ludwig
X-Rays
Charlie Chaplin

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TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What Shakespearean play includes the characters Viola and Orsino?

2—How many feet in a cable length?

3—Where is Isle of Pines?

4—What is an uxorious husband?

5—Who wrote "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn"?

6—What does the Latin phrase *in loco parentis* mean?

7—Who was the sweetheart of Enoch Arden in Tennyson's poem of that name?

8—What is a sobriquet?

9—What is alopecia?

10—What is a coryphée?

11—What is an elegy?

12—What point on a centigrade thermometer corresponds to 32 degrees Fahrenheit?

13—What is the capital of Iceland?

14—Garlic is a member of what plant family?

15—Where is Colgate University?

16—What is the largest island in the Mediterranean Sea?

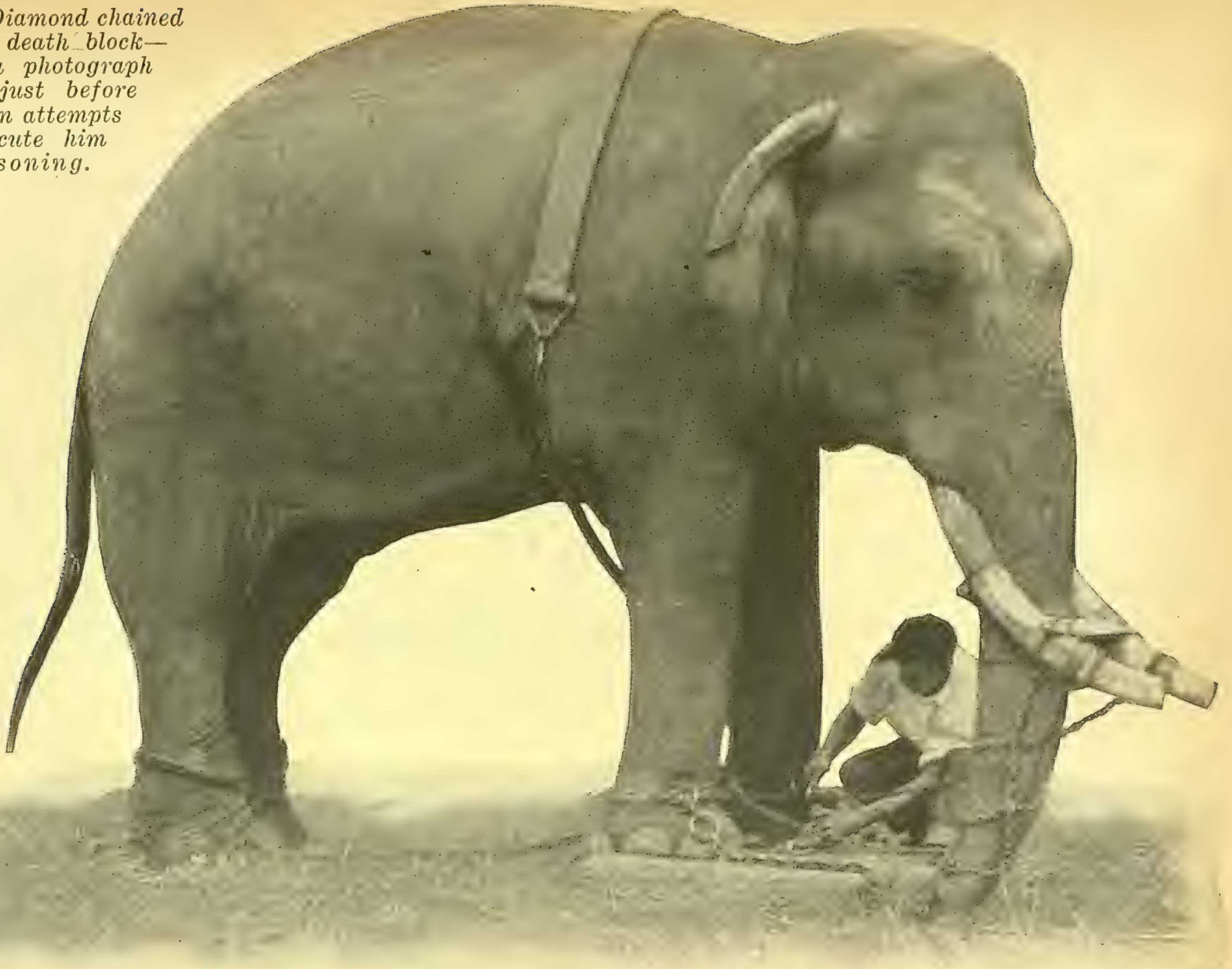
17—Who is sometimes called the Bard of Avon?

18—How many squares on a chessboard?

19—What state capital bears the name of a famous German statesman?

20—What are a ship's halyards?

(Answers will be found on page forty-two)



Black Diamond chained to the death block—from a photograph taken just before the vain attempts to execute him by poisoning.

Black Diamond—the Love-Crazed Killer

The Story of a Jealous Elephant That Died in Disgrace

By AL G. BARNES

As Told to DAVE ROBESON

(Reading time: 13 minutes 56 seconds.)

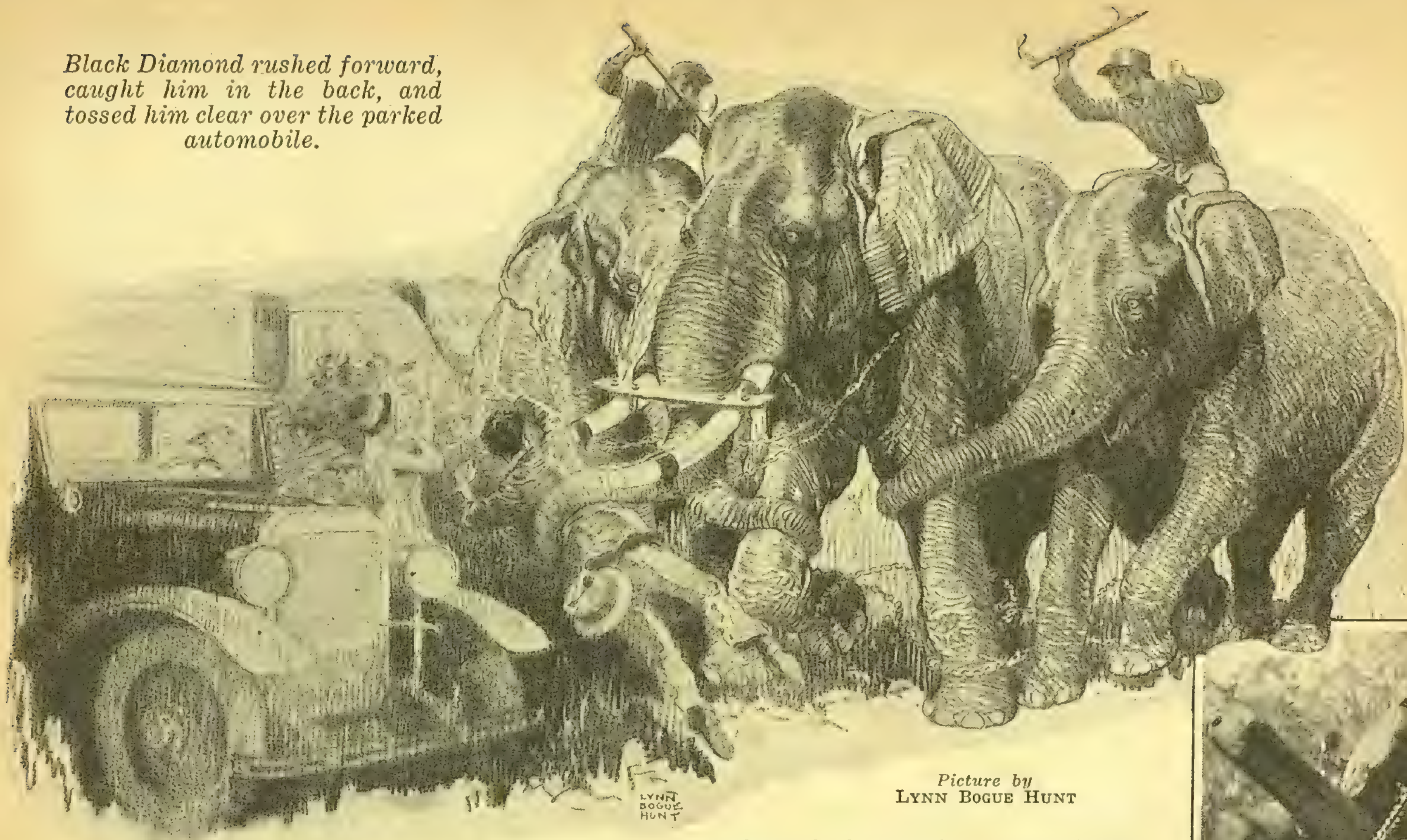
WHEN old Black Diamond, the huge male elephant I secured for the show in the year 1927, was reported by the press to have gone insane, he was only crazy-angry at having been thwarted in his love for a human being. He was finally convinced that the object of his affections had deserted him, and his love had turned to hatred. Diamond wanted revenge, both on his old master, whom he had passionately adored before the separation, and on the person he thought had stolen the affection that had made life in captivity a heavenly experience for him.

To me, his actions prove this conclusion, which is based on authentic reports of the tragic incident that resulted in the death of a woman, the injury of a man, and the execution of the big elephant.

Most animal trainers believe that the elephant has a higher grade of intelligence than that of any other animal, and that he approaches man in mental capacity. I have found that he not only thinks very much in the manner of man, but that he is similar in disposition—in his sentiments and emotions. He loves and he hates. In his love he displays a gladness of spirit, while hatred makes

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Black Diamond rushed forward, caught him in the back, and tossed him clear over the parked automobile.



Picture by
LYNN BOGUE HUNT

BLACK DIAMOND—THE LOVE-CRAZED KILLER
Continued from page twenty-nine

him want to destroy. When he has been angry without justifiable cause, I believe he will try, by his throat-rumbling " talk " and an embrace with his trunk, to make his master understand that he is sorry. As a rule, he has not the restraint or control of his emotions that man has developed; in a mad frenzy, the elephant will invariably try to kill or maim, to relieve his anger.

H. D. PRICKETT had been Diamond's keeper, traveling with a wagon show, for about seven years before I secured the elephant for the Al G. Barnes Circus and turned him over to Jack Grady, who was Diamond's master with my show until he was executed. Diamond had been the only elephant with the wagon show. He was lonely for his kind, and all his great affection was lavished on Prickett, who returned it in a measure that is seldom found between man and animal. Prickett stated that Diamond was very jealous, and when Mrs. Prickett sometimes happened by and stopped to talk to her husband, Diamond would reach out with his trunk and pull Prickett away from his wife. This happened many times; it was an amusing performance, and Prickett frequently teased the big elephant to make him show his jealousy.

Diamond was a one-man elephant, and, while he would submit to having his keepers changed, only one at a time could handle him. It was a long time before Jack Grady could get him under reasonably good control, and Jack remained the only " bull man " with the show who could handle Diamond without difficulty. Eventually the elephant became somewhat attached to Jack, but never as he had been to Prickett. This was proved by the fact that Jack never could make him display jealousy.

Black Diamond was an exceptionally large elephant, born in India and sent to the United States when quite young. He was very temperamental; when things didn't go to suit him, he grew moody. With his many years' experience on the road, he thought he should have his own way. Like some men, he was a stickler for routine.

In addition to other work, elephants are used on the circus lot to pull the tent stakes after the performance. Diamond was the best stake puller we ever had. He took a pride in his work. But when the work was done, if his keeper didn't take him immediately to his car, Diamond would grow nervous and impatient; if the delay was prolonged, he would work himself into a temper.

On the other hand, when he was in a good humor, he sometimes reminded me of a big, mischievous boy, alert to play pranks, yet meaning no real harm by them.

The big elephant came to us with a bad reputation. While I believed that wrong treatment had been responsible for his misconduct, we took no chances with him. An iron bar was attached to his tusks, on top of his trunk, which greatly restricted his use of the trunk.

While moving him from the train to the circus lot, and back again, we never permitted him to go unfettered, but he was always securely hitched to an elephant on either side. It was my belief that kind treatment would break him of his bad habits and restore his former good humor. But his record of having killed three persons and his habit of indulging in occasional destructive stampedes caused us to play safe with him.

ABOUT a year after Diamond parted from his old trainer, who had quit the show business and gone farming in Texas, Prickett visited the show at Dallas. Diamond trumpeted with joy at sight of Prickett. He reached out with his trunk as far as the bar would permit and drew his former master to him in a tender embrace, rumbling happily and swaying from side to side as if too overjoyed to stand still. It was a touching sight to witness the big fellow's happiness.

Prickett played with the elephant for some time, feeding him dainties and talking to him, then took him off the lot and had some pictures taken. Diamond responded to all the old cues and did his tricks for the camera. He seemed to be trying to assure Prickett that he would be good if only Prickett would not leave him again.

When Prickett brought him back to the lot, he petted him for a few moments, talking all the while and assuring the elephant that he still loved him.

When it came time to say good-by, and Prickett started across the lot, Diamond screamed as if in agony. Tears coursed down his cheeks and he was a pitiful sight. After being convinced that Prickett would not return, the elephant gave way to rage, and began trying with all his might to wrench his chains apart. For several minutes he bellowed and trumpeted, covering himself with froth and foam as he struggled. Then he settled down and his temper subsided.

For days afterward he was sullen and quiet, and Jack Grady watched him carefully, taking no chances. He would do his work without urging and accept dainties from the hand of Jack, but the old enthusiasm was gone.

Diamond never seemed to recover the sunny disposition that he had occasionally displayed at previous times. And when, a year later, the circus played in Corsicana, Texas, and Diamond again saw Prickett, the elephant's love was dead. In its place had developed a deadly hatred.

As the elephants were being taken from the train to the circus lot, Prickett stood on the street talking to Mrs. Eva Donohoe, on whose ranch he was then employed. When Diamond passed, Prickett called his name.

A photograph of Black Diamond as he looked after the fatal shot in the head ended his agonies.

At sound of his former master's voice, the elephant turned his head sharply and saw Prickett standing with Mrs. Donohoe at the side of an automobile.

Mrs. Donohoe made a remark and Prickett turned to reply. As he did so Black Diamond rushed forward, caught him in the back, and tossed him clear over the parked automobile; he landed on his hand, sustaining a broken wrist in the fall. Diamond started after him, trying to drag Babe and Ruth, the two female police elephants to which he was hitched.

SUDDENLY Diamond paused and eyed Mrs. Donohoe. Evidently it had dawned on him that she was the cause of his separation from Prickett. At any rate, before anyone knew his intention, he plunged at Mrs. Donohoe and struck her, either with his tusks or with the iron bar that held them. She fell to the ground, with an arm uplifted, while Diamond, screaming with rage, threw his nine tons of fury at her and jabbed her body with his tusks.

Jack Grady was trying desperately to get Diamond under control, while Babe and Ruth, the two female elephants, were endeavoring with mighty butts of their heads to subdue their maddened charge. W. M. Cannon, a bystander, quickly lifted Mrs. Donohoe and tried to get her out of reach. Prickett came around the car and tried to grab an elephant hook with his broken hand, which he then noticed for the first time. Diamond snatched Mrs. Donohoe from the arms of Cannon, lifted her in the air, and again slammed her to the ground. Again Cannon rescued her, and again Diamond wrenched her from his arms.

The third time Cannon, assisted by Jackson, the head elephant trainer, who had by now arrived, succeeded in getting her away from the elephant and out of his reach. The two victims were rushed to the hospital, where Mrs. Donohoe shortly expired from her injuries.

It was not until Jewel, a third female elephant, was brought to the scene that Diamond desisted from his mighty struggles. The three females butted him into submission and headed him back to the train.

IN his car Diamond lapsed into a sullen silence. He acted as if, now that he had avenged himself on the woman who had taken his beloved keeper away from him, he was satisfied, although the hurt would never heal. For the rest of the day he stood passively, ignoring the food that was placed in front of him.

The townspeople insistently demanded the death of Diamond, and their clamoring grew louder when the elephant's reputation as a killer had been circulated among them. The circus people, who understood and loved the elephant, banded together in little groups about the lot and vowed that Diamond should not be harmed. To kill the elephant for what he had done would be nothing short of murder, they contended. Human beings had strained his emotions to the breaking point; the responsibility was theirs, not his.

Reports of the accident reached me in Los Angeles. I had given up executive charge of the show that year, but I wired Cronin, the circus manager, to put Diamond in a box car and ship him to me. He could be kept in winter quarters until he reformed. I could not bear thoughts of an ignominious end for the magnificent animal that I loved.

But the townspeople would not be denied. When the circus officials, after holding out for four days, saw that their continued refusal to surrender the elephant would result in bloodshed, they decided it would be better to sacrifice Diamond than to make his protection the cause of more deaths. The circus officials stipulated that he should be executed in the most humane way possible—that he was not to suffer any more dying tortures than were necessary. The most humane methods of execution were discussed, and plans were made to exact the penalty Diamond was thought to have earned. The big sorrowing elephant, ruined by his love, was doomed.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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BLACK DIAMOND—THE LOVE-CRAZED KILLER
Continued from page thirty-one

While the respective merits of poisoning, drowning, strangling, and shooting were being considered, Diamond remained confined to his car. Even if he had understood that capital punishment was about to be meted out to him, it is doubtful if he would have been normally interested. It may sound absurd to say that his heart was broken.

Feeding him cyanide of potassium was decided upon as the quickest and most humane way of dispatching Black Diamond But when the decision of the officials reached the bull men, the trainers rebelled. While Jack Grady was the only one who could take Diamond out of his car, other trainers were necessary to handle the police elephants in escorting the victim to the place of execution. Jack at first refused to have a part in the killing.

After a long discussion, the bull men were brought to realize that the act was necessary to save human lives, and they submitted to painful necessity.

Four days after the tragedy had taken place, Diamond was led from his car and securely shackled to Babe and Ruth and Jewel. He showed a little interest as he reached the open air, as if mildly pleased at the prospect of a walk after his four days in prison. The female elephants were restless and uneasy. The discussion about releasing Diamond from his car for the killing had taken place in the presence of the females, and I am confident that they understood what was to take place. While they obeyed all the commands of their trainers, they were nervous with fright.

As Diamond marched to his doom, the extra heavy chains about his legs clanked a funeral dirge. His female companions, perceiving his submissive spirit now that his frenzy was over, walked beside him without the alert surveillance with which they regarded him when he was out of temper. Sorrow and fear struggled together in their hearts, and they must have hoped that something would arise to prevent the act they felt impending.

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In a small pasture at the outskirts of the town the cortège halted, and Diamond was securely chained to three strong mesquite trees standing some distance apart, while a cordon of circus men acting as guards held the crowd back. Hundreds of people had gathered to witness the execution. Nearly all the circus personnel, most of them vowing their disapproval of the killing, were morbidly attracted to the scene, their hearts drawn with pain.

WHEN Diamond had been firmly hitched to the trees, the three females, with tears now trickling down their big faces, were marched back to the train, their keepers muttering that their charges should not witness the outrage.

The pitiful sight was too much for one keeper; he collapsed and had to be carried away.

A huge wooden block was placed in front of Diamond. Jack Grady ordered the big fellow to place his fore feet on the block, and Diamond obeyed. His feet were then chained to the block, so that he could not rise after he fell.

Jack then passed chains about his hind legs, lashing them together, and did the same to the front legs.

He was fumbling at the job, with tears blurring his sight, when Jackson, the head elephant trainer, stepped forward and helped him with the chains. Most of the circus people, now weeping audibly, turned and left the scene.

Diamond, in the meantime, seemed dull and apathetic. While his female companions had appeared to understand the proceedings, he pulled trunkfuls of grass and swayed lazily in the sun, probably unconscious of his fate and thinking it was some new stunt in connection with his circus performance.

Evidently the females, hoping to spare him pain had not imparted the knowledge of his fate. (I am convinced that elephants converse.)

A basketful of peanuts, treated with a heavy dose of cyanide, was placed in front of him by a townsman. No one connected with the circus would have a hand in the deed. Diamond took a mouthful, bit leisurely into them, then looked inquiringly about him and spat out the poisoned peanuts. He now became more alert. When the basket was again tendered, he knocked it as far as he could with his trunk. A basket of oranges, similarly treated with cyanide of potassium, was then given him. He took an orange out of the basket and placed it in front of him, mashed it gently with his foot, and sniffed it carefully. A swipe of his trunk sent the basket of oranges rolling.

SINCE Diamond could not be poisoned, the officials decided to shoot him. Rifles and pistols were brought to the scene, the people were driven farther back, and the firing squad took up a position a few yards from the big elephant.

Diamond now began trumpeting with fright, apparently aware that something ominous portended. He looked questioningly at Jack Grady, who made no effort to conceal his tears, but was now powerless to help. Jack turned and walked out of the pasture.

At the first volley, which struck him behind the ear, Diamond flicked the ear, stood a moment inquiringly, then began reaching for grass. Evidently it was some new stunt with guns that he would have to perform in the show; he would wait for the cues. The second volley was completely ignored and the elephant went on eating grass.

A bullet of the third volley reached a vital spot. Diamond screamed with pain, floundered about as much as his chains would permit, and presently toppled over. Big tears rolled from his eyes as he looked about him, vainly inquiring as to the cause of the horrible agony that was being inflicted on him.

Volley after volley was poured into the screaming elephant as he lay writhing in pain and striving futilely to regain his feet.

Many of the townspeople, forgetting their revenge in the sight of the big elephant's suffering, now turned and left, while men with rifles continued to pump lead into the dying animal.

Presently a shot in the forehead caused Diamond to stiffen his legs. His eyes closed, he grew rigid for a few moments, then relaxed.

His head dropped to the ground.

The big heart, long torn by love for his keeper and anguish at the keeper's apparent desertion, filled with hatred for those who had betrayed him, driven desperate by mad grief, had ceased to beat. Black Diamond's love had killed him.

THE END

LOVE 'EM AND—

A Short Short Story

By

JOHN FRANKLIN FELLOWS

who was born in Norwich, Conn., twenty-five years ago, is married, and for the last few years has been an advertising consultant in New York.

Picture by CARL PFEUFER

(*Reading time: 4 min. 45 sec.*)

IT was not until the brig West Away had been at sea three days that "Spud" Martin got his chance to kill Jack Wilton. But all the breaks were with him now, Spud thought grimly, even the fact that Jack and he had been watch mates for six years.

It was nearly dark, and the West Away was running into a blow off Sable Island. "Shorten sail!" had been the order, and Spud Martin and Jack Wilton were on the yard furling the main T-gallant sail.

The rest of the crew were at their own stations. There would be no one to see the cause of the "accident," no one to prevent its inevitable result.

Spud Martin's usually good-natured face looked strained, and his short, stocky muscles worked jerkily as he furled the sail to windward and studied Jack, who was down to leeward furling his side.

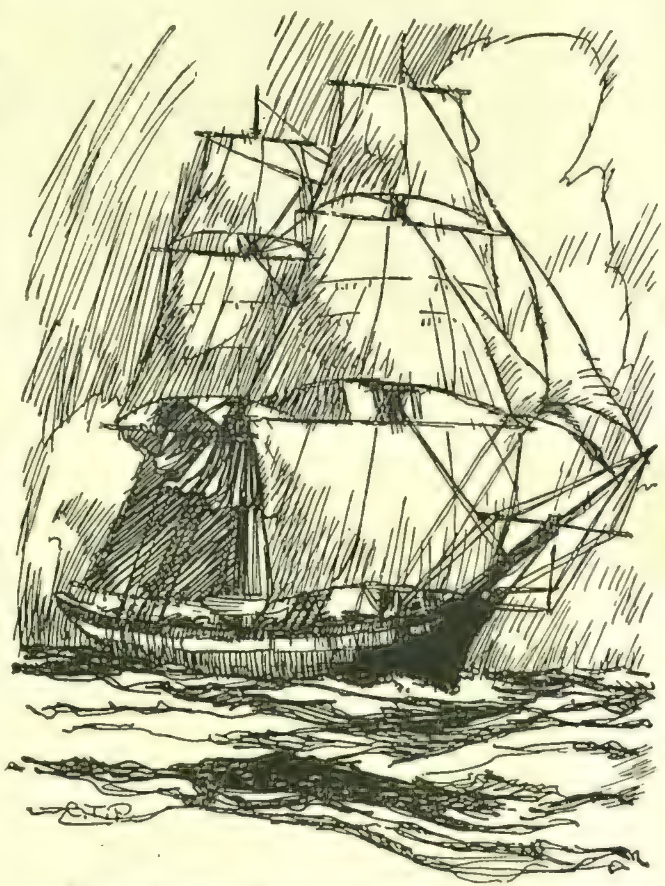
A handsome lad, Jack was, Spud thought, but he'd look different after he'd crashed to the deck seventy-five feet below.

Spud Martin pulled his sheath knife and severed the lashing which held the foot rope to the jackstay on his side of the yard-arm.

Holding the foot rope in his hands, he watched bleakly as Jack Wilton began working his way in. And the closer Jack came, the greater grew the strain on the rope in Spud's hands.

Spud would have to let go shortly or be catapulted from the yard himself.

. . . . .



It was nearly dark, and the West Away was running into a blow off Sable Island.

For six years Spud Martin and Jack Wilton had been watch mates. For six years they had spent their hours ashore in the same haunts, and for six years they had shared their confidences and ideas. And Spud, with the admiration which the more homely and cautious of two intimates always shows for the other, had studied Jack until he knew him better than he did himself. That was why Spud knew what Jack's attitude toward Elsie Saunders must be, even though Jack had become taciturn and avoided looking Spud in the eye.

ELSIE SAUNDERS was a hostess at the Royal Palm Dance Palace on St. Bedolf Street in Boston. Spud had taken one look at her and bought all her dance tickets for the rest of the evening.

Slim and undeniably graceful, with wide-set blue eyes and flaxen curly hair, she seemed an angel to Spud. And in the next few evenings Spud did his best to prove that he was—well, made of better stuff than his unprepossessing exterior indicated he was. At any rate, Spud looked forward to seeing her after his next voyage.

Of course he didn't mention this unusual fidelity to his watch mate. He knew Jack too well. "Love 'em and leave 'em!" Jack would say scornfully, if not too originally. That was Jack, a reckless and handsome devil who could get away with it. And because Spud had never found a girl worth hanging on to, he had agreed with Jack.

It was different, though, when Spud met Elsie.

Unfortunately, on his next arrival in port, it fell to Spud to stand the anchor watch while the rest of the crew went ashore in the longboat. And when Spud finally got to the Royal Palms Dance Palace late that night, he found Jack dancing with Elsie Saunders.

Spud did not blame Elsie for the obvious fact that she had fallen for Jack.

Who would give a gorilla like himself a second look when Jack was about?

Nor did he blame Jack for cutting in on him. Jack always grabbed the best girl he saw even if Spud had dated her first.

It had not mattered much before. And what was to become of the girls Jack had loved and left hadn't mattered either. But Elsie—

The two watch mates had gone to sea again, and Spud had tried for three days to convince himself that "love 'em and leave 'em" went for Elsie as well as any other girl. He might have succeeded in convincing himself if Jack too had seemed to realize that Elsie was different, if Jack hadn't avoided looking his former chum in the eyes. But Spud had failed, and Jack would pay now.

. . . .

IN spite of his straining hands, Spud felt the rope sag beneath Jack's weight. He saw the catlike nervousness with which Jack balanced himself.

Jack was scared! And Spud grinned mirthlessly as Jack's eyes looked into his for the first time in three days.

"You ain't lost your nerve, Jack?" Spud asked, his voice harshly derisive above the sound of the wind in the rigging.

Jack nodded in the affirmative and grinned wryly. "With good reason, too," he said. "It's somethin' I've been afraid to tell yuh."

Spud felt the rope biting into his calloused hands. He could hold but a moment longer. "What is it?" he asked indifferently.

"That after all the braggin' I done about lovin' 'em and leavin' 'em," Jack blurted out, "I went and done it! I got hitched!"

Spud felt numb. So that was why Jack had been afraid to look him in the eye!

"Come in, quick!" he grated.

Jack, startled by the harsh command, obeyed it instantly, automatically. And as he sprang to the lee rigging, releasing the strain on the foot rope, the foot rope snapped taut. The sudden jerk threw Spud from the yard.

"Be good to her!" Spud yelled, as he hurtled toward the deck below.

THE END

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The OCEAN for a Headache

The Story of a Girl Who Succumbed to Vocational Guidance

By

JOSEPH GOLLOMB

Pictures by W. EMERTON HEITLAND

(Reading time: 31 minutes.)

BY two in the morning the whoops, gales of laughter, and the crash of furniture in the tiny basement grill of the Beach Hotel aroused some of the guests, among them a college professor; and he was aroused indeed. He said to his wife, as he reached for the telephone, "I know now the origin of the term 'whoopee,'" and spoke into the receiver. "Clerk, do you hear me?"

The night clerk in the office said, "Yes, sir."

"Do you also hear the sounds emanating from the grill?"

"I—I—yes, sir."

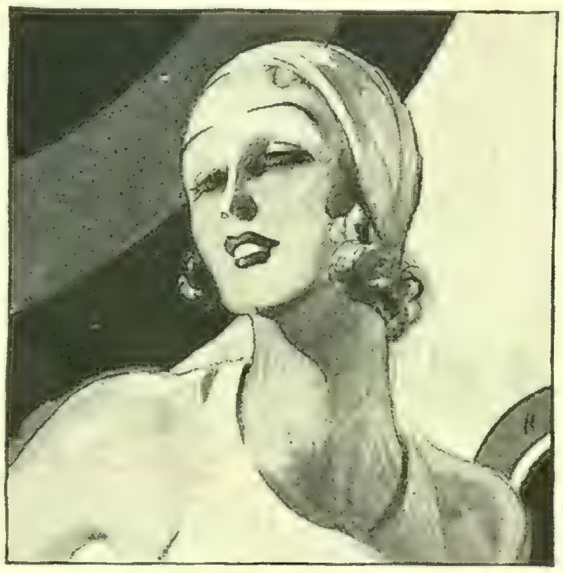
"And it hasn't disturbed your rest?"

"I'm very sorry, sir. I—"

"Where's the manager?"

"Mr. Calkins was summoned to Walkyl Island, sir, by Mr. Welsh, the steel magnate himself. Mr. Calkins is superintending the details of Mr. Welsh's dinner party tomorrow night. He's spending the night there—"

"I see. So perhaps he doesn't hear the noise in the grill. I admit it's not quite loud enough to make itself heard the seven miles to the island. But I will appreciate it if you put a stop to that din."



"Yes, sir. I'll do my best, sir!"

"Do. And you can count on my assistance. I happen to know Mr. Welsh 'himself,' and will be glad to telephone him to use his good offices with your manager to stop this disturbance."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. I'll see what I can do."

The clerk hung up the receiver slowly, in contrast to the bang with which the other receiver had been replaced. He was a thin, worried man of middle age, whose meticulous grooming was more noticeable than the man himself. Even now he was unconsciously careful of his hair, as in perplexity he scratched his head. Finally he turned to the only other person in the office, a young man working over the end-of-the-season audit of the hotel's account books.

The night clerk's unusual vehemence of language showed the stress under which he was laboring.

"Mr. Wright, what in hell will I do about those young hyenas in the grill? They're waking the guests, and one of them threatens to telephone Commodore Welsh himself about it!"

His use of "Mr." toward an employee of the hotel was a tribute to Eric Wright, who was only twenty-two years old and barely out of college. In build and boxing, Wright used to be classed as a lightweight; but his university at no time regarded him as a lightweight in his work in the psychology of vocational guidance. His hair, excessively blond and tightly curling, on the rare occasions when he gave it a thought, gave him "a pain in the neck," and he revenged himself, as he was now doing, by mussing it when he was absorbed in work. But the clerk's genuine distress must have filtered into the young man's consciousness. He replied without looking up:

"Why don't you throw them out?"

The clerk allowed himself a bitter smile.

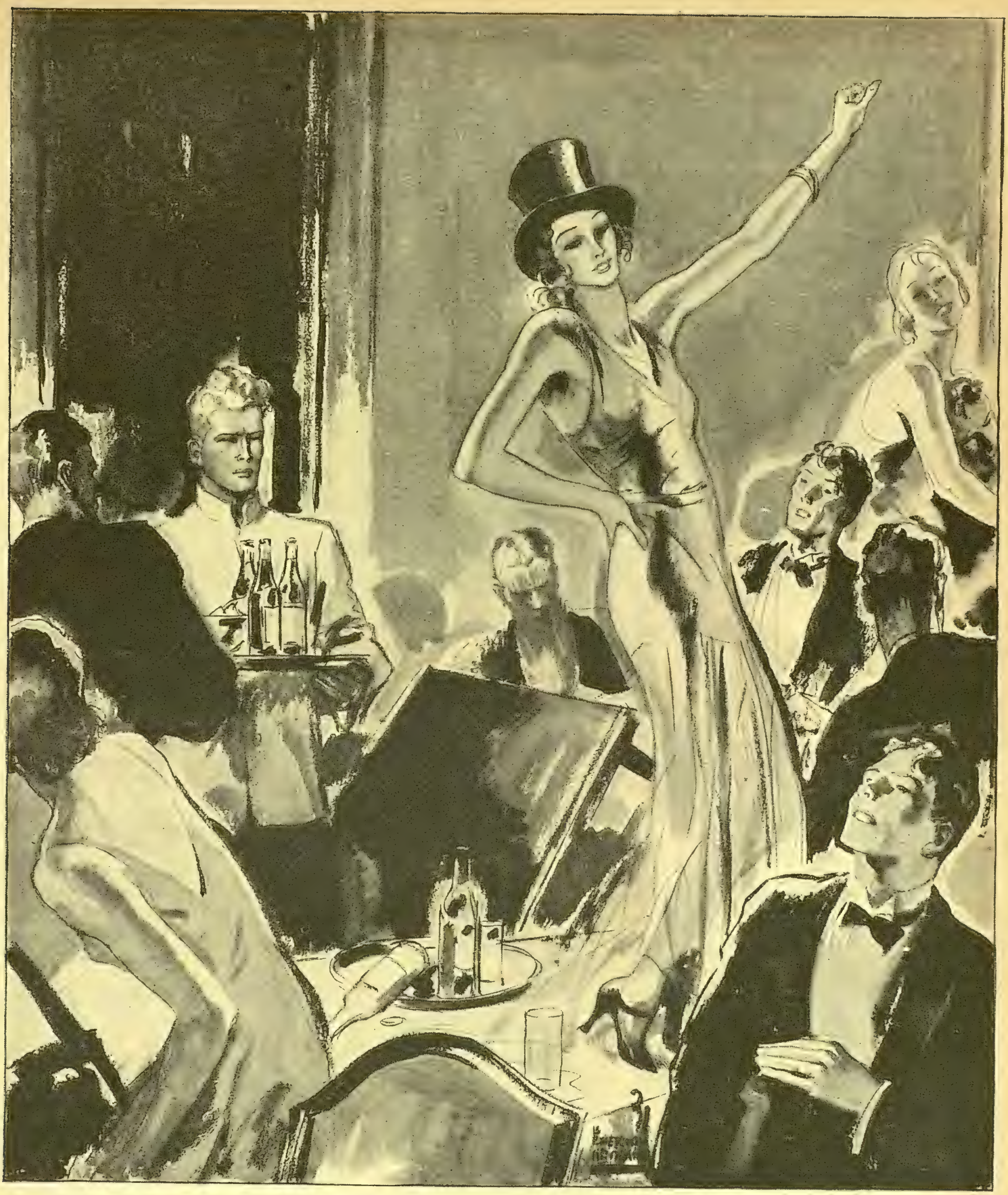
"It happens," he said, with an approach to sarcasm, "that it is Commodore Welsh's only child, Miss Greta Welsh, who is throwing that wild party in the grill. What makes your suggestion still more practical is that Commodore Welsh, as you know, owns the hotel."

Wright's attention, nine-tenths of it, remained on his work. He only said:

"I don't know the young lady. But it would afford me great pleasure if she and her gang of young wasters were all thrown out on their ears!"

Thus abandoned by young Wright, the clerk actually rumpled his hair with anxiety, especially as his telephone buzzed again. He answered it with trepidation.

"Yes, Miss Welsh! . . . But you know you've sent the night waiter out to Cartertown for some more. . . .



The ringmaster, Greta Welsh, stood on a table in the middle of the room, a man's opera hat cocked on her bobbed head of reddish gold.

No, he hasn't returned yet. . . . Why, yes, I think we can let you have some ginger ale and ice. But—but—Miss Welsh, may I speak to you for a moment? Er—er—your party has been—heard by several of the guests and—"

Evidently there was no one at the other end of the telephone, for the clerk, as he hung up the receiver, mimicked bitterly: "'Ginger ale and ice! Lots of it and make it snappy!'" With increased bitterness, "Lord, how I'd like to put some arsenic in it!"

He turned to a closet and taking out a white duck coat put it on. He was a stickler—he had to be in that hotel—for proper dress for every occasion.

Eric Wright looked up at the distressed man getting into the waiter's jacket.

"There'd be no real use in poisoning that lot," he said, rising. "More self-made men will continue to breed more parasite offspring. If you wish, I'll take the stuff to them."

The clerk's worried face lit up. "Would you, Mr. Wright? I would appreciate it so! And, at the same

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE OCEAN FOR A HEADACHE
Continued from page thirty-seven

time, would you—would you suggest to Miss Welsh that—that—"

"That they shut up? Certainly."

"No, no!" the clerk said hastily.

"I'll tell them about the guests," Wright said grimly.

The clerk brought the tray to Eric Wright; then said hesitatingly:

"I hate to ask you to do it—but it's a rule of the house—in waiting on the guests the regulation coat must be worn. Do you mind very much?"

He was getting out of the white coat.

Wright replied cheerfully, "Of course I don't mind."

He put it on, took the loaded tray and leisurely went down the stairs to the grill.

He opened the door without knocking; which was against the house rules for an employee.

Four couples, about his age, all of them offspring of the Walkyl Island colony of financial dynasts, were at the hilarious climax of their imitation of a Junior League society circus. The ringmaster, Greta Welsh, stood on a table in the middle of the room, a man's opera hat cocked on her bobbed head of reddish gold. Her eyes, unexpectedly black and glowing, must have come from some somber Celtic strain. They were brilliant, but feverish rather than gay, the eyes of one to whom life caters habitually and still leaves dissatisfied. Her body was firm with much swimming and her skin was bronzed.

She was cracking an imaginary whip over Buck Bailey, chosen the year before as an All-American half back, but acting just now as Bruin, a performing bear.

Two of the other young men in the party were trained horses, with equestriennes riding astride their shoulders.

The fourth couple were acrobats, "allez-ooping" and throwing a handkerchief to each other.

Greta stared at Wright with concentrated brows; then, with exaggerated delight, "Oh, oh, oh!" she cried, her hands clasped to her heart. "A blond young god to visit us mortal bums! I even remember his name—no, I don't! Who was the young godling who served nectar and ambrosia when the gods on Olympus threw parties?"

"Mercury!" someone suggested. "No—Hebe!"

"No," said Greta. "Hebe was a female. This is no female, thank the gods!" To Wright, "Come here, booful thing! Booful thing with the disapproving look on his booful face! So-o disapproving!"

Wright put the tray down on one of the tables that still remained upright.

"You are waking the guests," he said dryly. "The management wants you to shut up or get out of here!"

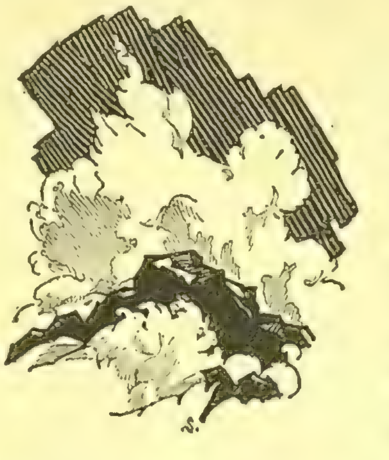
A startled hush greeted his announcement.

Wright had turned toward the door when Greta, her bronzed face flushing, cried out:

"Come back here!"

Wright heard her, but continued on his way out.

"Buck!" she cried. "Get him!"



A POWERFUL hand on Wright's collar jerked him back into the room. Before Wright could recover his balance Buck had him at the table from which Greta Welsh glared at the white-jacketed youth.

Wright said quietly to Buck: "Your hand!"

Greta saw action impending. "Buck, let go!" she cried imperiously. "Let me attend to him!" He not only did not obey her, but tightened his clutch on Wright's collar.

"I give you fair notice," Wright said. "In a moment you'll need both your hands!"

Buck must have weighed thirty pounds more than Wright. With a heave he slewed his body around and retaining his grip on Wright's jacket he hoisted him over his shoulder and for the space of a second made him look like something on a porter's back.

Then Wright slipped out of his coat, dropped to the floor, faced Buck, and let him have a right to the chin. It was delivered by one who mixed brains with his boxing. Buck's head shot up and he almost went down.

In Wright, now in his vest, the party saw a trim figure, quietly and tastefully dressed, with a Phi Beta Kappa key on his watch chain. His posture, as he waited for Buck to come at him, had the grace of a good boxer's. The eyes, blue and ordinarily a bit absent in their look, were now cold and keen.

Buck's mind, fuddled both with drink and the jolt to the chin, cleared slowly. He edged toward the door to cut off Wright's retreat, throwing off his Tuxedo as he did so.

Buck circled for an opening. Wright, his hands on guard, kept facing him with quiet economy of movement.

Above the tension Greta Welsh raged in vain.

"Buck, stop it, I say! Damn it, do you hear me? Waiter, leave the room or I'll have you blacklisted for life! Buck! Waiter!"

BUCK thought he saw an opening and made one of his famous lunges, shooting out with his right. His fist missed the target. His body struck it. Wright had ducked the blow, but could not sidestep in time to escape the hurtling All-American half back. In turn, Wright's left got in another clip on Buck's chin.

Then Wright's body shot against the table from which Greta was trying to dominate the scene.

The impact sent her toppling. She caught at Wright as she fell. Her arms about his neck landed her on her feet instead of on that shapely insolent head of hers.

At the same instant she realized that as long as she clung to Wright's neck Buck would not strike and Wright could not.

She clung. Long-distance swimming had developed a respectable degree of power in her arms. She now exerted it. Anger, humiliation, a rising fury were in Wright's voice as he gasped:

"I warn you—let go. I won't hesitate—to hurt you!"

She smiled, her eyes close to his and taunting.

"Try it, sonny!" she said. Her teeth were clenched with the effort she was expending on him.

He wanted to be starkly unsentimental. He owed her no gallantry.

He tried to ram his elbow into her solar plexus, to free himself by knocking the wind out of her.

Her malicious chuckle sounded in his ear as she dodged the anticipated blow. It glanced along the silky surface of the scant Nile-green Cheruit gown she wore.

Wright raged.

"Take this woman off me!"

A roar of glee was all the sympathy he got.

Buck Bailey was among those who enjoyed the situation. The sight of Greta in a deadlock of will with a man was a new one to him. Greta, who had made Buck play the trained bear not only in fun; Greta the tyrant was now only a disheveled young woman, her arms locked about a waiter who was trying to get free of her. She was literally sweating with the effort to maintain an ascendancy over a man, when habitually she dominated with a look, the curl of her imperious lips.

The spell she exercised over Buck was dissipating. There was no question of class loyalty here; obviously Wright was a gentleman. Buck enjoyed the novelty of finding Greta a bit ridiculous instead of himself feeling ridiculous whenever she thought he needed a touch of the lash from her.

"Go to it, Greta!" he laughed. "Give him the left foot and you'll have him on the mat! Stay by her, waiter! You're putting up a good show!"

Wright was so furious now that his thinking simplified. He threw his weight forward and sent her reeling back, her hold still tight about him.

Greta landed hard against an alcove wall, every bit of breath knocked out of her. In the agony of stifling she relaxed her hold on Wright and he tore himself away.

He bounded to the door, opened it, and over his shoulder called to Buck:

"You'll find me in the office!"

A howl of delight followed him out of the room, a chorus from all but Greta.

Greta had ruled her circle by being physically harder, keener, more ruthless in ridicule than the others and by dominating any picture in which she found herself. She looked anything but dominating now as she dropped into a chair and fought for breath.

Everyone there, though her warm friend, had at one time or another been victim of her flair for ridicule; and the chance to rejoice in her present plight was better than drink to them. The grill rang with their sallies and laughter.

Buck finally felt sorry for her and poured out a stiff drink. There was genuine sympathy in his tone as he brought it to Greta.

" All right now, gang!" he called out. " Let up on her!"

She rose shakily, ignored Buck's proffered glass, gathered herself together, and walked over to the outside door.

Buck tried to stop her.

" Come on, come on, Greta. Have a sense of humor! " he protested. " Can't you take a razz? "

She put her hand on his shoulder and patted it.

" Right, Buck! " she said quietly. " I can take a razz. But, if you don't mind, I'll take it alone! "

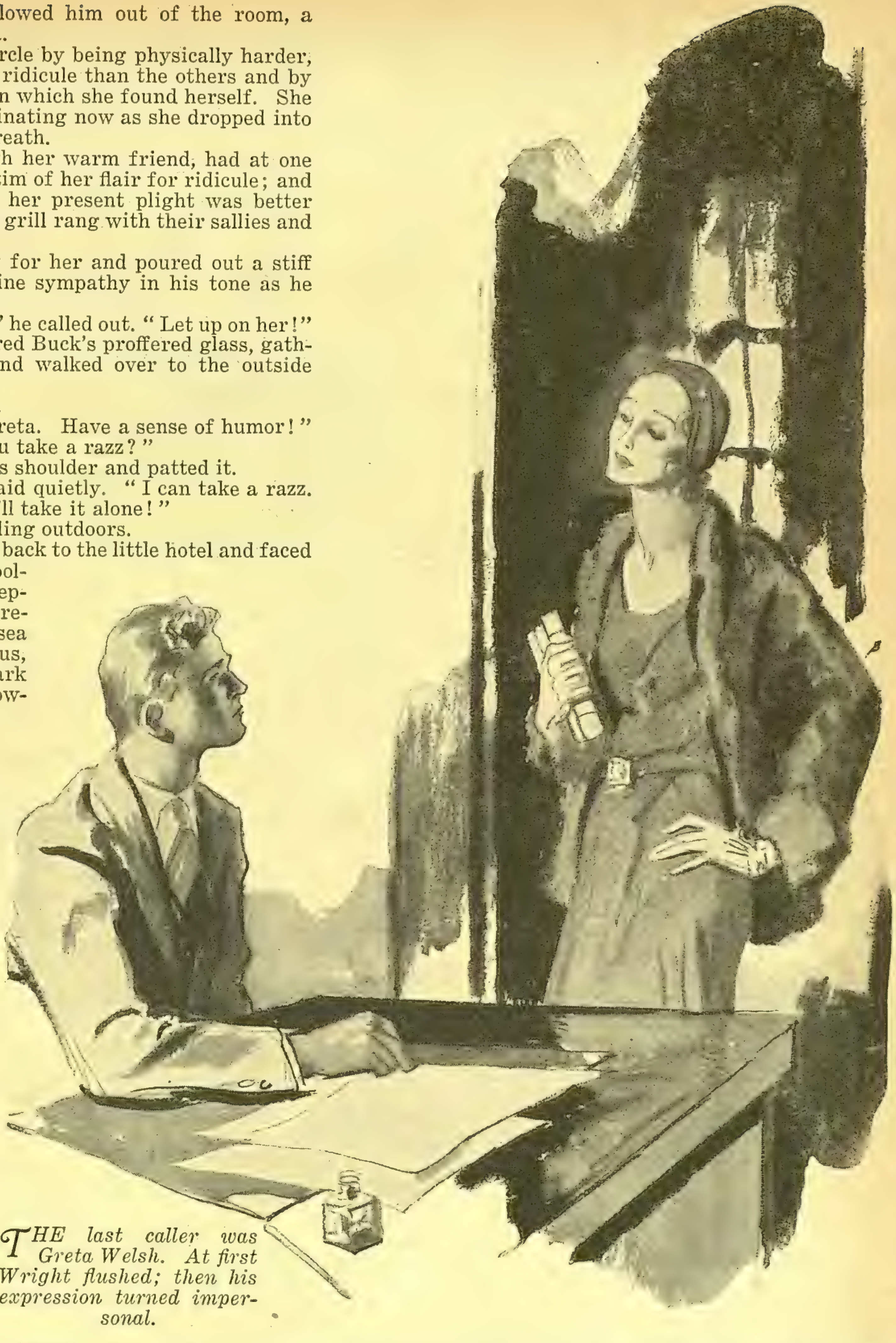
She left by the exit leading outdoors.

Outside she turned her back to the little hotel and faced the ocean in search of a cooling breath. For late September the night was remarkably sultry. The sea and the sky were ominous, the water looking like dark oil, the sky thick with glowering clouds.

THE only light visible, other than those of the hotel, was a red lantern a mile away, on a rock in Walkyl Inlet.

On the water coming from the direction of Walkyl Island she saw the bow lights of a speed boat. She recognized it—the Greta II. It was cutting the water like the marvel of boatbuilding that it was. Must be her father, Greta pondered. Someone had telephoned him that her party was waking the guests; probably the college-boy waiter.

Well, she could handle her father. She would even divert his anger from herself to that unlicked cub who thought that his Phi Beta key entitled him to talk to her as he did. Glowering and sultry in temper as the night itself, Greta went up to her room in the Beach Hotel to prepare for the commodore. Her head was beginning to ache badly, partly from drink, partly from the heavy jolt her body and pride had got.



THE last caller was Greta Welsh. At first Wright flushed; then his expression turned impersonal.

The speed boat swung in toward the inlet. The tide was going out and the slew given by the inlet to the current along the coast slowed up the boat's approach, powerful though its engines were.

Commodore Welsh was scrooged up in the wicker chair in the stern, biting an unlit cigar. He had dressed hastily when Professor Blackie at the Beach Hotel roused him from sleep with his telephone complaint of the din in the grill. By Commodore Welsh's side was Mr. Calkins, manager of the Beach Hotel. Mentally Calkins was congratulating himself that the commodore had summoned him to the island before the party in the grill began. Calkins did not know which he feared the more, the commodore or his daughter; and he could well imagine the plight of the night clerk when Professor Blackie complained of the noisy party.

At the yacht-club landing in the inlet the commodore and Calkins got into an automobile and ten minutes later were at the hotel. The party in the grill was still in fine fettle, as could be heard from the outside.

Using the entrance by which Greta had left, the commodore strode in.

As a rule, the young set of the Walkyl Island colony were on easy terms with their elders. The two generations in many important respects did not speak the same

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE OCEAN FOR A HEADACHE
Continued from page thirty-nine

language; but the youngsters shrugged off all misunderstandings between themselves and their elders with greater ease than the elders did. Commodore Welsh was the only one on the island—the young set called him the "troglodyte"—of whom they were in their heart of hearts a bit afraid. His sudden entrance put as sudden a silencer on the party.

Calkins followed him in, remaining tactfully in the background.

Commodore Welsh still retained the closely cropped mutton-chop whiskers that were going out of fashion when he was adolescent. They were iron gray now and gave his square-cut face an added squareness and grimness of line. His eyes, too, were gray, cold as some of the steel he produced. His mouth—now that he had thrown away his unlit cigar—was a straight hard line.

His eyes glanced in search of his daughter.

"Buck," he asked quietly, "where is Greta?"

Buck answered with an ease his friends suspected he did not feel.

"I think she's had enough of the party and gone up to her room, commodore."

"An excellent idea, Buck," the commodore said. "I recommend it!"

The whole party accepted the recommendation and, filing out of the grill, left for a place they knew in Carterville where they would be more welcome.

Commodore Welsh said to Calkins:

"Take me to her room."

Calkins led the way to the second floor and knocked respectfully at a door. There was no response. The commodore took hold of the door knob. The door was locked. From within Greta's voice came:

"Who's that?"

"Throw something over you," Commodore Welsh called out. "I'm asking Calkins to come in with me."

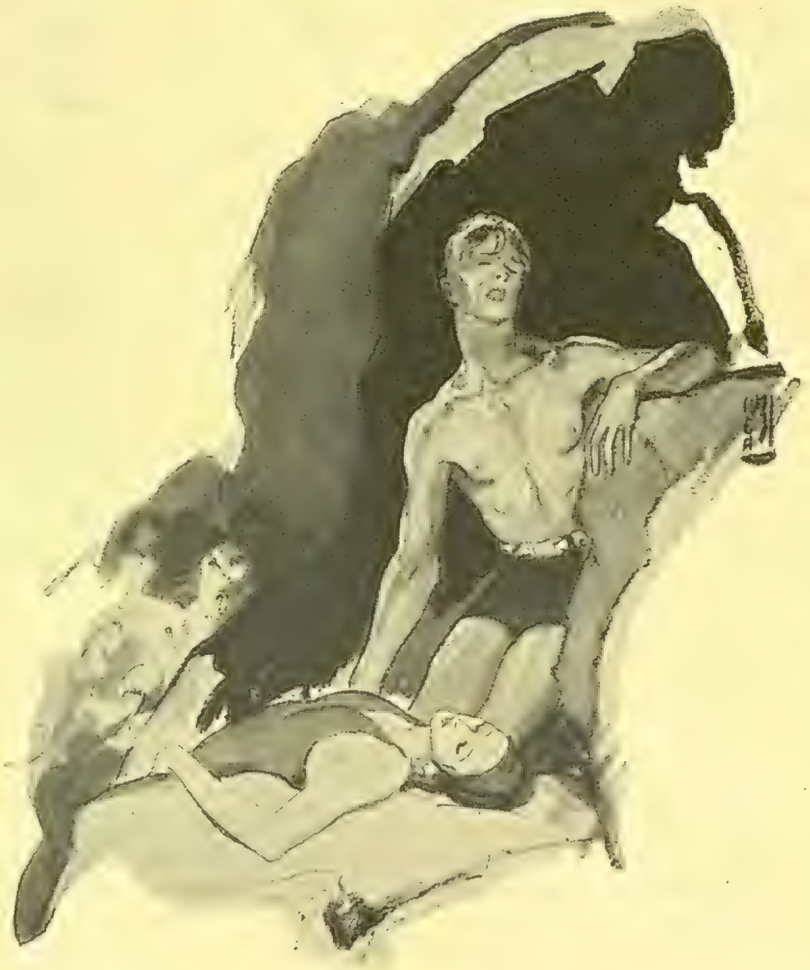
Greta was fully dressed; but she let her father wait. So he was going to lecture her before an employee! Well, she would show him how much *she* cared! She took her time opening the door. Commodore Welsh stalked in. Calkins lingered. He wished the commodore would not insist on bringing him in on this.

"YOU'VE been waking the guests with your orgy!" Commodore Welsh began.

Greta met the charge calmly. "Yes. We didn't know it, of course, or we would have quieted down. It may interest you, father, to know the manner in which we were notified that we were making too much noise. A waiter came in and said to me, 'Shut up or get out!' Buck Bailey took him by the collar to make him apologize. The waiter hit him on the chin and a little later did it again. In the fight the waiter knocked me off the table I happened to be standing on. Then he slammed me—deliberately—so hard against the wall that I haven't yet quite got my breath back. So you see, father, your job of humiliating me has been taken care of already."

The commodore was used to Greta's trick of meeting his anger with a counterattack; but he had never before seen her so sincerely angry. He turned in amazement to Calkins. The hotel manager was pale. He stammered:

"M-monstrous, of course, Miss Welsh; b-but I can't imagine Simmons doing any such—"



Wright clung to a rock with one hand. Then he pulled himself and Greta a little away from the water.

"It wasn't Simmons," Greta said. "It was some blond young whippersnapper with a Phi Beta Kappa key on his watch chain."

Calkins aged visibly. Commodore Welsh asked him: "Who is that?"

Calkins sighed. "I'm dreadfully sorry, Commodore Welsh. It must have been young Wright, and I shall certainly speak to him. But I've always found him a most estimable young man. All through college he worked for us, summers. He expects his Ph.D.—for something he is writing on vocational guidance, I think. In fact, he is to lecture this fall at Columbia University."

Commodore Welsh turned to the door.

"I'll talk to that young fellow, even if it is his last summer with us," he said to Calkins. "Come along, Greta!"

The three descended to the office without speaking.

AT the desk in a corner Wright was still in his vest. A droplight was kindling pin points of gold in his hair. Over his eyes was a green celluloid shade. As he looked up at their entrance his face showed tired.

Calkins felt called upon to bring home to Wright the enormity of his offense.

"Mr. Wright," he began, "Miss Welsh tells me—"

Wright put down his fountain pen and leaned back in his chair. He said quietly:

"I can imagine what Miss Welsh told you. Her party was waking your guests. Mr. Simmons asked me to request them to be quiet. I did."

Commodore Welsh walked over to him and stared down at him. He said slowly, heavily:

"And your way of quieting them was to tell them to shut up or get out! Then you proceeded to punch young Bailey and ended up by slamming my daughter against the wall. Explain yourself, young fellow!"

Wright looked up at him with increased weariness. "Mr. Welsh," he said without spirit, "you disappoint me. You have managed your steel mills so well and your daughter so poorly. There she is, with splendid stock in her; presumably with some inherited intelligence; all the money she can use; every chance in the world for an exciting constructive career for her. And all you've made of her is a fine parasite! Then you find fault with me because I don't treat her with respect when she breaks up the sleep of people who *have* work to do in the world!"

Calkins was turning a delicate purple. The commodore looked more grim.

"Well, of all the damn' nerve in the world!" he said slowly.

Wright glanced at the pile of accounts he had to finish before morning. Irritably he demanded: "Mr. Calkins, do you or don't you want me to wind up this work? You know I take the one forty-five for New York this afternoon; and I want to get *some* sleep before then!"

Commodore Welsh drew a long breath.

"Damn your impudent soul, you young scut!" he said heartily. "I wasn't finding fault with you. I was only envious. For years I've tried to tell Greta what I thought of her and haven't told it half as well as you've done in a few words. Nothing that I've said to her has made the slightest impression on her. And tonight you've made her madder than I've ever seen her in her life. Congratulations!"

Wright hitched his eye shade into place.

"Thanks," he said, going back to work.

Commodore Welsh reached and took the pen out of his hand.

"Never mind this ten-cent work," he said. "I've more important things to talk about. I understand you're a specialist on vocational guidance. I can use you in my personnel department."

Wright again took up his pen. "Kind of you, commodore," he said. "But I'm engaged in university work and am quite where I want to be."

For the first time Commodore Welsh glared at Wright in anger. Then he turned to Greta.

"I am going back to the island. Are you coming?"

Greta had been standing in a half light throughout this interview, so that her intense pallor was not observed, though Calkins, out of the corner of his eyes, noticed how rigid was her posture. Now she answered her father, her tones high and tight with nerves:

"No, father, I'm not going with you."

Commodore Welsh turned to Calkins. "Whoever disturbs your guests hereafter," he said slowly, "is to be ejected from the hotel at once. Do you understand me, Calkins? Furthermore, you know my stand on the use of liquor. I obey the law. I don't use liquor in private, and no hotel in which I have any say will permit its use in public."

He stalked out of the office followed by Calkins.

Greta remained, looking at Wright, whose head was bent over his books.

He went on working as if her presence disturbed him as little as did the furniture.

Abruptly Greta left the office.

Wright finished his accounting shortly after four in the morning. He was tired and the mugginess of the night made him feel he would like a dip in the ocean before he went to sleep.

Some half thought made him glance at the barometer on the wall of the office. The mercury was low and perceptibly falling.

"Whew!" he said to the night clerk. "If I want a dip before that storm hits us I'd better hustle. Good night!"

"Good night, Mr. Wright!" the clerk said with respect amounting to awe.

WRIGHT went up to his room, undressed, got into a pair of swimming trunks, put on slippers and a robe, and went down to the beach.

Wright knew the treachery of the surf and weather at this time of the year, and gambled. Throwing off his robe, he ran down to the water and dove in. An oncoming wave picked him up and was about to fling him back when an outgoing wave caught him too. He had to do some maneuvering before he regained the beach. As the temperature was dropping fast he decided he had had enough and went back to where he had left his robe.

Just then he caught sight of a figure leaving the hotel, and as it passed the still lighted window of the office he recognized Greta Welsh. She had a bath robe over her.

Her hands were pressed to her head. Obviously a bad headache; for she tore off a bathing cap and threw it away. Then she let her robe fall and started for the water.

She had on the scantiest of swimming suits.

The tussle Wright had with the undertow was worse than he had expected. He felt he owed Greta a warning. As she passed him, he said:

"The surf is turning nasty. I had a hard time—"

HE wondered if she really did not hear or see him as she went on toward the water.

He remained watching her as she dove in. His thoughts alternated between concern and contempt.

"Damn' fool that she is! . . . Hope she has a hell of a time getting back! . . . A splendid mammal; but, thank the fates, *she'll* never suckle any young! That kind is too selfish—and a good thing too! Animal evolution had to go and have a million headaches to produce that! . . . Where the devil *is* she, anyhow?" He strained to see. "There she is! . . . In a way, I suppose, there's something large in such insolence toward the universe. She had a souse headache, and nothing less than an ocean will do her to cool it with! She can't mean to swim all the way to the island! No, she's headed the wrong way. . . . Good Lord, the fool is courting suicide!"

A pang of fear shot through him. "Doesn't she know what's brewing out there? . . . *Or doesn't she care?* I *thought* she looked hard hit when her own father agreed with me about her worthlessness! . . . Damn it, I'll *make* her turn back!"

He started for the water, but a blast of wind slowed him up. He dove in and was thrown back. He waited for an outgoing wave to help him; it helped him indeed, pulling him under and far out before he gained the surface.

Away from the shore it was somewhat easier going. Yards ahead she was swimming steadily.

He spurted forward whenever the waves did not treat him as if he were a cork. His breath was becoming an effort. But he managed to overtake the blob of blondness. With a lunge he got ahead of her and whisking about faced her.

"Get back!" he panted.

Her face was close to his, but she tried to swim around him, outward bound. "Listen!" he shouted, for the wind was howling. "Turn back, or this time I'll really knock you out!"

For answer she dove under and emerged several yards ahead. He caught up and again faced her, his shoulder and fist out of the water, poised for a blow.

She saw him during a rip of light-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE OCEAN FOR A HEADACHE
Continued from page forty-one

ning. She waited till the thunder died down. Then she said:

"Now, *you* listen!" Her face, gleaming and ghastly white, lent her words the force of blows. "If you touch me I'll grab you. And if I do, there'll be no let-up this time. Understand?"

He moved a little to one side. "All right," he said. "It's *your* life, and it isn't important. Good-by!"

With his last word he whipped over and his fist caught her beautifully on the jaw.

She sank limply out of sight. He dived down to get her.

He kicked and threshed about frenziedly under the surface. A miss in that blindman's buff would be indeed as good as a mile.

Suddenly he could have shouted with gladness. His fingers touched solid flesh. He seized Greta's suit and with his other hand sought and grasped her hair. Then he kicked upward, dragging an inert body.

He got air into his lungs just in time. All he could do for her was to hold on to her hair and keep her mouth above water as often as he could.

In the ageless struggle between man and the elements it has been a toss-up whether mind has served man more than has instinct. In the struggle Wright had taken on he needed both.

JOSEPH GOLLOMB

the author of this story, was born in Russia and educated in New York. He has been a schoolteacher, a reporter, and an interviewer of celebrities. He is also author of several books and a number of stories and articles.

He lived from second to second. He had to manage his hold on Greta; he had to breathe; he had his diminishing strength to conserve; he had to deal with the vast assaults of waves and wind.

The horizon of consciousness shrank almost to nothing. But a red spark appeared on it, a light.

With his mind clearer, Wright realized that he was approaching it. He began to hope, too, from the feel of the current, that a change of wind and tide was bearing them into Walkyl Inlet.

Suddenly his knees struck stone. He and Greta were picked up by a wave and thrown down among the rocks of a jagged promontory.

The water tried to free them again; but with his remaining strength Wright clung to a rock with one hand; clung until the mounting wave had passed on. Then he pulled himself and Greta a little away from the water before the next wave engaged them. Eventually Wright got Greta on dry land.

THE red light was near, a lantern hung on some construction work on Walkyl Inlet Rock. The little island was halfway between the two shores of the inlet, the nearer well over a third of a mile away. On every side of the rock the water raged.

Near the red lantern Wright discerned a shack, a storage place for tools and supplies, with mere openings for doors and windows.

In a sort of nightmare of effort Wright managed to drag Greta inside the shack. Here the chill of the gale was mitigated only because its direct force was broken.

He had barely let go of her body when he himself let go of consciousness.

A cutting wind, however, would not let him rest in his now desired oblivion. He found himself lying on the floor of the tool house, Greta crumpled up by his side.

Slowly he gathered his wits together; then moved his limbs to coordination. He must try to resuscitate Greta, whose lungs were probably full of water. Painfully he moved toward her and took hold of her.

He began a series of mechanical movements with her arms. How long he did this he could not know. All he knew was the moment when Greta stirred slightly.

Then he rose, staggered outside, went to the red lantern. He was going to bring it into the shack. He wanted its warmth for Greta. With stiff fingers he unhooked the lantern. He had almost succeeded in bringing it into the shack, when a gust of wind blew out the gasping little flame.

He knew now that there was not much more he could do for Greta or for himself. He was cold. The pull to go to sleep was now as bad as had been the undertow.

He went over to a tarpaulin that covered some barrels of cement. He pulled it off; brought it over to where Greta lay. He lay down by her side, put his arm about her, and with his last bit of awareness pulled the tarpaulin over them both.

AT eight in the morning a launch full of workmen came to the rock. They found the two figures under the tarpaulin barely conscious. A glance told the story.

They were bundled into overcoats and hurried by launch and auto to the Beach Hotel. While first aid was given them, Calkins telephoned Commodore Welsh.

Wright, back in his own bed, was the first to regain full consciousness. Calkins told him Commodore Welsh had ordered him brought to the island to be treated by the physician and nurses there. Wright asked:

"What day is this?"

"Sunday," Calkins told him.

"What time is it?"

"Nine twenty."

Wright sank back, relieved. "Then I've plenty of time," he said. "Mr. Calkins, please have me waked at noon. I've got to catch the one forty-five for New York."

And, regardless of arguments and pleas, he did.

Ten days later Eric Wright walked into a classroom at Columbia University to give his first lecture of his course on psychological tests for vocational guidance. The departmental secretary had given him the roster of his class, but Wright did not look at it, nor at his class when he began to talk.

At the end of his lecture, however, he said, "I will be in my office immediately after this, at the disposal of any who care to discuss individual problems."

Almost a score of his class, personnel heads, social workers, employers, and others, took advantage of his invitation that afternoon. The last caller was Greta Welsh. At first Wright flushed; then his expression turned impersonal. She sat down in the chair the others had used.

"Dr. Wright," she said, "as a student in your class, I am entitled to your advice on a problem in vocational guidance—me."

He frowned, then looked up.

"I'm afraid, Miss Welsh, that is one problem I do not feel competent to deal with."

A grim little smile lit up her face. "Then let me help you. You've tried hitting me in the solar plexus; and you did well with the jaw. Now try the head!"

He looked up impatiently. Then he grinned.

"All right," he said; "but I warn you if I have any difficulty I shall cheerfully let you sink!"

She laughed. "Try and do it! I'm no longer at sea and I know where I stand!"

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 28

1—Twelfth Night.
2—About six hundred.
3—Forty miles southeast of Cuba.
4—One who is excessively or dotingly fond of his wife.
5—Robert Burns.
6—In the place of a parent.
7—Annie Lee.
8—An assumed name.
9—Baldness.
10—A leading ballet dancer.
11—A poem of lamentation.
12—Zero.
13—Reykjavik.
14—The lily family.
15—At Hamilton, New York.
16—Sicily.
17—William Shakespeare.
18—Sixty-four.
19—Bismarck, North Dakota.
20—Ropes for raising and lowering sails.

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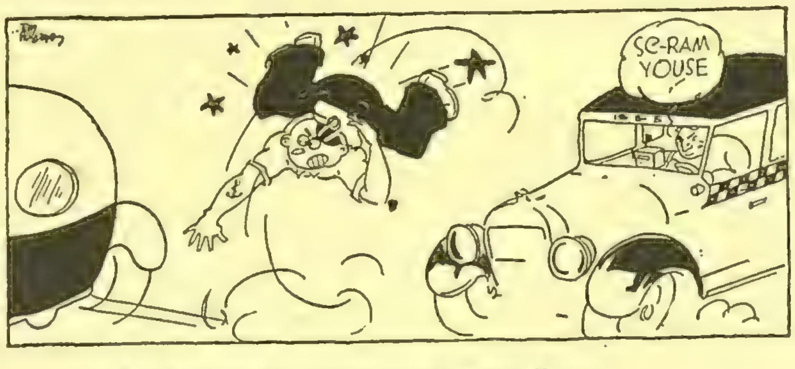


A skilled harbor pilot was Lee.
He steered great ships safely to sea.
But in crossing the street
Lee was not with the fleet

....
(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight, August 15. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated September 19.

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and mail it by first-class mail to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many last lines as you wish for this Limerick. However, no contestant can win more than one of the prizes in any one week.

For the best line, $100 will be paid; for the second and third best, $50 each; for the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh best, $25 each; and for the next twenty, $10 each. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. Awards will be made on the basis of action, cleverness, and originality. All entrants agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. Because of the mass of clerical work involved no entries will be returned.

WINNERS JULY 11 LIMERICK

(Old Prize Schedule)

$250 FIRST PRIZE

A saxophone student was Chick.
Or he was till a neighbor got sick
Of his amateur tooting
And started some shooting—
Now Chick gives a harp a mean pick.

Elliott P. Ellis — Birmingham, Ala.

$100 SECOND PRIZE

So they dug his new home with a pick.

Robert L. Hayes — Sarasota, Fla.

$75 THIRD PRIZE

Which ended Chick's "Ich liebe dich."

Maybelle C. Pearce — Syracuse, N. Y.

$50 FOURTH PRIZE

In Ireland they'd say it with brick.

George C. Horsnell — Washington, D. C.

$25 FIFTH PRIZE

A STOP signal which worked pretty slick.

Anna Hill — Fair Haven, Vt.

HONORABLE MENTION

Philip B. Dooner, New York City; Edward O. Kenney, Watertown, Mass.; L. M. Shrum, Pottstown, Pa.; Elvira V. Schlemmer, Minneapolis, Minn.; Roy G. Harris, Evanston, Ill.

ANOTHER $500 IN PRIZES AND MORE PRIZE WINNERS NEXT WEEK!

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in Laughing Sinners, a high spot in Miss Crawford's career.

A unique triangle: son, father, and Lily Damita. The first two are Lester Vail and O. P. Heggie. The film's called The Woman Between.

EVERYTHING'S

Joan Crawford Rings the Bell; A Stepmother's Predicament, and Two Pictures Not So Good

(Reading time: 7 minutes 45 seconds.)

IMITATION is not an ailment entirely afflicted upon motion pictures. It is one of America's favorite indoor sports. But imitation has been one of the screen's worst ills. Mary Pickford had scores of becurled imitators. Charlie Chaplin had so many he went to court to protect his comedy trousers and shoes.

Today they say that Marlene Dietrich is an imitation of the enigmatic Greta Garbo. And certainly Fraülein Dietrich has her imitators. Nancy Carroll tried a Dietrich in Night Angel, and now Helen Twelvetrees takes a shot at the type in A Woman of Experience.

There are whispers that Pola Negri, who need copy no one, will Garbo, too, now that she has returned to America. The imitation will go even further. When Miss Negri stayed over here before, she lived in front-page style at Beverly Hills. Now she has taken a house at Santa Monica. She says she loves to listen to the waves. Up to now Miss Garbo has had a monopoly on solitary observation of the sea.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ LAUGHING SINNERS

CAST

Ivy	Joan Crawford
Howard	Neil Hamilton
Carl	Clark Gable
Ruby	Marjorie Rambeau
Cass Wheeler	Guy Kibbee
Mike	Cliff Edwards
Fred Geer	Roscoe Karns

Directed by Harry Beaumont.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The films move guardedly when confronted with religion. This caution tempers Joan Crawford's newest picture, based on Kenyon Nicholson's comedy drama of lonesome drummers on the loose, The Torch Song, but it does provide the star with her best talkie performance to date.

Miss Crawford makes a vivid figure of the cabaret girl who sings blue songs, breaks her heart over a no-good traveling salesman, and then turns to religion—and the Salvation Army—to forget. When Ivy backslides and tosses her bonnet aside, the situation gets a real punch from her performance.

The Metro-Goldwyn powers pulled a neat trick of casting when they made Neil Hamilton into the bad boy with the sample trunks and Clark Gable into the good lad of the hallelujahs.

★ ★ THE WOMAN BETWEEN

CAST

Madame Julie	Lily Damita
John Whitcomb	O. P. Heggie
Victor Whitcomb	Lester Vail
Doris Whitcomb	Miriam Seegar
Helen Weston	Anita Louise
Mrs. Black	Ruth Weston
Buddy	Lincoln Stedman
Mrs. Weston	Blanche Frederici

Directed by Victor Schertzinger.
Produced by Radio Pictures.

What is a stepmother to do when she falls in love with her stepson? Love comes innocently enough to the two on an ocean liner, neither knowing the other's identity.

Will Julie leave her elderly, lonely husband to obey what the scenarist pronounces to be the call of youth? This story becomes a fairly entertaining and none too subtle problem drama, gaining its chief interest from the piquant Lily Damita as the pretty Parisienne who comes between dad and his son.

At the right is Helen Twelvetrees, who does not quite become Marlenesque in A Woman of Experience.

The Black Camel—a Charlie Chan mystery—presents Warner Oland in the lead and Bela Lugosi as chief suspect. The delectable corpus delicti is Dorothy Revier.

Going *G*ARBO

By Frederick James Smith

★ THE BLACK CAMEL

CAST

Charlie Chan	Warner Oland
Julie	Sally Eilers
Tarneverro	Bela Lugosi
Shelah Fane	Dorothy Revier
Robert Fyfe	Victor Varconi
Jimmy Bradshaw	Robert Young
MacMasters	J. M. Kerrigan
Mrs. MacMasters	Mary Gordon
Alan Jaynes	William Post
Smith	Murray Kinnell
Kashimo	Otto Yamaoka

Directed by Hamilton MacFedden.
Produced by Fox Films.

Doubtless you have encountered Earl Derr Biggers' Celestial Sherlock Holmes, Charlie Chan, who tosses off pseudo-Oriental epigrams.

The title comes from an aphorism by Charlie: " Death is a black camel that kneels unbidden at every gate."

Here Chan is called upon to unravel the killing of a movie star who had been engaged in making a film in Honolulu. Back of the crime is another murder, done in Hollywood. Warner Oland has developed a lively character study of Chan.

The mystery is passably developed, although it starts in complex fashion. I am afraid I lost most of my interest after Dorothy Revier departed from the film as the murdered star.

(No stars) A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE

CAST

Elsa	Helen Twelvetrees
Karl	William Bakewell
Captain Otto von Lichstein	Lew Cody
Katie	Zasu Pitts
Major Hugh Schmidt	H. B. Warner
Captain Muller	C. Henry Gordon
Hans	Franklin Pangborn
Countess Runyi	Nance O'Neil
A General	George Fawcett

Directed by Harry Joe Brown.
Produced by Radio-Pathé.

Here Helen Twelvetrees does a pale and not very believable Marlene Dietrich. In fact, A Woman of Experience is a pallid Dishonored, minus the Von Sternberg hand and the Dietrich leg.

The World War is on again. Once more a scarlet lady with a past decides to do her all for dear old Austria. Elsa becomes a secret agent of the emperor, under orders to use her wiles upon suspected officers.

Just then she falls in love with a handsome and guileless young lieutenant who little suspects her past or her present.

The sad-eyed Miss Twelvetrees is never real as the self-sacrificing and world-weary adventuress, Elsa.

And—

The motion pictures of the Schmeling-Stribling pugilistic affair (which, due to the laws, you may not see) depict the slow wearing down of the Georgia lad by the boy from across the seas. They reveal one dramatic moment. As young Stribling went down in the fifteenth round for the count of nine, Ma Stribling hid her head behind her husband. Then, as the boy arose, reeling, she forced herself to look back into the ring. I doubt if the $30,000 purse paid for the agony of that second.

Do you know that—

Richard Dix leaves Radio Pictures on completing Secret Service? . . . Vicki Baum, author of Grand Hotel, is writing a story for the Maurice Chevalier-Ernst Lubitsch combination?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

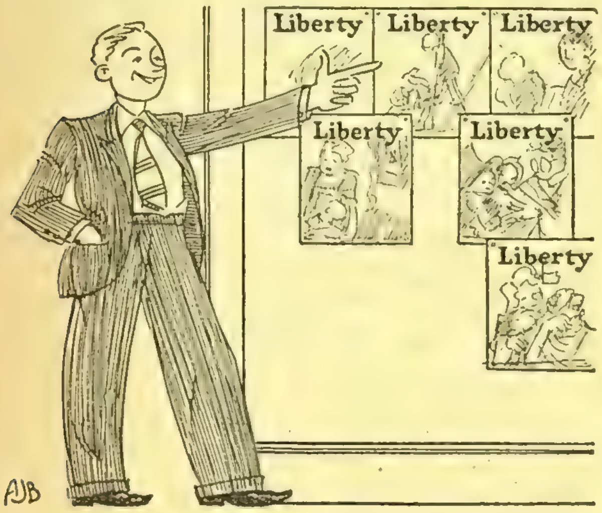
★★★—Five and Ten, Smart Money, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse.

Vox

Thrashing Out the Cover Question

Minneapolis, Minn.—A number of people have written you stating that they are tired of Leslie Thrasher. Put it to a vote of your readers and I'll bet Thrasher would win out by a three-to-one majority.

What do these critics want? Pictures of flappers or movie actresses? Haven't they been surfeited with them in other publications? We like Thrasher because "he's different." His characters are true to life. No artist ever lived who could bring out a more natural expression than he. Suppose his characters are mostly juveniles? What of it? Don't we all love children and their playful antics?



But the grown-ups also figure in his pictures. Did you ever see a more lovely or sweeter countenance than that of Lil as she looked with loving eyes down upon Ulysses as he was arranging his military cap? I can gaze on that picture for hours in admiration.

And the picture of the teacher as she looked with reproachful eyes down upon Gwendolyn who had forged an excuse from her mother, wasn't that a wow? I have about fifty of the Liberty covers pinned on my wall. I look at them every day and enjoy them all.—*G. W. Walker.*

Chicago, Ill.—Your covers are terrible. Give us seasonable covers. For instance: a beautiful blonde in a bathing suit, or a close-up view of a kiss à la Garbo.

Leave the kids at home. They don't spend their nickels on Liberty.

Give Mr. Thrasher a rest.—*Casey C.*

Bridgeport, Conn.—Liberty is the best five-cent magazine there is but that doesn't mean the covers cannot be improved upon. I am not the only one that thinks the childish covers are a disgrace to the magazine, and I also agree with the Vox Poppers who said that these covers belie the contents. Take my advice and the advice of others and change the cover to suit the people.—*M. F. W.*

San Francisco, Calif.—I notice that some faultfinders occasionally holler their heads off about Leslie Thrasher's beautiful covers.

Pay no attention to these freaks, dear editor.

They know no better.

I am somewhat artistically inclined, yes; and love children. That may be why I'm one of the 999 out of every 1,000 that admire the cover pictures so much.—*Christian Nielsen.*

It's No Relief to Us

St. Joseph, Mo.—May I express something about Liberty in verse?

I SAID, MAY I EXPRESS MYSELF IN VERSE?

Let me have the chair that I like,
A match, some tobacco, my old jimmy pipe,
An evening to spend under Liberty's spell—
Then rush me, my friend, to a well padded cell.

Lord! That's a relief.—*Ramsay Barrister.*

For Mr. Wylie

Des Moines, Iowa—"Interference," by Philip Wylie, was good. But I can't imagine any girl, no matter how rich and lazy she might be, having to be taken by force from her stateroom when told the ship was sinking!

That's that.—*Natalie Pennington.*

Cleveland, Ohio—Your story, "Interference," by Philip Wylie, took at least one of your readers back into a pleasant past; one who participated in an almost identical situation. From experience, this correspondent vouches for this yarn—and hollers for more like it.

However, while holding down the berth of ship radio operator (exactly like the story's hero) I didn't have to cling to a life raft with my intended in order to win her. We just sat comfortably upon such a raft as it reclined solidly atop the big vessel during excursions and moonlight cruises.

Standing my watch? That's where the second operator came in; on such occasions he just didn't rate any sleep.

Did our story end the same as Liberty's? Well, we now have three potential operators, all learning the A B C's and the wireless code.

Might we refer to it as a "raft" of a family?—"*Sparks.*"

Cheer as Long as You Like

New York, N. Y.—J. P. McEvoy's Dixie Dugan is the finest, realest character you've had in your magazine, and I hope you keep her in it. Three cheers for McEvoy. But why stop at three?—*E. L. J.*

A Lot More Good Ones Are Coming Along

Richmond, Va.—Liberty was the best magazine in the U. S. A., but since Agatha Christie started her serial story, "The Peril at End House," in it, it has been the best magazine in the world.

Keep it up!—*A Liberty Admirer.*

Kingston, Pa.—Vox be *humana* and Pop ularize more stories by Agatha Christie. This lady can write a great tale!—*F. Barber Ingham.*

Bugs!

Coral Gables, Fla.—I have become a Liberty reader through a comical circumstance.

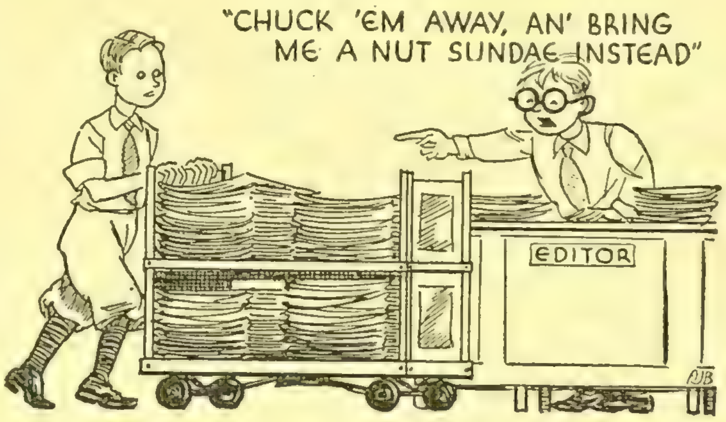
Hearing someone mention Vox Pop, I stepped into a drug store and was astonished to find that they hadn't any such insect powder!

Naturally I investigated—and here I am!—*Wallace Smith, Jr.*

Has He Rejected Any of Yours?

Los Angeles, Calif.—After reading several of your recent short short stories, I am convinced that a poor story written by a well known author will sell far more quickly than a masterpiece by an unknown, for the very simple reason that the people who are buying these stories do not know a good story from a bad one.

Your short short story editor must be ten years of age, must take an impish delight in rejecting manuscripts, and he must hold the belief that a person who has a name got that name through meritorious writing, and such a person cannot write bad stories, even for Liberty.—*D. W.*


"CHUCK 'EM AWAY, AN' BRING ME A NUT SUNDAE INSTEAD"
EDITOR
AJB

Now, That's More Like It

San Antonio, Texas—Some of these egotistical Vox Poppers who pick out minute technical flaws in Liberty's short short stories that aren't quite correct to a minute detail should write a perfect story and send it to Liberty for publication (and hold their breath until it is published).

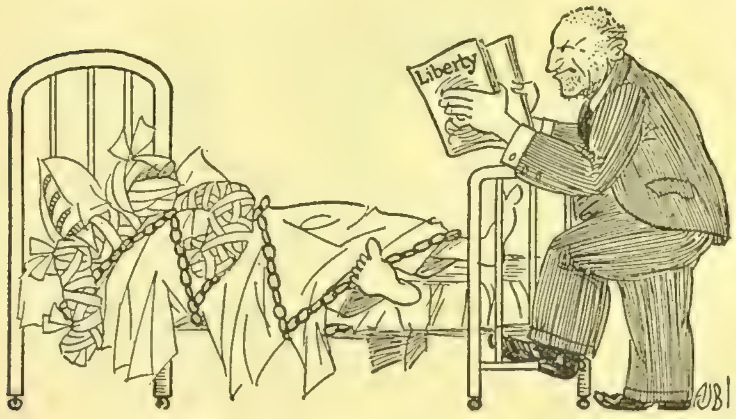
Why, the darn fools ought to know that nothing is perfect — not even Liberty!—*Jane Pilkington.*

Pop

Recipe for Holding a Reader's Attention

DAYTON, OHIO—Well, at last I'm going to tell you just what I think of Liberty. To have people write letters like this, and then buy the following issues to see if you printed their letters, is the only way you can keep up your quota of subscriptions.

It hurts to have to pay two cents to send you a letter to tell you just how bad your sheet is.



Of course you always have the comeback that no one ever kicks a dead horse, but even you have heard of shooting a horse that just won't die, haven't you?

The only way you could get me to read Liberty would be to get me injured so that the only thing I could do was read and then to burn all of the other printed matter in the world and then, after I was as full of dope as possible, you might chain me to my bed and get me to finish one of your so-called stories.

If you must publish a magazine why don't you write some articles that would really be interesting to some people besides dance-hall dopes and soda sheiks?—*A dear little critic: Lloyd Schroy.*

Religion and Politics

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Having read your editorial in the July 18 issue, " Religion Should Not Meddle with Politics," I am at a loss as to why the converse should not also be true. The logical conclusion is that " politics should not meddle with religion."

Liberty, in its apparent misapprehension of facts, fails to see why the sentiment of religion, which in truth is the fundamental good in religion, being the morals of men, should have any effect on those same men when they are working in a group.

Why shouldn't it have an effect on them?—*T. Roland Carlton.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It seems to me it is the business of the press not merely to advise the separation of church and state, but to guard the state jealously when any infringing steps are made by the church.

If the church was taken out of the prohibition law there would be no prohibition law.—*A. M. Friedman.*

ROXBURY, MASS.—Having read your editorial, " Religion Should Not Meddle with Politics," I thought it proper to try to have a few words printed to explain another point of view of the subject.

Religion, in my opinion, is the backbone of government. It is what corrects the mind in error, thereby saving the citizen in a moral sense.

It is good of religious minds to interest themselves in worldly affairs. Possibly, they being human like ourselves, they sometimes allow their zeal gradually to get the better of them. And, possibly, they say or do things they're sorry for later.

Liberty is a great boon, especially when it is not abused, and, believe me, a religious person enjoys it as much as other people.—*Thomas L. McGillen.*

Mabel Cuts the Cake

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your series of articles, " A Masseuse Looks at the Stars," is like a raisin cake. It isn't all exciting—some of it's just plain cake—but, as you read, you have the kick of coming on a nice big raisin of juicy gossip, now and again.—*Mabel.*

Sneak In with the Pigs

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—One of your Vox Poppers from Lindsey, California, wrote that while he was a student at the University of North Carolina tests were made on two different batches of guinea pigs to determine the effect of alcohol on the livers, stomachs, etc., of same. He stated, " The diet of the alcoholic pigs differed from that of the others only in that a very small amount of good whisky was added to the bran fed these pigs once daily over a period of one year."

What would be the chance of getting some university to pour a little of that on my oatmeal, for human experimental purposes, if I can qualify?—*A Hopeful Reader.*

Found!

HONOLULU, T. H.—I have been a constant reader of your magazine for the past three years and wish to say that the article, " More Work Ahead," by Robert Benchley, is what I have been waiting for since I first began reading Liberty.—*Bruce M. Warren.*

Better Start Thinking Now

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I buy Liberty for reasons unknown. If anyone should ask me why, I'll tell him months later when I've thought it over.—*J. Green.*

Don't Step on the Soap

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE WEST—Well, sir, it's sure true that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Slothful Sue from New York gave me quite a shock in Vox Pop for July 18.

She wrote what a blessing it would be if bathtubs were installed in bedrooms right next the bed so people could " roll out of bed and land right plump in a warm bath."

Of course I'll admit that'd be better than landing in a cold one, but what startled me was to think anyone would have the temerity to rush pell-mell into *any* kind of a bath. Maybe I'm peculiar, but when I first awake in the mornings I'm a little groggy—incapable of thinking very clear about anything.

Some days this condition hangs on twenty-four hours.

I may be old-fashioned but I *think* about my baths.—*A Reader.*

"If at First You Don't Succeed—"

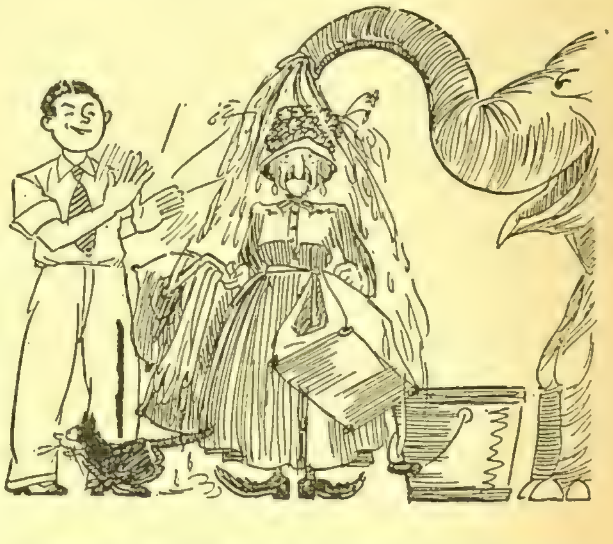
LAKELAND, FLA.—I read so many complaints about the contests for prizes. Well, why don't they stop kicking, and do as I do, keep at it if they don't win?

I have tried for two years to land a prize and I am going to keep right on trying.

I enjoy trying.—*D. Whitmore.*

One Way to Pack a Trunk

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Liberty doesn't often run animal articles, but when they do come along, they have a habit of being wows. Take that one by Al G. Barnes and Dave Robeson: " The Biggest Jag in the World." It made that elephant, Tusko, seem almost human and I found myself feeling very, very sorry for him—all 20,240 pounds of him.



Is old Tusko for hire? If he is, I've got a job for him.

Nothing as destructive as some of the things he did on his rampage, but much more constructive and useful. Just a simple but thorough job of squirting water from his trunk (I understand elephants do it nicely) on to my mother-in-law.—*Fred.*

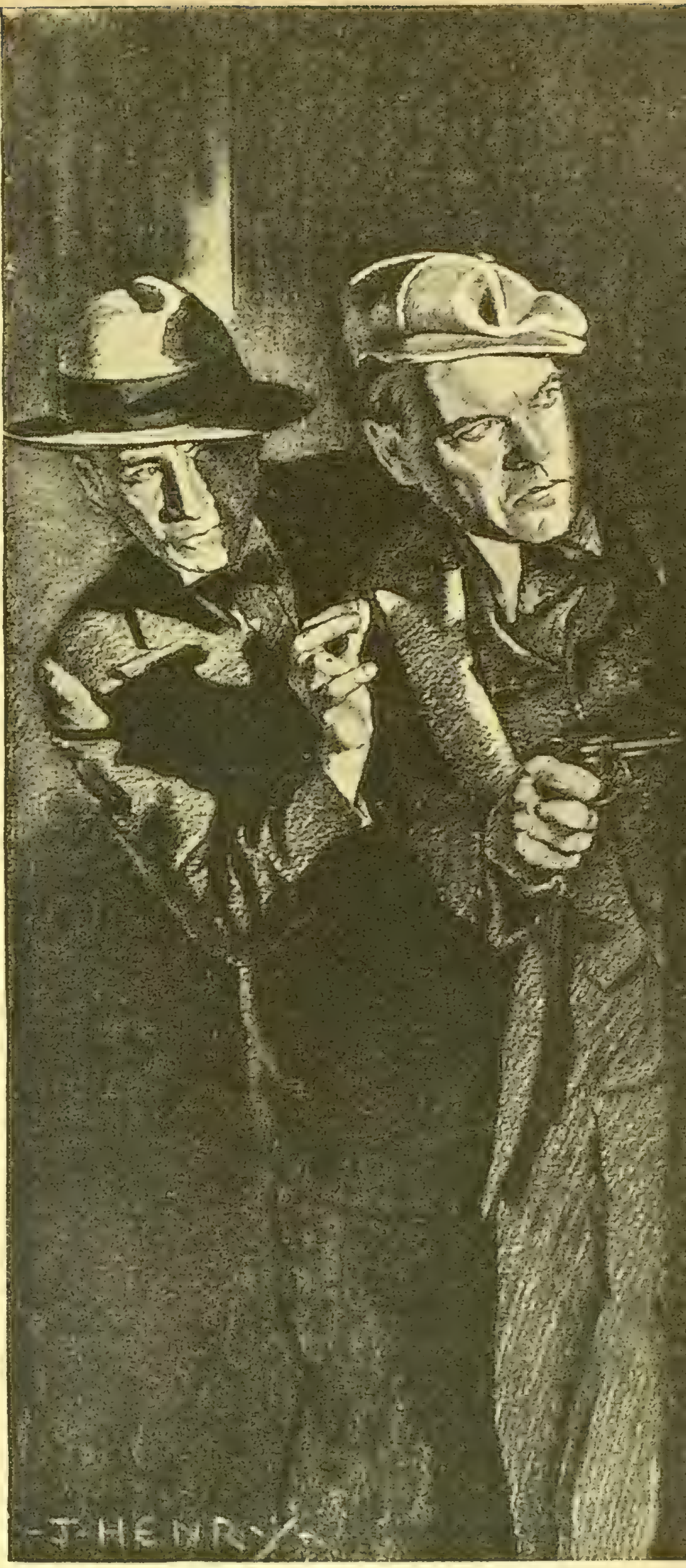
He was a Connolly

The Story of a Policeman's Two Chances

By

Edward L. McKenna

Pictures by J. Henry



(Reading time: 11 minutes 22 seconds.)

THIS is about a man who had two chances and who missed both of them. Just why he failed is not quite clear, but perhaps, in a way, his mistakes explain each other.

Call him John Connolly. That wasn't his name. Don't give him a middle initial. All the real Connollys have them, and they won't like any part of this.

First this Connolly was just a rookie cop, red-necked red-faced, blue of chin and jowl. He wasn't too smart, but he had a lot of drive and persistence. He became a roundsman, and made use of his opportunities, saved his money, got a little backing. By and by he was a lieutenant, and a captain. Maybe he bought his promotions; it used to be possible, back in the old days.

The old days. Let's see. There was the Haymarket, there was the Tivoli, there was the Pekin, and the German Village. There was a place called Joel's, and another called the Café Madrid. Men in topcoats with pearl buttons whistled Rhoda, Rhoda, Ran a Pagoda, or In the Shade of the Sheltering Palm. Little girls had yellow kid dolls; little boys had Admiral Dewey swords. Little old New York was a tough town.

Floreat ætate, the Latin poet said. Captain Connolly was the fine luxuriant sunflower of his age. He was thirty-eight years old; he had four children, all boys. He was no longer slim, but his hair was black and stiff, and his eyes were bright, and his gait was the swagger of a man who's on his way. He wore a sixteen collar and number twelve shoes, and he looked like a policeman, even in a bathing suit. He was prosperous; too prosperous. His wife wore diamonds, and he owned three tenement houses and his own house and a vacant lot or two.

Then one of the reform waves broke. Never mind which one; there have been a lot of them in New York. When news is scarce, somebody hammers the cops.

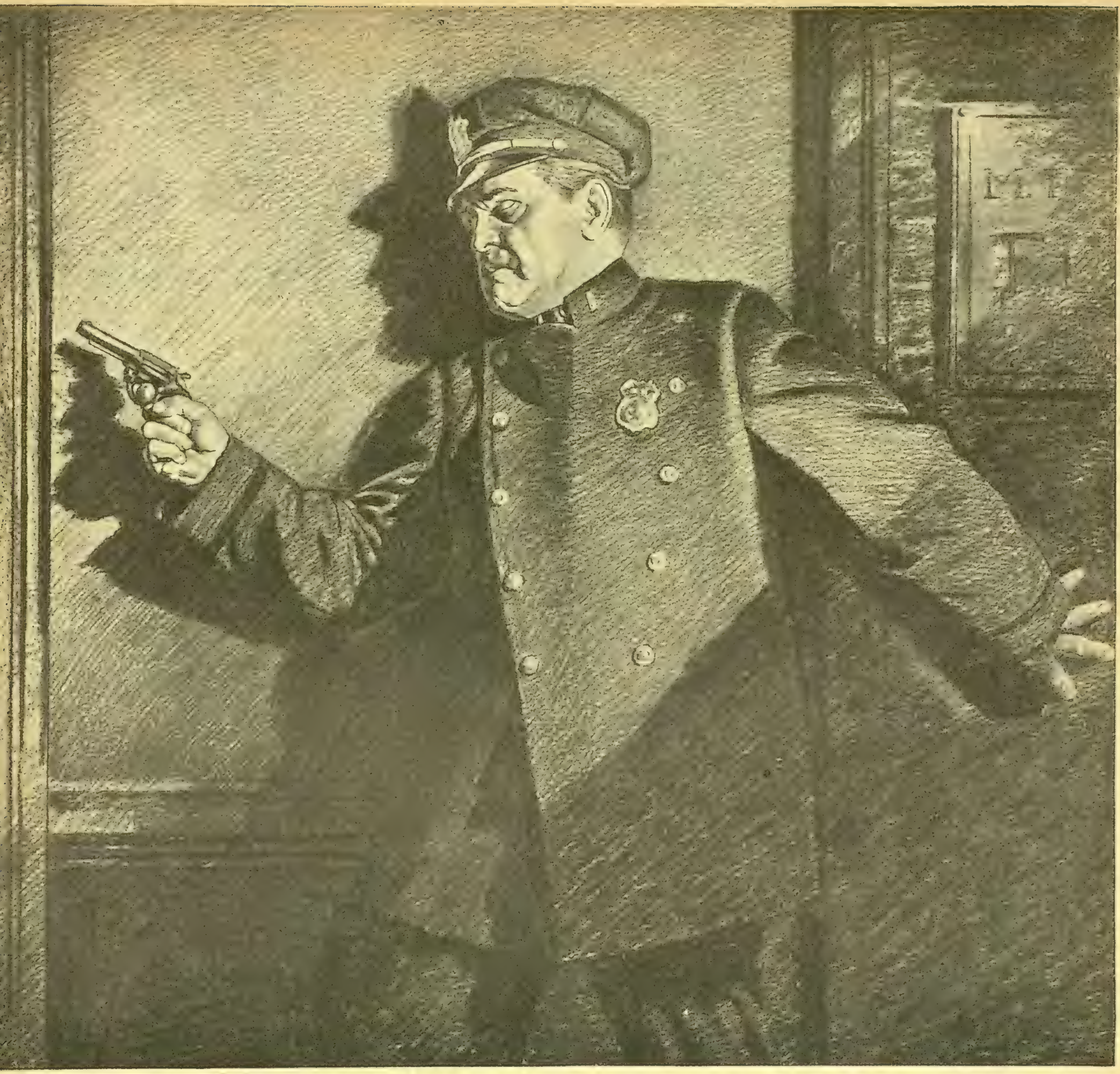
This particular shake-up was one of the best. The cops sat tight and took it. That's their specialty. They're not very clever men as a rule, and not all of them are honest. But they can take a beating, and they do. At an investigation similar to this one, they asked a captain where in the world he got all his money. "Building lots in Japan," he responded, and he would say no more.

But Captain Connolly squealed. Sweating, and with lips that trembled behind his mustache, he made one damaging admission after another. He went all to pieces on the stand, convicted himself as a perjurer in the first ten minutes, and straightway began to give names and places and details. Lots of people thought he'd made a deal with the reformers. That wasn't so. They broke him along with the others.

Now, that was Captain Connolly's first chance, and he missed it.

Moral issues, of course, do not often present themselves simply. If Connolly himself had been the only one involved he might have confessed, or he might have kept his mouth shut, as he chose. But every one of his friends, every one of his close associates, was in that thing up to the hilt, just as he was. They were in a tough spot, all of them. Connolly had been in with the gang, and good form, to say the least, demanded that he sit tight and take his medicine. Some will even say that he should have lied.

His family tree was something like this: Kelly, Donovan, Regan, Connolly. With such names behind him, still he told. They weren't just these names, remember, but they were names just as good. He came of a people who hate treachery worse than they hate anything else in



A man in a cap looked up and down; he saw Connolly. Still keeping in the shadow, Connolly said, "Stick 'em up!"

the world. They're tolerant, too tolerant, of many things, but that's one thing they can't stand. What's the worst epithet in an Anglo-Saxon vocabulary? Everybody knows what it is. But with the Celts it's "turncoat" or "informer."

WELL, he told, and he came home. His wife was of his people, too; she was a Cunningham. She knew what he'd done, that August afternoon. She didn't reproach him. She stuck to him. All the Connollys stuck to him.

They're taught to do that from the time they're old enough to talk. Your husband is still your husband, even if he's a rat. Your son is still your son, even though you'd sooner see him lying in his grave than betraying his friends. If your brother's in trouble, you don't ask the cause of his quarrel. That's none of your business, at that particular time. You take it up for him; you get in there. If you don't, then you're no Connolly.

Nobody's claiming that it's a high standard of conduct. It is a standard, however, and it has lasted for a long time.

The Connollys backed him up, as well as they could. They said nothing to him about his disgrace, though there wasn't a one of them but was ashamed of it as if it were his own. Disgrace? If he'd been convicted as a bribe taker and reduced in rank, they'd have joked about it.

They'd have considered that merely an unpleasant incident such as might occur to anybody in his business. They'd have helped him bear his disappointment by jeering at it. But this—this was entirely different. They couldn't joke about such a thing as this. They said nothing.

It's hard to say just when Connolly realized what it was he'd done. Nobody in the world knows that. It wouldn't have been too safe to ask him about it.

In the two years that followed he lost forty pounds. Of course, he was walking more. He was a roundsman again.

No, he didn't quit the cops. He just began all over. What else could he do? He was almost forty years old, and he had no other trade.

His associates at the new police station weren't his relatives, and they saw no reason for forbearance, barring the personal prowess of Connolly, which was not inconsiderable. He was a rat, and they despised him. He

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

was an outcast, a renegade, a man who had betrayed his name and his friends.

As for Connolly, he hated them as they hated him. Never an easy officer, he became a martinet, a stickler for the regulations. If they gave him contempt, he paid them back in "paper"—in fines, in extra duty.

Maybe he saw himself as a man who was fighting the world. They'd taken his weapons away from him—his heartiness, his swagger, his robust belief in himself. But there's more than one way to fight the world. When your conceit is gone, when you can't say to yourself with pride, "Why, I'm one of the Connollys; they can't do this to me," still there's a little something left. It comes from your despair. Maybe it comes from generations of your people, too; your people, so hopeless and so gallant, doggedly tilling their rocky fields, standing hunger and poverty and privation, and getting a name for being a shiftless, lazy, happy-go-lucky race after all their pains, just because they're ashamed to make a poor mouth, and try always to put their best foot forward.

Connolly wasn't a religious man to begin with; far from it. In his trouble he began to think about these things. When he'd go to church, instead of reading the usual prayer book, he'd be reading The Imitation of Christ. What he made of it, no one can say. Perhaps he began to think of Christ, so lonely and so gentle, in the garden at Gethsemane. Perhaps he thought about Judas, too.

After his fall he could still curse and roar, but he lost his coarse good humor for good. His hair was gray, and even his eyes had lost their old snap and sparkle.

Whatever was true of his original promotions, he earned what he got in his later years. Curiously, however, that wasn't the way he climbed back. The reform element had their eyes upon him. One of them, a wealthy, decent, cranky man, was directly responsible for Connolly's subsequent lieutenancy. Possibly he felt he owed Connolly something, though usually it's only low politicians who remember favors. Maybe he saw in Connolly a brand snatched from the burning.

They made him lieutenant again, and the cops sneered. He was a good lieutenant, too, but they didn't trust him. He wasn't one of them. He'd never be one of them again.

HE'D had a little notion that he'd received his promotion on his merits. He'd had no idea who it was that got it for him.

He wasn't going up any further. He realized that. Neither side, neither party, was for him. He thought everybody in the service despised him. Plenty of them did. He thought his family was ashamed of him, and that wasn't altogether incorrect either, though they'd never admit such a thing to an outsider. Forty-seven years old he was, and he had four sons, big, strapping fellows, all of them. He'd been faithful to his wife; he'd been scrupulously honest since the day of his disgrace.

In his heart he believed himself to be a failure, a man who'd done an irreparable thing. So he had. There are such things, things that nothing will explain, things that nothing will undo.

He was waiting, waiting. All that he wanted now was a chance—a chance to show the world that he was a Connolly, a man like the rest of them.

And the months passed, and the years passed, and still he waited, and perhaps he prayed. Strange, uncouth, inarticulate prayers his must have been.

One morning, about two o'clock, Connolly was going home. He passed a row of stores, and tried the door knobs almost absent-mindedly, as a man who's done a lot of late tours will. One of them gave, and Connolly's heart leaped. A fur store it was—Levy & Fishbein's.

He pushed the door open noiselessly, and listened. He looked up and down the street; there was a car parked near the corner. No car should have been parked there; it was against the rules. He went out to it; the engine was still hot. Connolly nodded gravely and fished the stub of a pencil from his pocket, and noted the license number on the back of an envelope.

He should have rapped for help, or put in a call at the box. Connolly wasn't doing that. He was going to put on a one-man show. He always carried his gun in a holster at the middle of his belt, under his coat. That makes either a right- or left-hand grab.

He went back to the door and stood in the shadows, waiting. That was at 2:02. He was thinking of the report he'd turn in. At 2:18 he heard soft footsteps on the wooden stairs within. The door swung open very slowly. A man in a cap came out; he looked up and down; he saw Connolly.

Still keeping in the shadow, Connolly said, "Stick 'em up!" and he added a few words not necessary to set down here. A spurt of flame came from behind the door, and Connolly felt a stab in his side, but he fired as he fell, and the man who'd come out first stumbled and pitched over.

"COME out, there, you!" said Connolly. The man inside came out, but as he came he threw a suitcase at Connolly; it hit him in the head.

Connolly propped himself up on the sidewalk. "Come on. I got you," he said.

"Go to hell!" said the burglar, who was moving fast. Connolly fired twice. But the thief turned quickly, and came back, and bent over the man Connolly had shot, and picked him up. Connolly took the steadiest aim he could, and shot, and missed. With his friend in his arms, the thug made tracks for the parked car. Connolly heard it rolling away.

When he came around he was in something moving, and a man in a white coat was bending over him.

"How bad is it, doc?" he said.

"O. K. We'll be there in a minute."

"O. K., hey? I think my cork is pulled," said Connolly. "Get me a priest."

But he wasn't thinking so much about the priest. He was thinking that he was going out in style.

A rat, they'd say. Sure, a rat, but he done his last job up brown. Gets the number off the car, gets the bundle off the crooks.

A haze was settling about him, a gray, comfortable haze. He wasn't in great pain. The doc had seen to that.

He couldn't think very clearly. He did remember a man bending over his friend, even though the bullets pattered around him.

"Go to hell!" said Lieutenant Connolly.

"How's that, chief?" said the interne.

"I refuse to answer—I refuse to answer," said Connolly.

He'd rehearsed that speech a good many times since one day they'd had him on the stand.

"Sure, chief. Almost there. Don't say a word."

"Got to take care of my friends. Listen. Got a book in my pocket. A book, or something. Tear it up."

"That's all right, chief."

"Come on, you cluck. Get it out of my pocket. Get it, you so-and-so. A lot of figures."

"There's only an envelope with some figures on it."

The interne held in his hands a man's death warrant. Six license numbers from an automobile.

"Tear it up. Yeah . . . it's a girl's telephone number."

The last thing Lieutenant Connolly saw in this world was the white fragments of an envelope fluttering down.

So he missed two chances, wouldn't you say? It's not everyone who gets two chances, either.

Or maybe he threw one chance away, which is more in the style of the Connollys. Whatever his motive was, he gave a man back his life again. The young doctor thought it really was a girl's phone number. He tried to patch the pieces together afterward, but he could not. Well, he'll be patching pieces together all his life, and so did Lieutenant Connolly, and so will all of us.

THE END

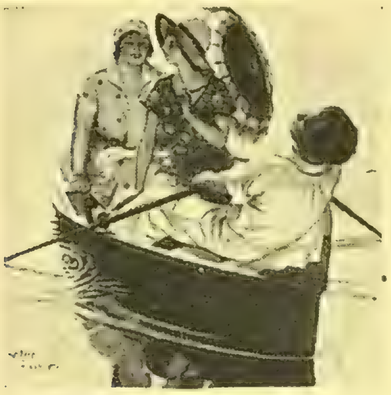
Vacation Time

A New For the Love o' Lil

VACATION time. Two weeks of heaven!

Sandy has white trousers. And gray flannel trousers. And a pair with stripes. And Lil has some new fluffy chiffons, and picture hats, and *did* you know parasols were the last rag this year?

They've met a girl up at the little summer hotel in Maine. A real outdoor, enthusiastic, all-round good sport sort of girl. Just Sandy's speed. She's a nice enough girl from a very socially prominent family, so Lil doesn't mind. It's nice to boast of vacationing with Janice Cabot—or is it Lodge?


This week's cover picture.

Lil's idea is to sit at umbrella tables and sip expensive fruit drinks daintily, and wear slender high heels. Still, Lil will deign to go rowing with Janice and Sandy, when really the least she might ride in is a canoe, to say nothing of the deck of a motor launch. Like the one young Graham Hapstead owns over there. Ummm. And he *did* dance with her only the night before.

"It's nice of you to let me come along," Janice was saying, looking straight at Sandy.

Lil lifted her parasol so that Janice couldn't look at Sandy like that, and watched Graham on his yacht.

"'And then we'll row, row, row,'" sang Janice softly, and Lil smiled indulgently. She had lost sight of the Hapstead boy. He had evidently gone ashore.

"'We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay,'" Sandy sang back. "Only if it was moonlight, Lil couldn't use that para-pluie, could you, freckle face?"

"And if it was moonlight you wouldn't be perspiring so, landlubber," snapped Lil.

"Little children, love one another," protested Janice. "Gosh, it must be swell to be married and say what you think."

"We don't begin to say all we think," Lil retorted.

"Oh, I don't know about that," shrugged Sandy. "Come over and listen outside the keyhole, Janice."

"Only don't come the first of the month," added Lil. "Aren't you engaged, Janice?"

"No. Never have been. I think it's a waste of time."

Lil sniffed. Then suddenly her lips spread in a delighted smile. As if in a dream come true, Graham Hapstead stood on the shore and beckoned them to come in. He was smiling right at her.

Lil showed her profile, as Janice and Sandy called out greetings, and the boat was pulled toward Graham. Her left profile was really slick.

"What do women see in a rowboat?" Graham gibed with a radiant smile at her, as he reached out his hand to help her out.

"Oh, I—" began Lil, and then stopped short.

He wasn't smiling at her at all. And his outstretched palm gripped Janice's arm in a very possessive and particular way. Then, as Janice leaped lightly out beside him, she lifted her face and kissed Graham with a rapturous accompanying hug. She turned, a bit flushed, to the two upturned, disconcerted faces of Sandy and Lil.

"Don't mind us," she laughed. "We're announcing our engagement tonight. So long. See you in church!"

Sandy turned to Lil and laughed ruefully.

"How would you like a row with me tonight—in the moonlight?" he asked awkwardly.

Lil snapped her parasol closed, and laid it in the boat.

"I'll meet you at the crossroads at the appointed hour," she mocked. "Shall I bring my ukulele?"

"Aw, no. Let's go just we two by ourselves," grinned Sandy.

(Next week's cover adventure: The Fountain of Youth)

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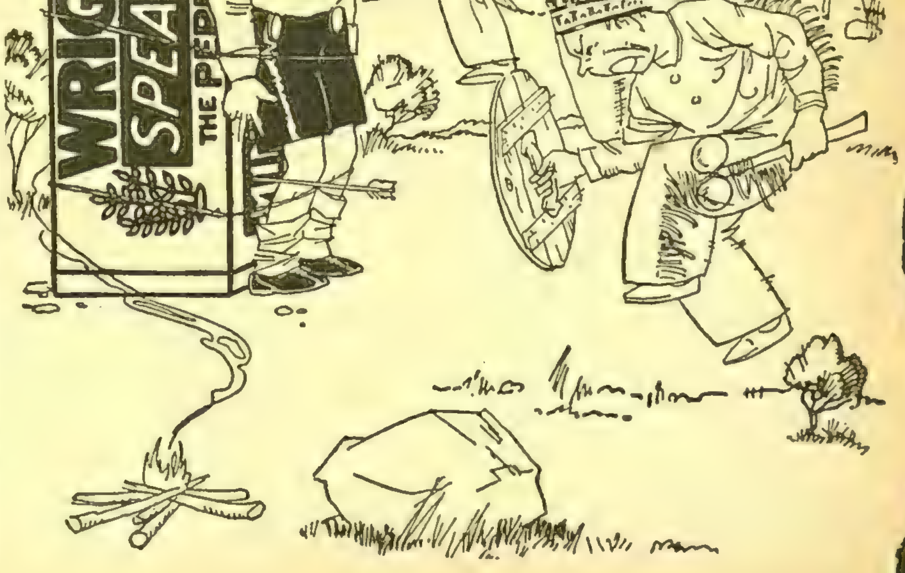
REMEMBER how "we kids" liked to play "Indian"?

And today we still do the things we like.

That's why so many of us like to chew WRIGLEY'S.

L159



Boys!
free prizes galore can be YOURS too

Look at the raft of joy creators Francis Smith (Fla.) has piled around him. Enough to satisfy most any fellow. But they *don't* satisfy Francis (who by the way has won another bike besides this one). No sirree, he's going out after more prizes—plenty more—*and he'll come home with them too!* Francis hasn't only won *prizes*. He has two dandy life insurance policies, plenty of cash in the bank—and his pockets positively jingle with spending money.

It's so easy for him too. Like 50,000 other boys in the United States and Canada, he sells in his own neighborhood. Takes just a bit of their spare time.

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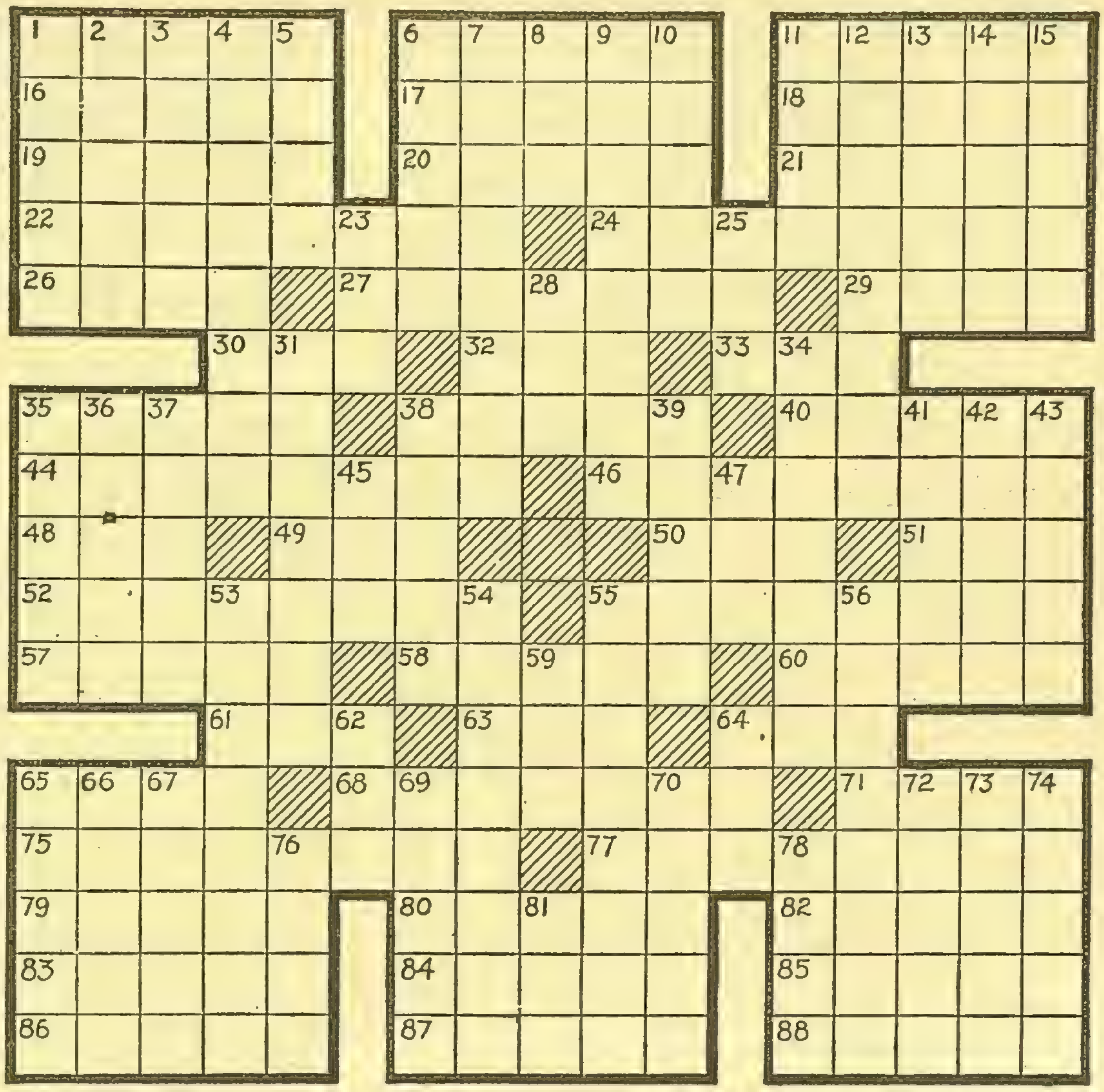
Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

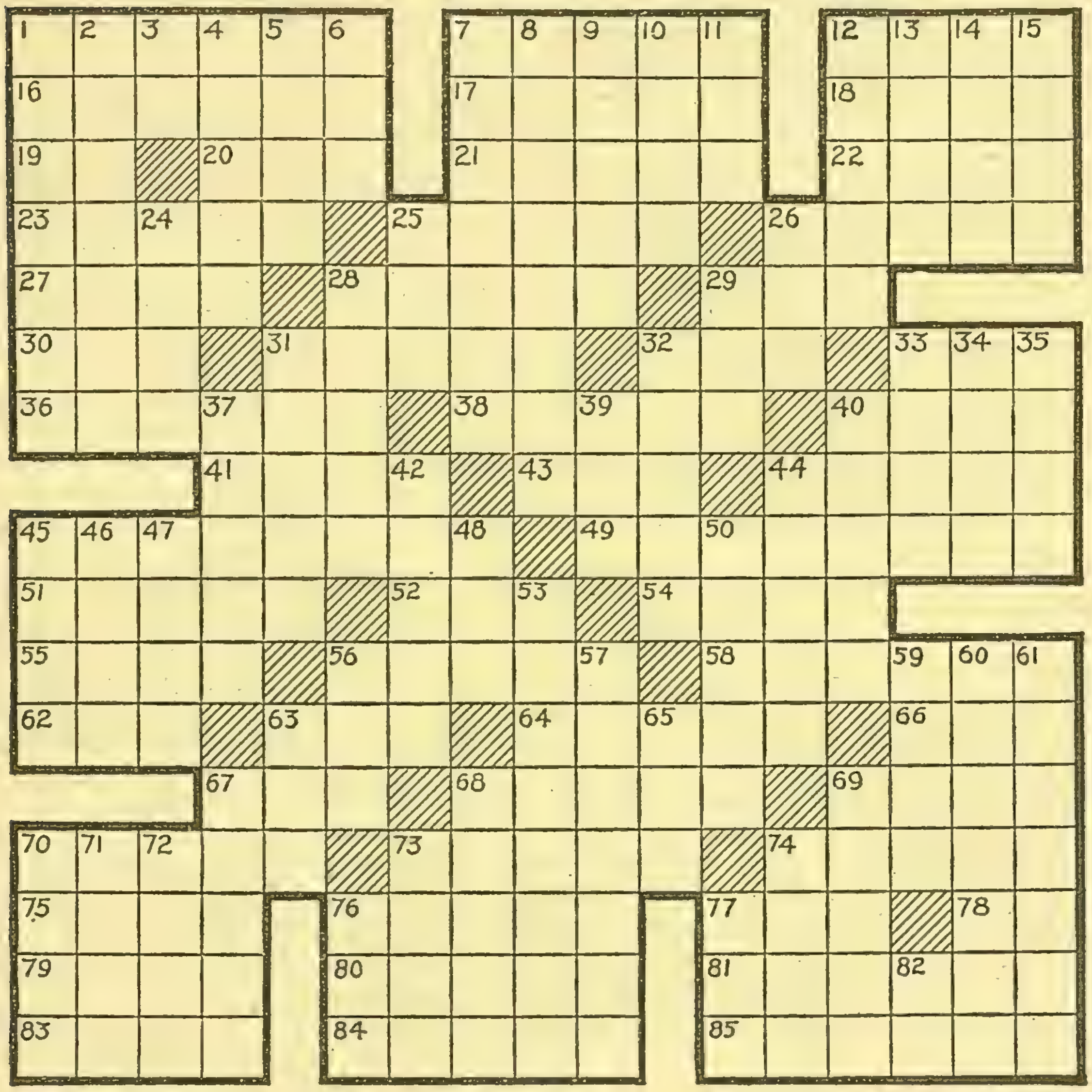
1 Swallow greedily
6 Large cupolas
11 Street cars
16 Woman's name
17 Musical drama
18 Memento
19 Makes level
20 Dogma; doctrine
21 Select class
22 Make longer
24 In error
26 A plant
27 Stupid; obstinate
29 Critical examination or decisive trial
30 A fish
32 Egg of a parasitic insect
33 Priest in whose care Samuel was trained
35 Having an agreeable taste or flavor
38 The metal tag of a lace
40 A rushing or setting upon; attack
44 A three-pronged fish spear (plural)
46 Barbarously; ferociously
48 Cause to be quit of
49 Former pope
50 Measure of length
51 Small, sharp explosive sound
52 Not fit for food
55 Systematic removal and disposal of refuse by drains
57 To be in unison or concord
58 Illuminating device (plural)
60 Prescribed guide for action (plural)
61 Yell
63 Capuchin monkey
64 Theory
65 Bristle
68 Everlasting
71 One of the United States
75 Tincture of opium
77 A muffler
79 Woman's name
80 Belabors
82 Proportion
83 Wink
84 Celestial being
85 Asterisks
86 Factions
87 Source from which supplies may be drawn
88 Time, as expressed by forms of a verb

VERTICAL

1 A fish
2 Hesitate
3 The goddess of peace in classical mythology
4 Tarried
5 Endure
6 Has the intellect impaired, especially by age
7 Apertures
8 Counters used in the game of chess
9 Hermits
10 A silk fabric
11 Allowance to purchasers for waste or refuse
12 Detailing; describing
13 Similar
14 Small insects
15 Perfume
23 Fodder
25 Comprehend
28 Nothing
31 French workshop
34 Mechanism for charging a gun (plural)
35 Minute groove or channel
36 To turn and strain with violence
37 A duck
38 Coral island
39 Weeds
41 Leaf of a calyx
42 Funeral oration
43 Things which may serve as examples or patterns
45 Beak of a tortoise
47 Solemn promise
53 Deteriorating
54 That which gives relief or assistance
55 An old maid
56 Chew the cud
59 Disfigure
62 Japanese coin
64 Malevolent; adverse
65 Thick plate or slice (plural)
66 Predatory bird
67 Garment
69 Large horns
70 Passageway
72 Occurring every eighth day
73 Dams
74 Ascended
76 Inquires
78 Formerly
81 Gone by; past

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

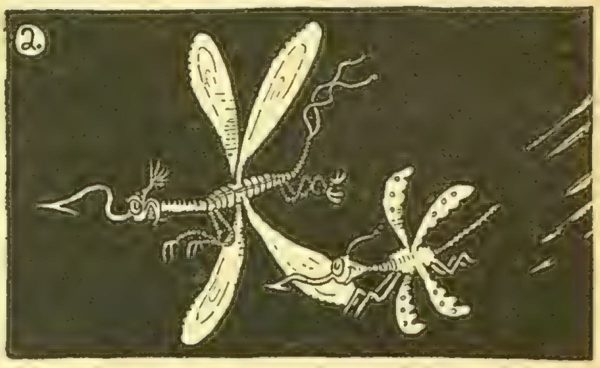
1 To do harm to
7 Common yellow iris (plural)
12 Gaiter
16 Customer
17 Proportion
18 A special state of affairs
19 Pronoun
20 Augment
21 Spiritless; dejected
22 Superficial contents of a figure
23 Pays attention
25 Catkin
26 Fanciful creation of the imagination
27 Perennial plant
28 Yours
29 Deception
30 Town in Massachusetts
31 Intended
32 Surrounded by
33 Plan
36 Swirls
38 Frozen
40 Kind of moth
41 A fruit
43 Dowry
44 Military student
45 Not prompt in deciding or acting
49 Matchless
51 Tenor violins
52 A toy
54 Wild plum
55 A long cut
56 Minister to
58 To charge with an offense
62 Parity
63 Purchase
64 Commonplace; vapid
66 Deer
67 Flap or tag
68 Tranquillity
69 Reconcile to the deprivation of anything
70 Brief
73 Labor in behalf of
74 Feels anxiety on account of expected evil
75 Church dignitary
76 Carpenter's tool
77 Beverage
78 Thus
79 A word of solemn ratification
80 Of the country
81 Rosier
83 Tear
84 Shrieks
85 Member of a fraternal order (plural)

VERTICAL

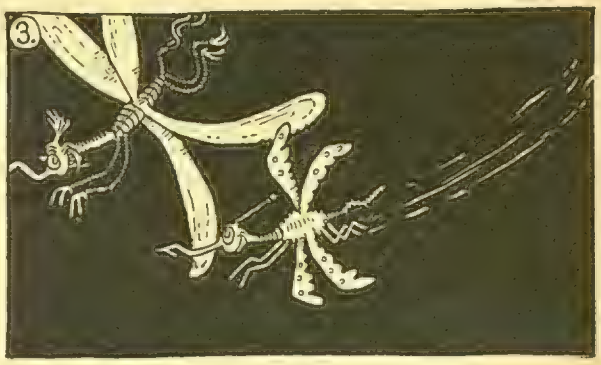
1 Saliva
2 Provided food
3 By
4 To buy and sell
5 Coal scuttles
6 Terminus
7 Fashioning
8 Mourned for
9 Make amends
10 Encircled
11 Drunkard
12 Frighten
13 Diminish the bulk of by gradual process
14 At sea
15 To yoke or join together, as oxen
24 Require
25 Exclamation
26 Accomplished
28 Hard external coating of a seed
29 Cover
31 Edible part of a nut (plural)
32 Insects
33 Fabricated
34 Periods of time
35 Fondles
37 Dunce; dullard
39 Cut off
40 Lost color or luster
42 Ingress
44 Withered old woman
45 Clasp or fastening, as for a door
46 Woman's name
47 Agitate
48 The nose of a golf club
50 Select class
53 Fatherly
56 A slow-moving boat (slang)
57 Moves from point to point
59 Notion
60 Make harsh or rough
61 Muscles
63 A club
65 To frost
67 Inclination
68 A gem
69 Rank vegetation
70 To box
71 Abode
72 Disclose to view
73 Turn or twist about
74 An insect
76 Attempt to discover by curious scrutiny
77 Equip with weapons
82 Note of the scale

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

"To be sure it ain't half as much fun as the genuine thing, but . . . .



. . . . . there ain't no chance . . . . . .



. . . of a dressmaker's dummy . . .

4.
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. . spoiling our sport with a Flit Gun! . . ."

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TO THE LADIES

Picture by
RUSSELL PATTERSON

By

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 minutes 28 seconds.)

TWO men I know are married to women of entirely different types. One man's wife is a priggish housekeeper. The other man's wife is a "rakish" housekeeper. Both husbands lead desperately harassed lives.

The priggish housewife demands that every solitary thing in her home be always in precisely the same spot and position. She has a conniption fit if she finds a chair or a vase half an inch out of place.

The rakish housewife is one of those incurable move-everything-somewhere-else fiends. Coming home from his office at night, her husband rarely finds the furniture arranged as it was when he left home that morning. In their household he is the one who has the conniption fits.

What amuses me about these two couples is the fact that both men are made equally unhappy by the entirely opposite habits of their respective wives.

The priggish housekeeper must be a very trying lady to live with. Day and night she prowls the house, flicking off microscopic dust specks, tweaking tiny wrinkles out of the curtains, pouncing on ash trays that have migrated infinitesimally from their commanded positions.

"I'm afraid to move," complains her husband. "The trouble with me is that I just can't remember *exactly* where every darned thing belongs!"

But how about the rakish housekeeper? Does her system make home better or worse for her husband? *He* complains:

"I never know where things are going to be from one day to the next. Half the time when I come home I feel like a burglar going through a strange house. This morning the bed was over there and the bureau over here. Tonight the bed is over here, the bureau over there. What can a poor guy do with a woman like that?"

I don't know which of these two girls makes her husband the more uncomfortable. It's about fifty-fifty, I guess.

Order in the home is necessary, of course, and so is a certain amount of improved arrangement; but letting our household belongings get under our skins is a dangerous game for any woman to overplay.

SHORT cuts to good taste are like most other short cuts—helpful *if they get you there*, which isn't always.

Furnishing a new home on the budget system—one of our happiest short cuts—works out best, I believe, when we plan each economy for ourselves, taking with more than one grain of salt the advice freely offered by professional decorators and home budgeters.

These very expert experts labor under an advantage: they don't have to live in the houses they design. I have just viewed an exhibition of their professionally laid out "budget interiors" which seemed to me to break almost every rule of good taste and sensible economy.

Tin graters from the kitchen were affixed to serve as lampshades for the wall lamps of a room in which expensive china bric-a-brac appeared. Not one real "he-man" armchair could I see. One layout was budgeted on an eighty-five-dollar-a-week salary, another on forty a week. Both had elegant-looking dressing tables, but the total drawer space provided in each home was four large and two small drawers. Even the lovingest newlyweds might soon quarrel violently over such close quarters. I could only label the whole show "Perfect Homes for Pygmies." I think such makeshift economies—not real economies at all—are resorted to only because the furnishing is done all in a lump.

Never can good taste or real economy be exercised all in a lump, and I believe the mistaken effort to dodge that truth causes most of our furniture regrets and disappointments.

It is better, I think, to get along with the barest minimum of furniture while gradually picking out the sort of things you really like—things that are substantial and will please you permanently. Budget buying can provide the first essentials in a very convenient way. But, after that, go a-hunting. Look everywhere. It's fun—and it saves money in the end.

HOT red-currant sauce for meat—here's a brand-new delicacy suggested by some Hungarian friends of mine. Nothing like our familiar red-currant jelly sauces, or anything of the kind. This is a novel one straight from the land of gypsy rhapsodies.

Use it with boiled beef or tongue. Simmer the beef for three hours with soup greens—kohl-rabi, parsley root, a large onion, a tomato, two carrots.

Make a thin cream sauce, bay-leaf flavored. Add one cup red currants carefully picked and washed. Let the sauce boil up twice, stirring vigorously.

Serve in a sauce boat.

NATURISTS of all countries (they differ from absolute Nudists by wearing breechclouts) are rejoicing over the official approval their movement has received in France from the Minister of Public Health.

In case you're not familiar with the idea, let me explain that Naturism very sensibly accuses us of wearing too many clothes for our own good, particularly in summer, and teaches exposure of the body to fresh air and sunshine as the best road to well-being.

Near Paris the French Naturists (3,000 members) own an island in the Seine River. There they live quiet, busy, near-nude lives, wearing nothing but a single garment of scantier cut than the briefest one-piece bathing suit. Their back-to-nature trend also embraces diet; they eat a good many uncooked vegetables, for one thing.

The Minister of Public Health, being also a firm believer in physical development, considered it something of a joke that in France, where completely naked women parade on the stage in all the revue shows, there should be any scandalous regard directed at this Naturist cult which preaches fewer clothes for health purposes.

Deciding to visit the Naturists in person, the Minister arrived at their island one very hot day attired in formal style—a long black cutaway coat with tails.

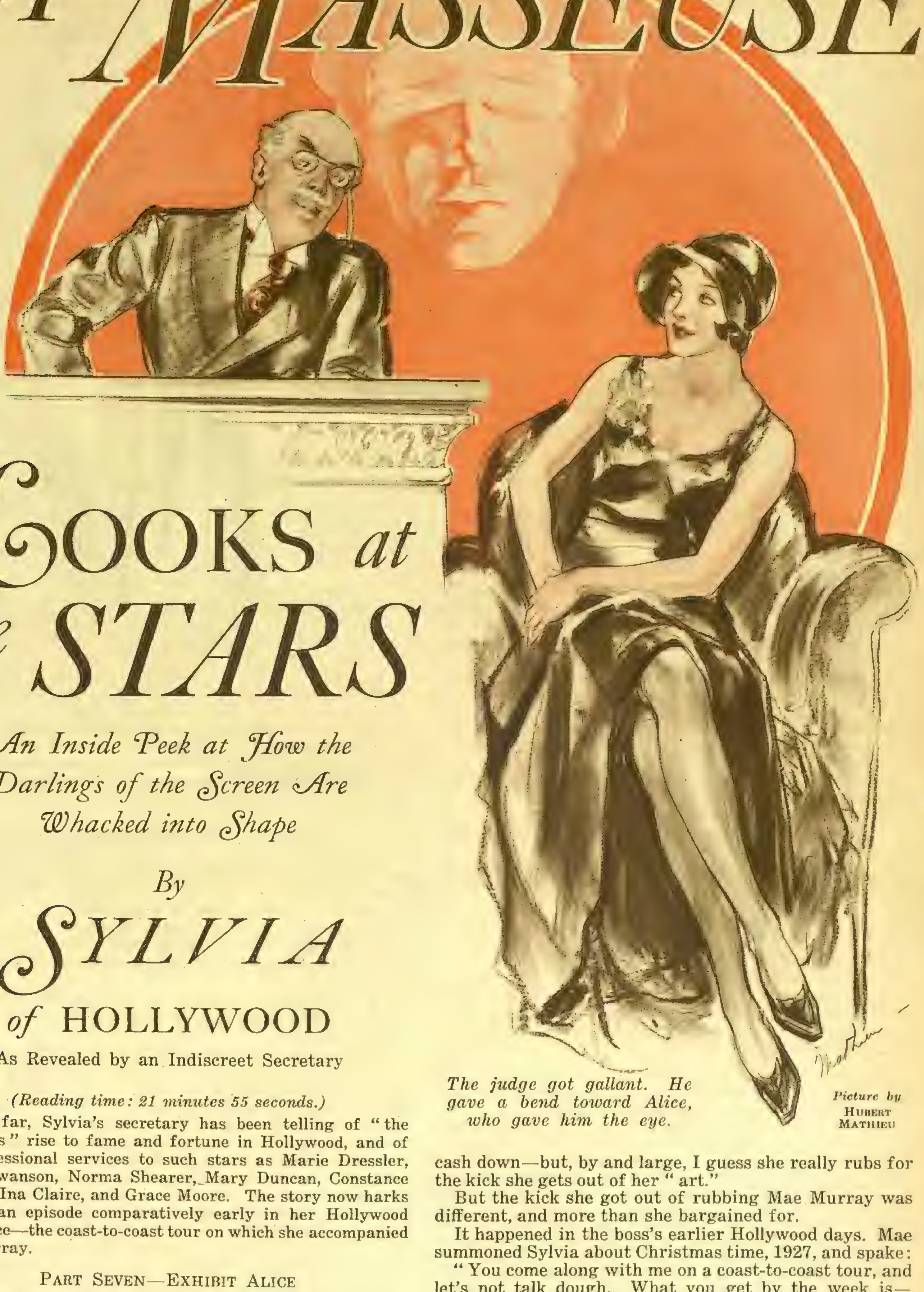
He eyed the almost naked Naturists with envy; gave the colony his official blessing.

GRAMMAR fans have been after me again. This time they want to know the rule for using *other* and *another* correctly. They might memorize the following jingle:

Some girl or other
One girl or another

Some and *other* don't identify very specifically. They go together. *One* and *another* are more definite. They should be used together.

A MASSEUSE LOOKS at the STARS



The judge got gallant. He gave a bend toward Alice, who gave him the eye.

Picture by HUBERT MATHIEU

An Inside Peek at How the Darlings of the Screen Are Whacked into Shape

By

SYLVIA of HOLLYWOOD

As Revealed by an Indiscreet Secretary

(Reading time: 21 minutes 55 seconds.)

THUS far, Sylvia's secretary has been telling of "the boss's" rise to fame and fortune in Hollywood, and of her professional services to such stars as Marie Dressler, Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Mary Duncan, Constance Bennett, Ina Claire, and Grace Moore. The story now harks back to an episode comparatively early in her Hollywood experience—the coast-to-coast tour on which she accompanied Mae Murray.

PART SEVEN—EXHIBIT ALICE

THE boss rubbed Marie Dressler and got a balance in the bank.

She rubbed others and got famous.

She rubbed still others and got wealthy.

She has rubbed some for charity, some on spec, lots for cash down—but, by and large, I guess she really rubs for the kick she gets out of her "art."

But the kick she got out of rubbing Mae Murray was different, and more than she bargained for.

It happened in the boss's earlier Hollywood days. Mae summoned Sylvia about Christmas time, 1927, and spake:

"You come along with me on a coast-to-coast tour, and let's not talk dough. What you get by the week is—*poof!*—pin money. I've got *plans* for you. We'll launch a breakfast food! Say, we'll do better than that. When we get back, we'll open up a sanitarium right over in Westwood. There's millions in it!" And she got senti-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS
Continued from page fifty-five

Mae Murray and her husband, Prince M'Divani.

Picture by
Hubert Mathieu

mental and added: "Think of your darling sons. Do it for them. They'll be rich!"

Now, I make a rule: When anybody says, "I know how to make a million," I'm deaf. If somebody says, "Want to pick up ten bucks?" I'm listening. But Sylvia is made different. She came home from the Mae Murray interview raving with enthusiasm.

I said right then: "This will end up in a lawsuit." That is exactly the way it did end up, and I got credit for second-sight.

Sylvia came back from the big tour with Murray minus salary she couldn't collect. So she sued. Yes, they told it to the judge—but, your Honor, you don't know the half of it, dearie! The trial lasted two days, and they had it out in court—all about Mae's husband, Prince M'Divani, and his ways; about how Sylvia rubbed Mae so hard she got fallen arches (Sylvia did); about how Alice White was ready to show the judge just where Sylvia reduced her and there was a riot in court; and how one of Sylvia's lawyers told Mae not to throw any inkstands—all this was chewed over by the lawyers.

The boss won and collected.

THE contract the boss made with Mae was to travel with her for six months from coast to coast and keep her in daily trim. When you've been dancing as many years as Mae the muscles of the legs begin to bunch up. All veteran dancers have this trouble. Most of them let nature take its course. But Mae is wiser. She can round into shape to this day and show a leg like a débutante's.

But Mae put it better than anybody else could in her testimony at the trial.

Sylvia's lawyer was trying to prove that the boss had had a hard time of it on the job.

(File No. 250,490, Los Angeles Hall of Records: in the matter of Sylvia vs. Murray: Deposition of the Defendant)

Question (by Mr. C. M. Addison, for Sylvia). She neglected you, did she?

Answer (by Miss Murray). She was completely tired out many times, and went to her room without attending me.

Q. Probably true, because sometimes she gave you attention three or four hours at a stretch, didn't she?

A. No.

Q. Well, she did what you asked?

A. No.

Q. What did you ask of her that she didn't do?

A. Well, it was her complete attitude. The reason you have a masseuse is because you need it, just as a horse needs it when he's in a race. I'm in a race four or five times a day. In dancing, your muscles become tired after twelve hours' work.

But the way to get it all straight is to start from the beginning—the day when we loaded the boss and Mae and all Mae's bundles on the train for San Francisco.

Outside a little fussing, all went like an Irish picnic until real trouble started to boil and bubble in the East.

Mae and Sylvia had reached New York by this time. Every few days along the road, Prince M'Divani, Mae's husband, turned up for a short visit. He is a tall, broad dragoon of a man who took a dislike to Sylvia. As near as Sylvia could make out, it was considered improper for a princess like Mae to get so intimate with the peasantry.

Meanwhile, there had been much discussion of the grand things Mae intended to do for Sylvia when the tour was over. The classy Westwood sanitarium for movie actors was more or less given up by this time. "It might not work so well, after all," opined Mae.

But she had something much better in mind. It was a breakfast food. Mae was in correspondence with a Los Angeles food faddist who had got up a new kind of health food that was sure to be a rage. Just before Mae had left Los Angeles, the health expert had turned up on the railway-station platform with a crate of the stuff, and the cans of it had to be stowed away in Mae's luggage.

NOW, in New York, Mae decided to look into those cans and give the food a try. Sylvia pried the top off a can and peered dubiously at the contents. The food looked something like that "wood paste" that you use for stopping up knot holes in furniture.

"I'm not hungry," announced Sylvia.

But Mae was made of sterner stuff. She smelled of the mess. "You're my dietitian," she argued. "You ought to test it."

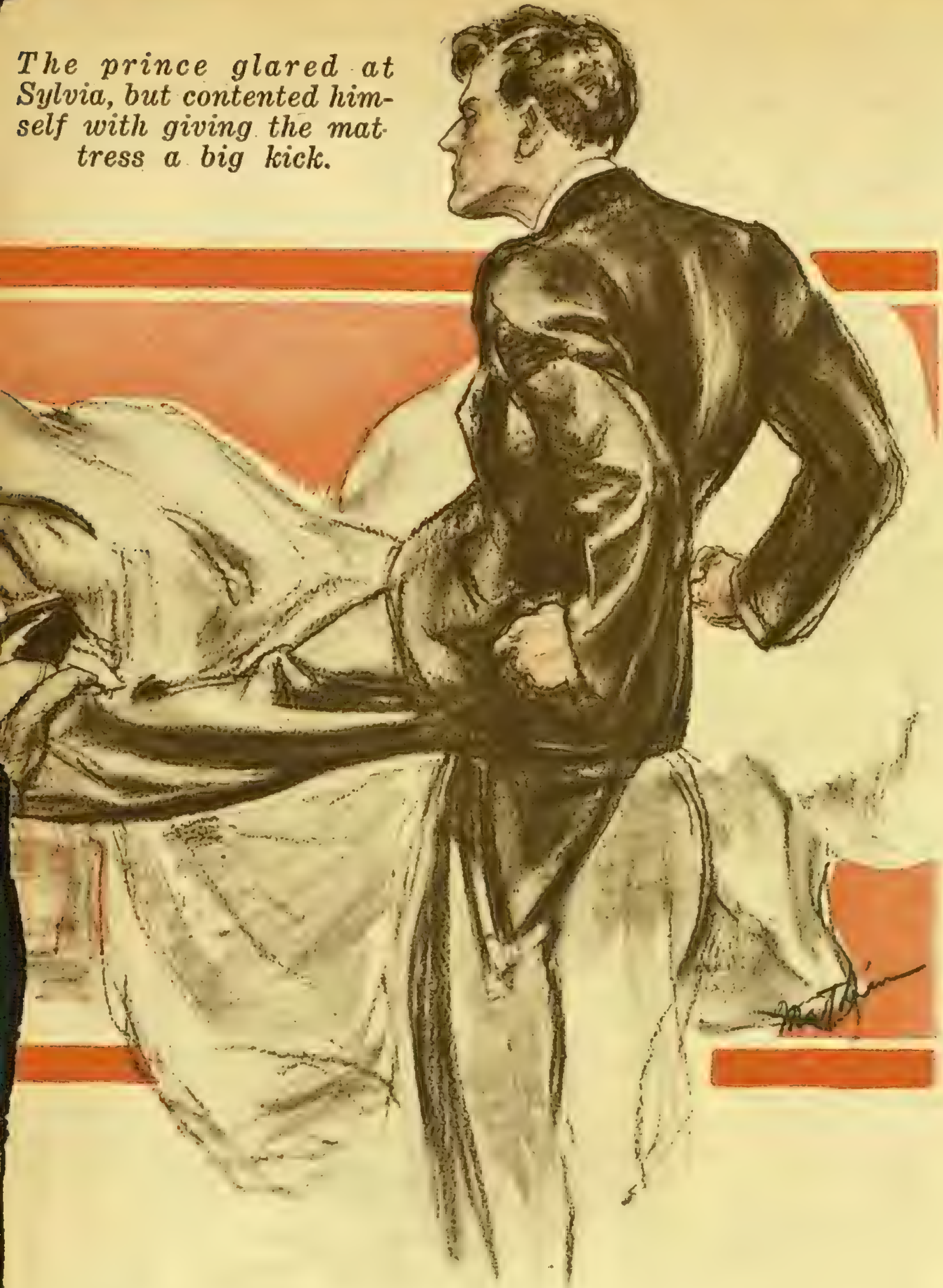
"If I'm your dietitian and you're going to take my orders," said Sylvia, "then I decide, let's dump it down the plumbing."

But Mae wouldn't agree to that. When she saw that nothing would induce Sylvia to take a mouthful, she did it herself. Well, she might just as well have taken Sylvia's advice in the first place. She took it now fast enough.

About this time it got to be Christmas again and Mae was due to open in Christmas week in a Buffalo theater. She had a brand-new vaudeville act. Under stage lights she looked slim and gorgeous. But she wasn't feeling as good as she looked. The reason was some disagreement with Prince M'Divani about what kind of Christmas present he should send his kid. The argument was still going on when the whole troupe got on the train for Buffalo. The prince decided at the last minute to come along.

Sylvia got shunted out of Mae's stateroom to make room for the prince, and the couple locked themselves in to finish that Christmas-money argument.

On the subject of that hectic first day and night in Buffalo the testimony of the trial of Sylvia's suit against Mae throws some little light:



The prince glared at Sylvia, but contented himself with giving the mattress a big kick.

(Sylvia vs. Murray: Deposition of the Defendant)

Q. Isn't it a fact that you paid Sylvia $275 the first week in Buffalo? [This sum was $25 more than Sylvia's salary.]

A. I don't remember.

Q. Wasn't it a fact that you paid her $275 at that time because you had got $25 in cash from her?

A. No.

Q. You say that Sylvia did not give you back $25 in New York shortly after Christmas?

A. Why on earth would I want to get $25 from anyone when I made thousands?

Q. Did you ask her for this money to give it to Prince M'Divani?

A. No, certainly not. Such a low-lifed thing!

At one point, this kind of questioning got Mae so exercised that she cried: "I don't think you are an attorney at all—don't be funny!" And it was at just such another point that Sylvia's lawyer, Addison, exclaimed: "Don't throw any ink bottles!"

"I might throw more than that!" cried Mae, but her lawyers got her calmed down and the questioning went on.

OF course, the lawyer traced the whole course of the rumpus with Prince M'Divani as far as it concerned Sylvia and her relations with Mae. He had her riled up again when he got to asking about the hectic night in Buffalo when she and Sylvia rushed out of the Statler Hotel and went to another hotel. Sylvia's claim was that, if she had ever missed a day treating Mae, it was because Mae couldn't stand rubbing; and that, other times, she had to pass up the visit to the Murray suite because Prince M'Divani was up there storming about his little boy's Christmas present.

So the lawyer tried to get all this out of Mae.

Q. Now, Sylvia and the Prince, your husband, had some words in Buffalo, didn't they? [Mae said, "No."]

Q. And your husband wasn't mad at Sylvia about anything?

A. Certainly not. She's a masseuse and only that. What business had my husband with her?

Q. Did Sylvia make a remark about the prince—and didn't you repeat the remark to Prince M'Divani, and didn't he—

A. Oh, certainly not.

Q. And when you arrived at the Statler Hotel, didn't he order her out of the room?

A. No.

Q. Well, didn't something take place that made it necessary to call the police because of difficulties between yourself, Prince M'Divani, and Sylvia?

A. Certainly not. The idea! [And Mae stood up and shouted.] The blackmail of this woman is all I've had since my arrival in Los Angeles—but that won't stop me from suing her. That is the only reason she's held me up to get this money.

Q. You *have* had some difficulty with her, then?

A. Only since I came back home. When I realized she was trying to get money without working for it—and she called up the newspapers with these horrible tales—then I realized what kind of woman she is! And I'll fight this suit to a finish.

Q. You had no difficulties with her before all this? [Mae said she had had none.] Now, tell me, didn't you leave the Statler that night and stop with Sylvia at another hotel, the Tower—under the names Mrs. and Miss Jennings?

A. No.

COMMENTING on which denial, Sylvia is apt to get apoplectic and cry: "I suppose I dreamed all that!"

According to Sylvia, when the company got to the Buffalo Statler, everybody went to their rooms and crawled into the hay and hung out the Don't Disturb sign. Sylvia was just dozing off when—wham!—there went the phone bell: Mae, calling for a treatment.

Murmuring fond benedictions on the head of her employer, Sylvia crawled into clothes, dipped her face in cold water, and went upstairs. She found the prince alone, and the cordial relations existing between the Caucasian knight and the Scandinavian pawn led to an enjoyable interval of about a half hour during which no conversation was exchanged. After a long while the prince did address to Sylvia one of the rare sentences that he let fall in her direction.

"Are all American women crazy?" he demanded.

When Mae came in a few minutes later, she was the spark to the powder. Right away the boss could tell there was something up. Mae had been out gallivanting around in the zero weather, dressed in a skirt and sweater.

"You'll have pneumonia!" said Sylvia.

"I hope I get it double," said Mae and began to sniffle. Sylvia went to comfort her.

"Take your hands off my wife!" roared the prince. "And what's more, Sylvia, you're fired! Understand?"

Mae stuck out her chin under the prince's nose and said:

"Sylvia *isn't* fired. She stays!"

The prince glared at Sylvia, and she got on the other side of the bed. He looked as if he were going to take the obstacle in one jump, but contented himself with giving the mattress a big kick and yelling:

"You get out or—or—"

Well, Mae got him quieted down and he consented to leave the room. The minute he was out, she bolted the door.

"What's it all about?" Sylvia inquired.

"Don't ask me!" groaned Mae. "It's still that fuss about baby's Christmas present."

Well, if it was just a Russian version of the Yuletide spirit, Sylvia thought she could risk sticking around; so she began treating Mae, hoping to head off pneumonia. For the next hour the prince kept trying the locked door and growling through the keyhole every few minutes.

After a while Mae dozed off. There was no noise outside, and Sylvia, being all in and starved, phoned down

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A MASSEUSE LOOKS AT THE STARS
Continued from page fifty-seven

for a meal. When the waiter brought up the order the prince was lying in wait in the hall, and Sylvia no sooner drew the bolt than he popped in.

By this time Sylvia was hardened, so she sat and ate her lunch and looked on at the domestic scene in comfort from a neutral corner. Mae woke up, and they went at it hot and heavy, until Mae said she'd go over to the prince's room, where they could have it out without witnesses.

But she was back in ten minutes, and made Sylvia promise she wouldn't leave her, day or night.

It went on like that during the rest of the afternoon and evening, and along about bedtime it got a good deal worse.

In the end, Sylvia was too far out of patience to remember what she owed to an employer and a member of the old Tatar nobility, so she gave his Highness her candid opinion of him.

The hotel's house manager was on the noisy scene by that time. He was scandalized and, being a good American, couldn't get over how Sylvia had talked to a blue-blood.

"Remember," he almost wept, "after all, you're addressing Prince M'Divani!"

With the manager as mediator, Mae and the prince worked out a compromise that restored order. The prince was to let his wife go to another hotel for the night, but as security he was to hold on to her theatrical trunks until she came back!

The arrangement deprived Mae of most of her private wardrobe as well, as the prince locked himself in and she couldn't get to her luggage. However, she and Sylvia slipped out of the Statler. They ducked, half frozen, into the first hotel they came to—the Tower.

The next day Mae and her prince got together again, the M'Divani boy got the Christmas present, and Sylvia got merryell from two directions. Mae and the prince decided Sylvia was responsible for the whole thing.

But the boss managed to stick it out for the next few weeks. The troupe got to Chicago, where it was to play one week and then break up. After that Mae and Sylvia were to return to Hollywood.

THE last performance of the tour came around. There's a time-honored stage custom that the star of a show throws a dinner for the supporting cast after the last performance. For a week Mae had been worrying about that dinner. There were ten girls to feed.

Sylvia got to the theater in Chicago early on the night of the last show, and ran into Jean Pittsman, captain of the chorus. Jean buttonholed the boss and asked:

"Where is Miss Murray taking us to supper? The girls are pestering me to know."

The other girls swarmed out of their dressing rooms, all excited, and pumped Sylvia, too.

Mae swept in from the stage door about that time and heard the girls chattering about the supper. She gave them a big, radiant Madame Happiness smile and called out:

"Girls, I have a surprise for you. Wait around after the show!"

The girls almost gave her a cheer. Mae motioned to Sylvia to follow her into her dressing room. Once inside, she closed the door and said:

"Sylvia, I need your help."

"To order the supper?" said Sylvia, bright and eager.

"Well, sort of," said Mae. "I just had a grand idea about that supper on my way down in the taxi. I do so want to do something nice for those darling girls, and I know just what will do them the most good. They absolutely ruin their systems, eating the stuff they do."

"They haven't much to spend on eats," put in Sylvia.

"Exactly," approved Mae. "That's why I've thought up this idea for them. It'll teach them to eat well and yet economically."

Even then Sylvia didn't suspect what was coming, and was left gaping and speechless when Mae opened her bag, handed Sylvia her trunk keys, and said:

"What I want you to do is go and get together all those cans of health food!"

"Health food!" was all that Sylvia could say.

"Wasn't I foolish not to think of it before?" Mae went on happily. You remember how to prepare it, don't you? Get some olive oil and about three cans of the food and—oh, wait a minute."

She went over to the dressing table and undid a big brown-paper package. Inside was a large salad bowl.

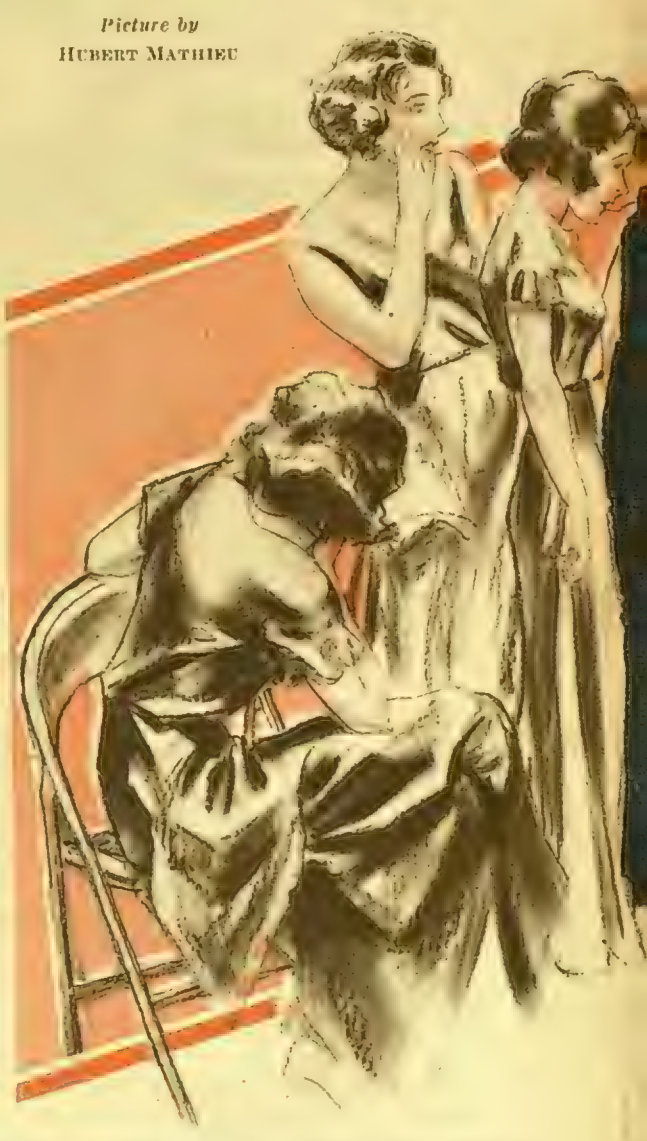
"I borrowed it from the hotel. Mix the food in it."

As Sylvia turned to go, Mae cautioned:

"Don't say a word to the girls. I want it to be a surprise."

WELL, Sylvia didn't say anything. She carried out Mae's instructions to the letter and mixed up plenty of the oil and health food in the bowl.

The act ended. Mae took her bows and came into the dressing room. She gave the mess in the bowl an extra stir and sniffed it.



Picture by
HUBERT MATHIEU

"Delicious!" she murmured. "And now, Sylvia, call the girls in."

Sylvia started off to obey, but Mae stopped her.

"No, I'll go to them with it."

She picked up the bowl and went over to the chorus dressing room, Sylvia tagging along. Mae threw open the door of the girls' room.

"Girls," she said, like a lecturer, "I want to give you a little talk. It's about eating. I've given the subject of diet a good deal of thought. Madame Sylvia, here, has been teaching me a lot—"

Sylvia got behind the speaker and sent the girls a wink meaning: "Leave me out of this."

Mae went right on: "After investigating every kind of diet I've found the grandest health food in the world. Now—" And she presented the bowl with a flourish. "Now I want you girls to try this food and tell me what you think of it."

The girls sort of drifted up to look and sniff at the bowl. They were more amazed than anything else.

"It's something you eat?" inquired Jean Pittsman in a dazed way.

"As much as you want!" cried Mae. "If this isn't enough, there's more where it came from. And I'm going to give each girl a can to take with her."

There was what you might aptly call a stage wait as the girls stared at each other, and then Mae said:

"Don't mind me. Go ahead and eat."

Jeannie had the presence of mind to speak up. "Thank you, Miss Murray," she said gratefully.

A little girl, the youngest of the troupe, came up and took a spoonful of the mess and put it in her mouth. A second later she spat it out.

Mae looked at her, maybe a little sternly, and the kid got frightened and apologized:

"I'm sorry. It slipped."

Mae left, with dignity. Sylvia went with her.

The girls took one more look at the mess in the bowl after she was gone, and grabbed their raincoats to beat it over to the doughnut-and-coffee stand, as usual. Soon they could be heard trooping back from their quick lunch. They were all laughing uproariously. Mae listened with a pleased look.

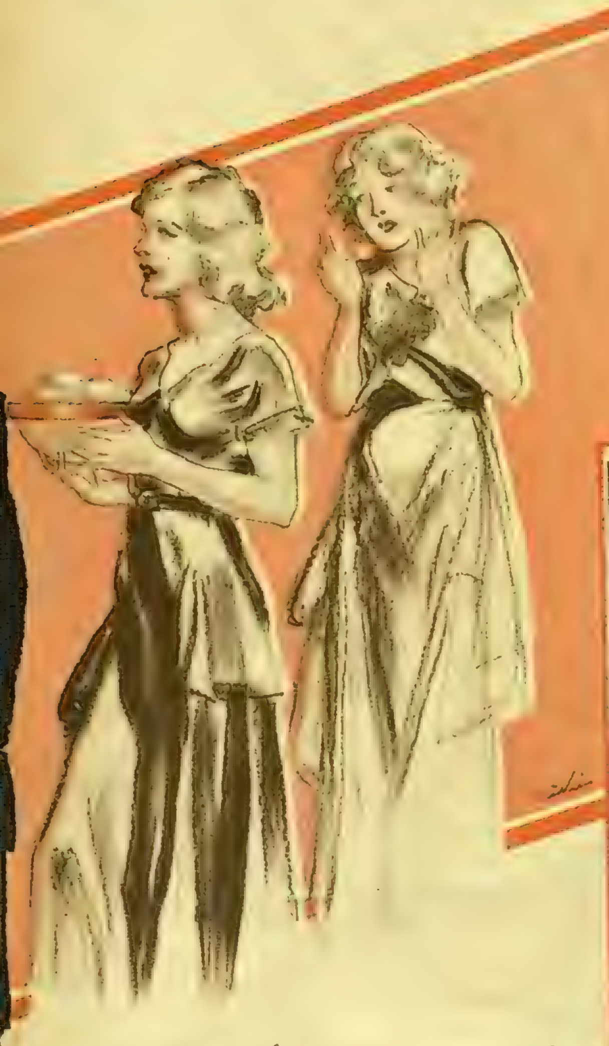
"They loved it!" she breathed. Presently she rose and said: "Let's see what they're up to."

Sylvia opened the door and popped out first—

And took one step and fell over the salad bowl full of oiled health food, as she made a desperate pirouette to avoid putting her foot right into it. The girls were disappointed. They had meant the trap for somebody else—they didn't say whom.

The rest of Sylvia's tour with Mae was a succession of squabbles over moneys due and unpaid. Everybody got home alive enough to go to law. This account may as well end up as the trial did—with the sensational appearance in court of Alice White.

When Alice had first come to Sylvia, she had been as nearly disgusting-looking as so cute a kid can get on a cream-puff-and-chocolate-candy diet. Sylvia had taken her in hand and whacked her into such shape that the first thing a director asked, when an Alice White picture script was submitted, was: "Where is the undressing scene?"



A little girl, the youngest of the troupe, came up and took a spoonful of the mess and put it in her mouth.

"To Sylvia, who is filled with love for all creatures—I greet you and love you too.
Mae Murray."

Alice was determined to be Sylvia's witness. "I'll be there," she insisted, "and I'll bet that judge invites me to testify."

In the concluding minutes of the trial there was a sudden commotion at the door. Alice had dressed in a costume which showed about as much of her as the law would allow. And she had a corsage of sweet peas on what there was of a shoulder piece to her gown.

WELL, those court attachés had never seen anything like it. They opened up an aisle and Alice came down front. Sievers, Sylvia's lawyer, rose to address the court.

"I don't know whether this is material and ethical or not," he said, waving at Alice, "but there has been insinuating testimony to the effect that Madame Sylvia is not expert in her profession, and we have an exhibit here in court in the person of Miss Alice White."

"Let's have a look at the exhibit," piped up Mr. Gilbert, the opposition lawyer.

The judge took a look at Alice and said:

"File the exhibit."

Well, the legal boys had a lot of their idea of fun. Mr. Sievers asked Alice:

"What is your business?"

"Motion-picture actress."

Q. How long have you been so engaged?

A. Over two years.

Q. Throughout that time, have you taken massage treatments?

Judge Burnell. What's the purpose of this?

Lawyer Sievers. It is intimated, your Honor, that Mae Murray claims Madame Sylvia was no good at her job.

Lawyer Gilbert. Well, I object that Miss White's testimony can't be anything but indefinite, because we all appreciate that she looks like somebody's good job, but how are we to discriminate between that part of the result which would be attributable to God and those parts attributable to the father, the mother, and the masseuse?

Judge Burnell. Those parties you mention have not been made parties to this action. Even if they were, I doubt whether they would have had you as their lawyer.

Loud laughter in the court.

Judge Burnell went on: "Do you wish the exhibit marked for identification?"

WELL, everybody was willing to do the marking, and Alice sort of hitched around in her chair as if to inquire what part of her they wanted to put the seal on.

The judge got gallant. He gave a bend toward Alice, who gave him the eye, and he said:

"Please call this witness back sometime when we have an action that is going to last longer."

And Alice got up and left, and everybody that wasn't nailed down got up and tagged after her—so there were only the lawyers and Sylvia around to hear the judgment in Sylvia's favor.

The Mae Murray diet that follows consists of good menus for a day:

THE MAE MURRAY DIET

Breakfast

1 small glass of grapefruit juice
1 slice of whole-wheat toast
1 glass of skimmed milk
1 cup of coffee, clear

Lunch

1 cup of broth
1 slice of broiled calf's liver
3 heaping tablespoons of spinach
1 small baked potato
1 cup of custard with 1 spoonful of fruit juice
1 cup of tea, clear

Dinner

1 fruit cocktail
1 cup of vegetable soup
1 small broiled steak
3 heaping tablespoons of carrots
3 heaping tablespoons of fresh peas
1 small dish of fresh berries
1 glass of skimmed milk
1 demi-tasse of coffee

As to vegetable soup:

Vegetables should be boiled in just enough water to prevent burning. The combined waters in which the vegetables for a day's meals have been boiled, when reduced by further boiling, make a valuable light vegetable broth just "as is," and can be thickened with such adjuncts as sago, tapioca, winter squash, or vermicelli, seasoned, and served without further ado. Or:

Obtain from your grocer a "soup bunch" consisting of all the vegetables *and salad greens* in season. Add to these three medium-sized Irish potatoes and one medium turnip, also all available rough greens, such as turnip, celery, and beet tops. Shred the greens. Dice the vegetables in ½-inch cubes.

Immerse the mass in twice its volume of the vegetable broth described above, or in plain water. Bring to a boil. Reduce the heat, and let simmer for two or three hours, adding water from time to time to make up for loss through evaporation.

Strain, and add a little salt. Serve hot or cold.

In an early issue of Liberty, Sylvia's secretary will conclude these revelations with a few concerning masculine screen stars on the slab for massage.

The PERIL at End House

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

(Reading time: 22 min. 15 sec.)

THIS is the story of the mystery surrounding Magdala ("Nick") Buckley. Nick's cousin, Maggie Buckley, was fatally shot while wearing Nick's shawl. Detective Poirot believed Nick to be the intended victim. Later, Nick was made ill by eating a poisoned chocolate —one of a box of them. Who sent her the deadly sweets? Poirot hopes to discover by spreading a false report of Nick's death. An ominous note is struck when Hastings, Poirot's friend, sees a strange and dreadful face staring in through a window.

PART TEN—POIROT PRODUCES A PLAY

POIROT strode to the window and pushed it open. He leaned out.

"There is no one there now," he said thoughtfully. "You are sure you did not imagine it, Hastings?"

"Quite sure. It was a horrible face."

"There is a balcony, of course. Anyone could reach there quite easily if they wanted to hear what we were saying. When you say a dreadful face, Hastings, just what do you mean?"

"A white, staring face, hardly human."

"*Mon ami,* that is the fever. A face, yes. An unpleasant face, yes. But a face hardly human, no. What you saw was the effect of a face pressed closely against the glass —that, allied to the shock of seeing it there at all."

"It was a dreadful face," I said obstinately.

"It was not the face of—anyone you knew?"

"No, indeed."

"Hm. It might have been, though! I doubt if you would recognize it under these circumstances. I wonder now—yes, I very much wonder—"

He gathered up his papers thoughtfully.

"One thing at least is to the good. If the owner of that face overheard our conversation, we did not mention that Mademoiselle Nick was alive and well. Whatever else our visitor may have heard, that at least escaped him."

"But surely," I said, "the results of this—er—brilliant maneuver of yours have been slightly disappointing up to date. Nick is dead and no startling developments have occurred!"

"I did not expect them yet awhile. Twenty-four hours, I said. *Mon ami,* tomorrow, if I am not mistaken, certain things will arise. Otherwise—otherwise I am wrong from start to finish. There is the post, you see. I have hopes of tomorrow's post."

I awoke in the morning feeling weak but with the fever abated. I also felt hungry. Poirot and I had breakfast served in our sitting room.

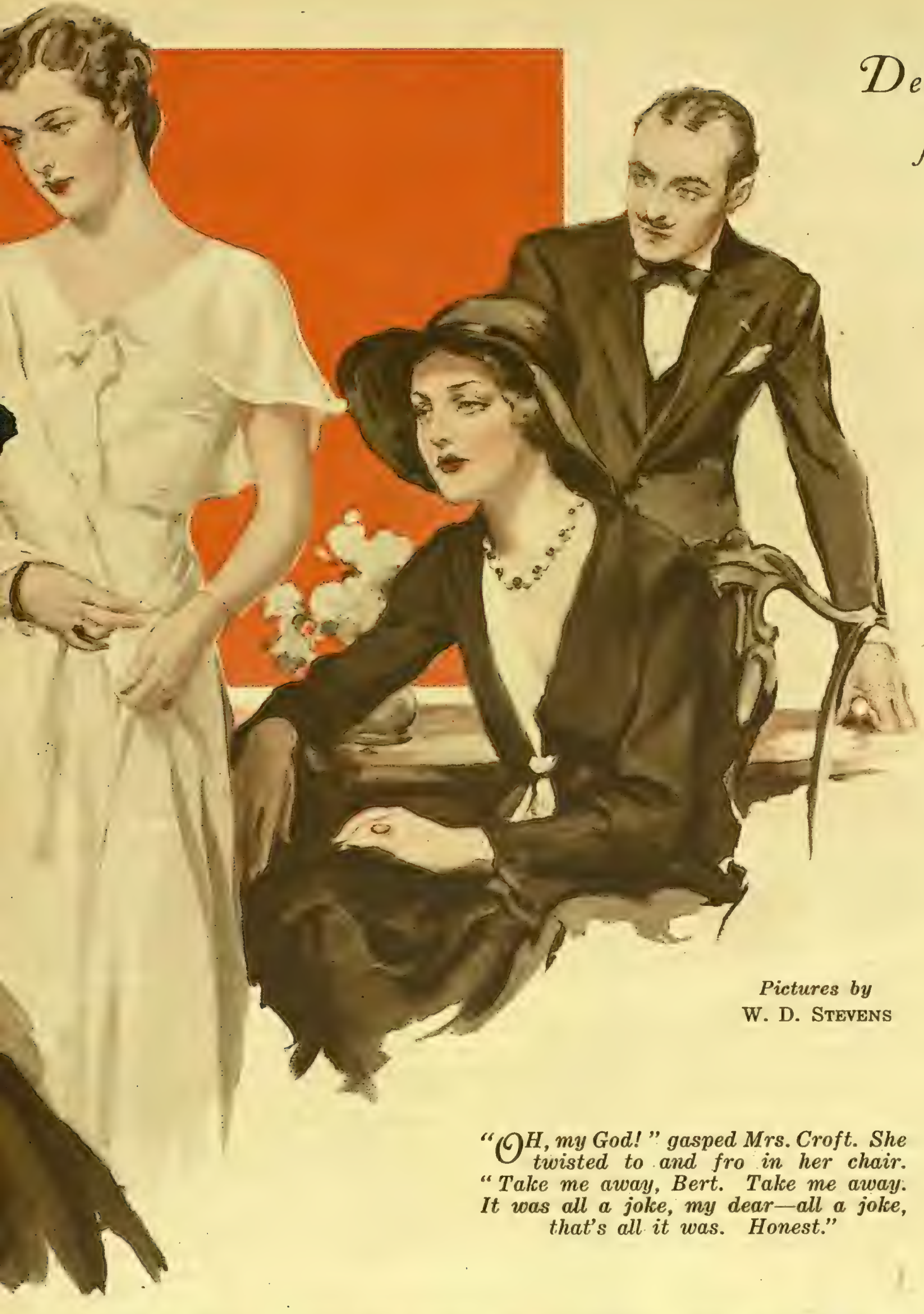
"Well," I said maliciously, as he sorted his letters, "has the post done what you expected of it?"

Poirot, who had just opened two envelopes which patently contained bills, did not reply. I thought he looked rather cast down and not his usual cock-a-hoop self. I opened my own mail. The first was a notice of a spiritualist meeting.

"If all else fails, we must go to the spiritualists," I remarked. "I often wonder that more tests of this kind aren't made. The spirit of the victim comes back and names the murderer. That would be a proof."

"It would hardly help us," said Poirot absently. "I

A Story of Death That Struck from the Dark



"OH, my God!" gasped Mrs. Croft. She twisted to and fro in her chair. "Take me away, Bert. Take me away. It was all a joke, my dear—all a joke, that's all it was. Honest."

Pictures by
W. D. Stevens

doubt if Maggie Buckley knew whose hand it was shot her down. Even if she could speak she would have nothing of value to tell us. *Tiens*, that is odd."

"What is?"

"You talk of the dead speaking, and at that moment I open this letter."

HE tossed it across to me. It was from Mrs. Buckley and ran as follows:

Langley Rectory

DEAR MONSIEUR POIROT,

On my return here I found a letter written by my poor child on her arrival at St. Loo. There is nothing in it of interest to you, I'm afraid, but I thought perhaps you would care to see it.

Thanking you for your kindness,

Yours sincerely, JEAN BUCKLEY.

The inclosure brought a lump to my throat. It was so terribly commonplace and so completely untouched by any apprehension of tragedy:

DEAR MOTHER,

I arrived safely. Quite a comfortable journey. Only two other people in the carriage all the way to Exeter. It is lovely weather here. Nick seems very well and gay—a little restless perhaps, but I cannot see why she should have telegraphed for me in the way she did. Tuesday would have done just as well.

No more now. We are going to have tea with some neighbors. They are Australians and have rented the lodge. Nick says they are kind but rather awful. Mrs. Rice and Mr. Lazarus are coming to stay. He is the art dealer. I will post this in the box by the gate, then it will catch the post. Will write tomorrow.

Your loving daughter,

MAGGIE.

P. S. Nick says there *is* a reason for her wire. She will tell me after tea. She is very queer and jumpy.

"The voice of the dead," said Poirot quietly. "And it tells us—nothing."

"The box by the gate," I remarked idly. "That's where Croft said he posted the will."

"SAID so—yes. I wonder. How I wonder!"

"There is nothing else of interest among your letters?"

"Nothing. Hastings, I am very unhappy. I am in the dark. Still in the dark. I comprehend nothing."

At that moment the telephone rang. Poirot went to it.

Immediately I saw a change come over his face. His manner was very restrained, nevertheless he could not disguise from my eyes his intense excitement. His own contributions to the conversation were entirely noncommittal, so that I could not gather what it was all about. Presently, however, with a "*Très bien. Je vous remercie*," he put back the receiver and came back to where I was sitting. His eyes were sparkling with excitement. "*Mon ami*," he said, "what did I tell you? Things have begun to happen."

"What was it?"

"That was Monsieur Charles Vyse on the telephone. He informs me that this morning, through the post, he has received a will signed by his cousin, Miss Buckley, and dated the twenty-fifth of February last."

"What? *The* will?"

"*Evidemment.*"

"It has turned up?"

"Just at the right moment, *n'est-ce pas?*"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page 61

"Do you think he is speaking the truth?"

"Or do I think he has had the will all along? Is that what you would say? Well, it is all a little curious. But one thing is certain. I told you that if Mademoiselle Nick were supposed to be dead, we should have developments, and, sure enough, here they are!"

"Extraordinary," I said. "You were right. I suppose this is the will making Frederica Rice residuary legatee?"

"Monsieur Vyse said nothing about the contents of the will. He was far too correct. But there seems very little reason to doubt that this is the same will. It is witnessed, he tells me, by Ellen Wilson and her husband."

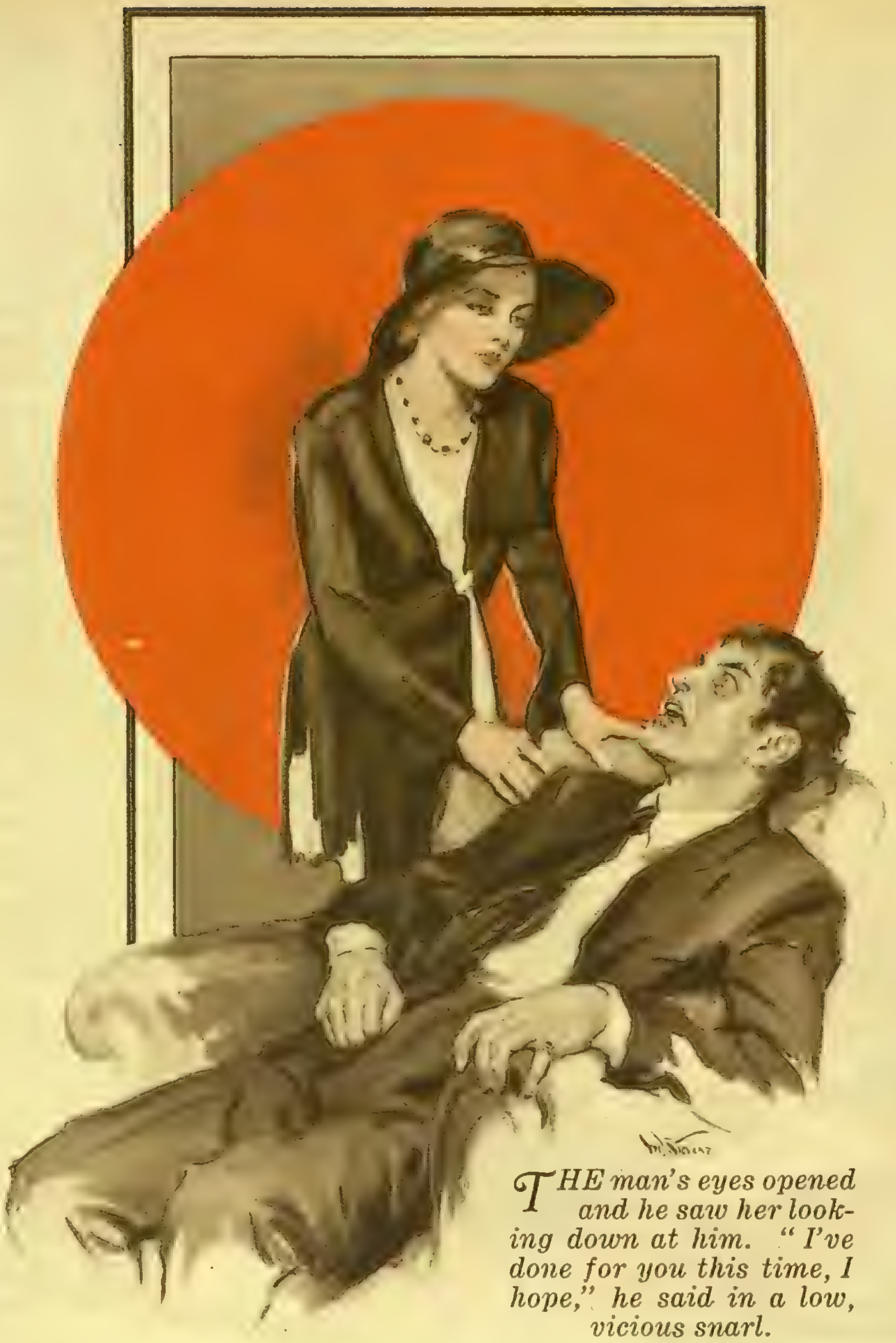
"So we are back at the old problem," I said. "Frederica Rice."

"The enigma!"

"Frederica Rice," I murmured inconsequently. "It's a pretty name."

"Prettier than what her friends call her—'Freddie'"—he made a face; "*ce n'est pas jolie* for a young lady."

"There aren't many abbreviations of Frederica," I said. "It's not like Margaret, where you can have half a dozen—Maggie, Margot, Madge, Peggie—"



THE man's eyes opened and he saw her looking down at him. "I've done for you this time, I hope," he said in a low, vicious snarl.

"TRUE. Well, Hastings, are you happier, now that things have begun to happen?"

"Yes, of course. Tell me. Did you expect this to happen?"

"No, not exactly. I had formulated nothing very precise to myself. All I had said was that given a certain result, the causes of that result must make themselves evident."

"Yes," I said respectfully.

"What was it that I was going to say just as that telephone rang?" mused Poirot. "Oh, yes, that letter from Mademoiselle Maggie. I want to look at it once again. I have an idea in the back of my mind that something in it struck me as rather curious."

I picked it up from where I had tossed it, and handed it to him. He read it over to himself. I moved about the room, looking out of the window and observing the yachts racing on the bay.

Suddenly an exclamation startled me. I turned round.

Poirot was holding his head in his hands and rocking himself to and fro, apparently in an agony of woe.

"Oh!" he groaned. "But I have been blind—blind!"

"What's the matter?"

"Complex, I have said? Complicated? *Mais non.* Of a simplicity extreme—extreme. And, miserable one that I am, I saw nothing—nothing."

"Good gracious, Poirot, what is this light that has suddenly burst upon you?"

"Wait—wait! Do not speak. I must arrange my ideas. Rearrange them in the light of this discovery so stupendous." Seizing his list of questions, he ran over them silently, his lips moving busily. Once or twice he nodded his head emphatically.

Then he laid the list down and leaning back in his chair he shut his eyes. I thought at last that he had gone to sleep.

Suddenly he sighed and opened his eyes.

"But yes!" he said. "It all fits in! All the things that have puzzled me. All the things that have seemed to me a little unnatural. They all have their place."

"You mean you know everything?"

"Nearly everything. All that matters. In some respects I have been right in my deductions. In other ways ludicrously far from the truth. But now it is all clear. I shall send today a telegram asking two questions—but the answers to them I know already—I know *here!*" He tapped his forehead.

"And when you receive the answers?" I asked curiously.

He sprang to his feet.

"My friend, do you remember that Mademoiselle Nick said she wanted to stage a play at End House? Tonight we stage such a play in End House. But it will be a play produced by Hercule Poirot. Mademoiselle Nick will have a part to play in it." He grinned suddenly. "You comprehend, Hastings, there will be a ghost in this play. Yes, a ghost. End House has never seen a ghost. It will have one tonight. No"—as I tried to ask a question—"I will say no more. Tonight, Hastings, we will produce our comedy and reveal the truth. But now there is much to do—much to do."

He hurried from the room.

II

IT was a curious gathering that met that night at End House. I had hardly seen Poirot all day. He had been out for dinner but had left me a message that I was to be at End House at nine o'clock. Evening dress, he had added, was not necessary.

The whole thing was like a rather ridiculous dream.

On arrival I was ushered into the dining room, and when I looked round I realized that every person on Poirot's list, from A to I (J was necessarily excluded, being in the Mrs. Harris-like position of "there ain't no sich person"), was present. Even Mrs. Croft was there in a kind of invalid chair. She smiled and nodded at me.

"This is a surprise, isn't it?" she said cheerfully. "It makes a change for me, I must say. I think I shall try and get out now and again. All Monsieur Poirot's idea. Come and sit by me, Captain Hastings. Somehow I feel this is rather a gruesome business, but Mr. Vyse made a point of it."

"Mr. Vyse?" I said, rather surprised.

Charles Vyse was standing by the mantelpiece. Poirot was beside him, talking earnestly to him in an undertone.

I looked round the room. Yes, they were all there. After showing me in (I had been a minute or two late), Ellen had taken her place on a chair just beside the door. On another chair, sitting painfully straight and breathing hard, was her husband. The child, Alfred, squirmed uneasily between his father and mother.

The rest sat round the dining table. Frederica in her black dress, Lazarus beside her, George Challenger and Croft on the other side of the table. I sat a little away from it, near Mrs. Croft. And now Charles Vyse, with a final nod of the head, took his place at the head of the table and Poirot slipped unobtrusively into a seat next to Lazarus.

Clearly the producer, as Poirot had styled himself, did not propose to take a prominent part in the play. Charles Vyse was apparently in charge of the proceedings. I wondered what surprises Poirot had in store for him.

THE young lawyer cleared his throat and stood up. He looked just the same as ever, impassive, formal, and unemotional.

“ This is rather an unconventional gathering we have here tonight,” he said. “ But the circumstances are very peculiar. I refer, of course, to the circumstances surrounding the death of my cousin, Miss Buckley. There will have, of course, to be an autopsy. There seems to be no doubt that she met her death by poison, and that that poison was administered with the intent to kill. This is police business and I need not go into it. The police would doubtless prefer me not to do so.

“ In an ordinary case, the will of a deceased person is read after the funeral, but in deference to Monsieur Poirot's especial wish, I am proposing to read it before the funeral takes place. In fact, I am proposing to read it here and now. That is why everyone has been asked to come here. As I said just now, the circumstances are unusual and justify a departure from precedent.

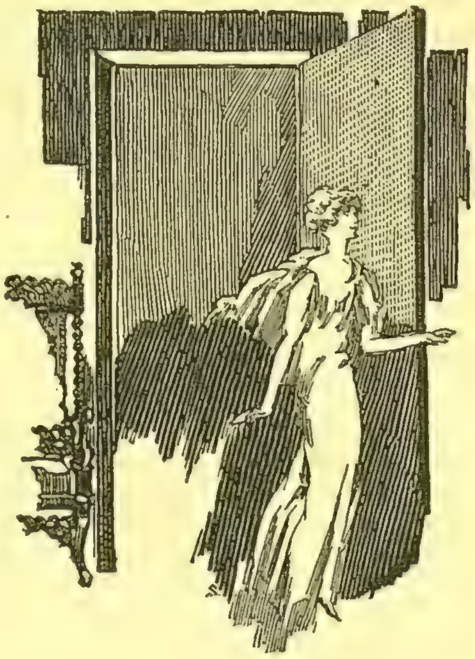
“ The will itself came into my possession in a somewhat unusual manner. Although dated last February, it only reached me by post this morning. However, it is undoubtedly in the handwriting of my cousin—I have no doubt on that point—and though a most informal document, it is properly attested.” He paused and cleared his throat once more. Every eye was upon his face.

From a long envelope in his hand he drew out an inclosure. It was, as we could see, an ordinary piece of End House note paper with writing on it.

“ It is quite short,” said Vyse. He made a suitable pause, then began to read:

“ This is the last Will and Testament of Magdala Buckley. I direct that all my funeral expenses should be paid, and I appoint my cousin, Charles Vyse, as my executor. I leave everything of which I die possessed to Mildred Croft in grateful recognition of the services rendered by her to my father, Philip Buckley, which services nothing can ever repay.

“ Signed: MAGDALA BUCKLEY.
“ Witnessed: ELLEN WILSON.
“ WILLIAM WILSON.”



I was dumfounded! So, I think, was everyone else. Only Mrs. Croft nodded her head in quiet understanding.

“ It's true,” she said quietly. “ Not that I ever meant to let on about it. Philip Buckley was out in Australia, and if it hadn't been for me— Well, I'm not going into that. A secret it's been and a secret it had better remain. She knew about it, though. Nick did, I mean. Her father must have told her.

“ We came down here because we wanted to have a look at the place. I'd always been curious about this End House Philip Buckley talked of. And that dear girl knew all about it, and couldn't do enough for us. Wanted us to come and live with her, she did. But we wouldn't do that. And so she insisted on our having the lodge. And not a penny of rent would she take. We pretended to pay it, of course, so as not to cause talk, but she handed it back to us. And now—this! Well, if anyone says there is no gratitude in the world, I'll tell them they're wrong! This proves it.”

There was still an amazed silence. Poirot looked at Vyse. “ Had you any idea of this? ”

Vyse shook his head.

“ I knew Philip Buckley had been in Australia. But I never heard any rumors of a scandal there.”

He looked inquiringly at Mrs. Croft.

She shook her head. “ No, you won't get a word out of me. I never have said a word and I never shall. The secret goes to the grave with me.”

Vyse said nothing. He sat quietly tapping the table.

“ I presume, Monsieur Vyse,” Poirot leaned forward, “ that as next of kin, you could contest that will? There is, I understand, a vast fortune at stake, which was not the case when the will was made.”

Vyse looked at him coldly. “ The will is perfectly valid. I should not dream of contesting my cousin's disposal of her property.”

“ You're an honest fellow,” said Mrs. Croft approvingly, “ and I'll see you don't lose by it.”

Charles shrank a little from this well meant but slightly embarrassing remark.

“ Well, mother,” said Mr. Croft, with an elation he could not quite keep out of his voice, “ this *is* a surprise! Nick didn't tell *me* what she was doing.”

“ The dear sweet girl,” murmured Mrs. Croft, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. “ I wish she could look down and see us now. Perhaps she does. Who knows? ”

“ Perhaps,” agreed Poirot.

Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him. He looked round. “ An idea! We are all here, seated round a table. Let us hold a séance.”

“A SEANCE? ” said Mrs. Croft, somewhat shocked. “ But surely—”

“ Yes, yes, it will be most interesting. Hastings, here, has pronounced mediumistic powers.” (“ Why fix on *me?* ” I thought.) “ To get through a message from the other world—the opportunity is unique! I feel the conditions are propitious. You feel the same, Hastings? ”

“ Yes,” I said resolutely, playing up.

“ Good. I knew it. Quick, the lights.”

In another minute he had risen and switched them off. The whole thing had been rushed on the company before they had had the energy to protest had they wanted to do so.

The room was not quite dark. The curtains were drawn back and the window was open, for it was a hot night, and through those windows came a faint light. After a minute or two, as we sat in silence, I began to be able to make out the faint outlines of the furniture.

I wondered very much what I was supposed to do and cursed Poirot heartily for not having given me my instructions beforehand.

However, I closed my eyes and breathed in a rather stertorous manner.

Presently Poirot rose and tiptoed to my chair. Then, returning to his own, he murmured: “ Yes, he is already in a trance. Soon things will begin to happen.”

There is something about sitting in the dark, waiting, that fills one with unbearable apprehension. I know that I myself was a prey to nerves, and so, I am sure, was everyone else. And yet I had at least an idea of what was about to happen. I knew the one vital fact that no one else knew.

And yet, in spite of all that, my heart leaped into my mouth as I saw the dining-room door slowly opening.

It did so quite soundlessly (it must have been oiled), and the effect was horribly grisly. It swung slowly open and for a minute or two that was all. With its opening a cold blast of air seemed to enter the room. It was, I suppose, a common or garden draft owing to the open

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page sixty-three]

window, but it felt like the icy chill mentioned in all the ghost stories I have ever read.

And then we all saw it! Framed in the doorway was a white shadowy figure. Nick Buckley . . .

She advanced slowly and noiselessly, with a kind of floating ethereal motion that certainly conveyed the impression of nothing human . . .

I realized then what an actress the world had missed. Nick had wanted to play a part at End House. Now she was playing it. She did it perfectly.

She floated forward into the room—and the silence was broken. There was a gasping cry from the invalid chair beside me. A kind of gurgle from Mr. Croft. A startled oath from Challenger. Charles Vyse drew back his chair, I think. Lazarus leaned forward. Frederica alone made no sound or movement.

And then a scream rent the room. Ellen sprang up from her chair. "It's her!" she shrieked. "She's come back! She's walking! Them that's murdered always walks. It's her! It's her!"

And then, with a click, the lights went on.

I saw Poirot standing by the switch, the smile of the ringmaster on his face. Nick stood in the middle of the room in her white draperies.

It was Frederica who spoke first. She stretched out an unbelieving hand; touched her friend.

"Nick," she said, "you're—you're *real!*"

Nick laughed. She advanced. "Yes," she said. "I'm real enough. Thank you so much for what you did for my father, Mrs. Croft. But I'm afraid you won't be able to enjoy the benefit of that will just yet."

"Oh, my God!" gasped Mrs. Croft. "Oh, my God!" She twisted to and fro in her chair. "Take me away, Bert. Take me away. It was all a joke, my dear—all a joke, that's all it was. Honest."

"A queer sort of joke," said Nick.

The door had opened again and a man had entered, so quietly that I had not heard him. To my surprise, I saw that it was Inspector Japp. He exchanged a quick nod with Poirot as though satisfying him of something. Then his face suddenly lit up and he took a step forward toward the squirming figure in the invalid chair.

"Hullo-ullo-ullo," he said. "What's this? An old friend! Milly Merton, I declare! And at your old tricks again, my dear."

He turned round in an explanatory way to the company, disregarding Mrs. Croft's shrill protests.

"Cleverest forger we've ever had, Milly Merton. We knew there had been an accident to the car they made their last getaway in. But there! Even an injury to the spine wouldn't keep Milly from her tricks. She's an artist!"

"Was that will a forgery?" said Vyse. He spoke in tones of amazement.

"Of course it was a forgery," said Nick scornfully. "You don't think I'd make a silly will like that, do you? I left you End House, Charles, and everything else to Frederica."

She crossed as she spoke and stood by her friend, and just at that moment *it happened!* A spurt of flame from the window and the hiss of a bullet. Then another, and the sound of a groan and a fall outside. . . .

And Frederica on her feet with a thin trickle of blood running down her arm. . . .

III

IT was all so sudden that for a moment no one knew what had happened. Then, with a violent exclamation, Poirot ran to the window. Challenger was with him. A moment later they reappeared, carrying with them the limp body of a man. As they lowered him carefully into a big leather armchair and his face came into view, I uttered a cry: "The face—the face at the window!"

It was the man I had seen looking in on us the previous evening. I recognized him at once. I realized that when I had said he was hardly human I had exaggerated, as Poirot had accused me of doing. Yet there was something about this face that justified my impression. It was a lost face, the face of one removed from ordinary humanity.

Down the side of it there trickled a stream of blood.

Frederica came slowly forward till she stood by the chair. Poirot intercepted her. "You are hurt, madame?"

She shook her head.

"The bullet grazed my shoulder, that is all."

She put him aside with a gentle hand and bent down.

THE man's eyes opened and he saw her looking down at him. "I've done for you this time, I hope," he said in a low vicious snarl. And then, his voice changing suddenly till it sounded like a child's, "Oh, Freddie, I didn't mean it. I didn't mean it. You've always been so decent to me—"

"It's all right—" She knelt down beside him.

"I didn't mean—"

His head dropped. The sentence was never finished.

Frederica looked up at Poirot.

"Yes, madame, he is dead," he said gently.

She rose slowly from her knees and stood looking down at him. With one hand she touched his forehead—pitifully, it seemed. Then she sighed and turned to the rest of us. "He was my husband," she said quietly.

"J," I murmured.

Poirot caught my remark and nodded a quick assent.

"Yes," he said softly. "Always I felt that there was a J. I said so from the beginning, did I not?"

"He was my husband," said Frederica again. Her voice was terribly tired. She sank into a chair that Lazarus brought. "I might as well tell you everything—now.

"He was—completely debased. He was a drug fiend. He taught me to take drugs. I have been fighting the habit ever since I left him. I think—at last—I am nearly cured.

"I could never escape from him. He used to turn up and demand money—with threats. A kind of blackmail. If I did not give him money he would shoot himself. That was always his threat. Then he took to threatening to shoot me. He was not responsible. He was crazy—

"I suppose it was he who shot Maggie Buckley. He didn't mean to shoot her, of course. He must have thought it was me. I ought to have said, I suppose. But, I wasn't sure. And those queer accidents Nick had—that made me feel that perhaps it wasn't him, after all.

"And then, one day, I saw a bit of his handwriting on a torn piece of paper on Monsieur Poirot's table. It was part of a letter he had sent me. I knew then that Monsieur Poirot was on the track. Since then I have felt that it was only a matter of time—

"But I don't understand about the sweets. He wouldn't have wanted to poison Nick. And, anyway, I don't see how he could have had anything to do with that. I've puzzled and puzzled—"

She put both hands to her face.

In spite of Frederica's supposition, the murderer of Maggie Buckley has not yet been found. But in next week's concluding installment you'll learn the truth.

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Great Expectations

Anna, aged five, was very busy sewing. Her mother asked her what she was making. She said:

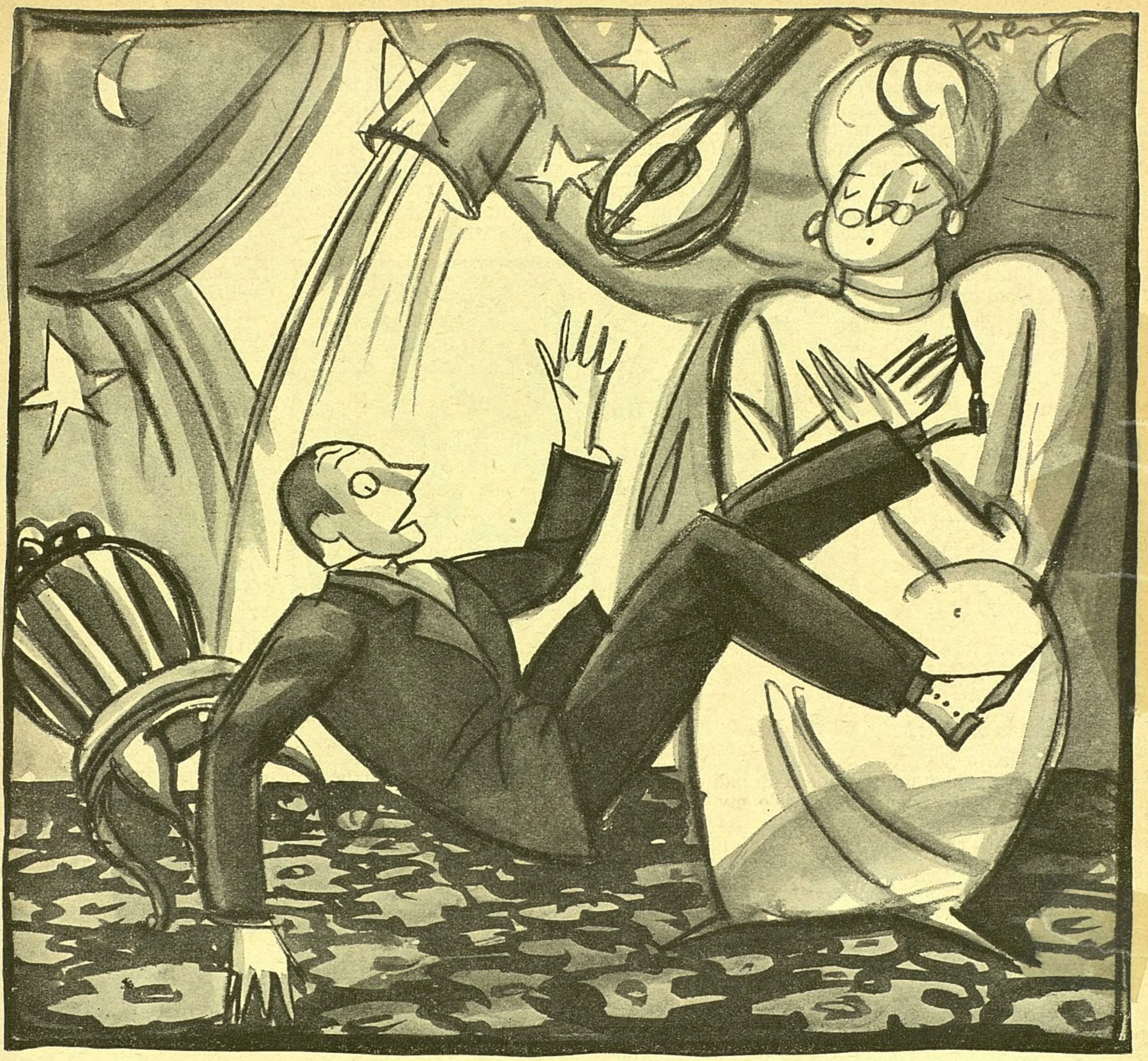
"Well, mother, I *was* making a doll's dress, but I guess it is going to turn into a hat."—Mrs. Jennie Marvin, 10619 Everton Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

Miss Noah Webster

One Sunday morning I asked my Sunday-school class of little girls if they knew the meaning of forgive.

A little five-year-old said: "It means you think you are mad at someone and then you ain't."—Mrs. Perle E. Zimmerman, Augusta, Ill.



His chair would then be pulled out from under him and a pail of water be upset over his shoulders.

A TRIP to SPIRIT LAND

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)

IN all the recent talk about spirits and spiritism (by "recent" I mean the past three hundred and fifty years) I have maintained what amounts to a complete silence, chiefly because I have been eating crackers a great deal of the time and couldn't talk, but also because I saw no reason for my giving away those secrets of spirit communication which have, in my day, made me known from Maine to New Hampshire as "the Goat of Ghosts." Now, however, I feel that Society should know how it has been duped, boop—doopa—duped, in fact.

I first began my experiments with spiritism in 1909 while sitting in the dark with a young lady who later turned out to be not my wife. Watches with phosphorescent dials had just come into use and I had one of the few in town. In fact, I had one of the few watches in town, most of the residents still sticking to the old-fashioned hourglass as being more handy. I had just moved my watch up to my nose to take a look at it in the dark, as I realized that it was time to go beddie-bye, when the young lady, seeing a phosphorescent blob of light make its way like a comet through the dark at her side, screamed, "There's a ghost in the room!" and fainted heavily.

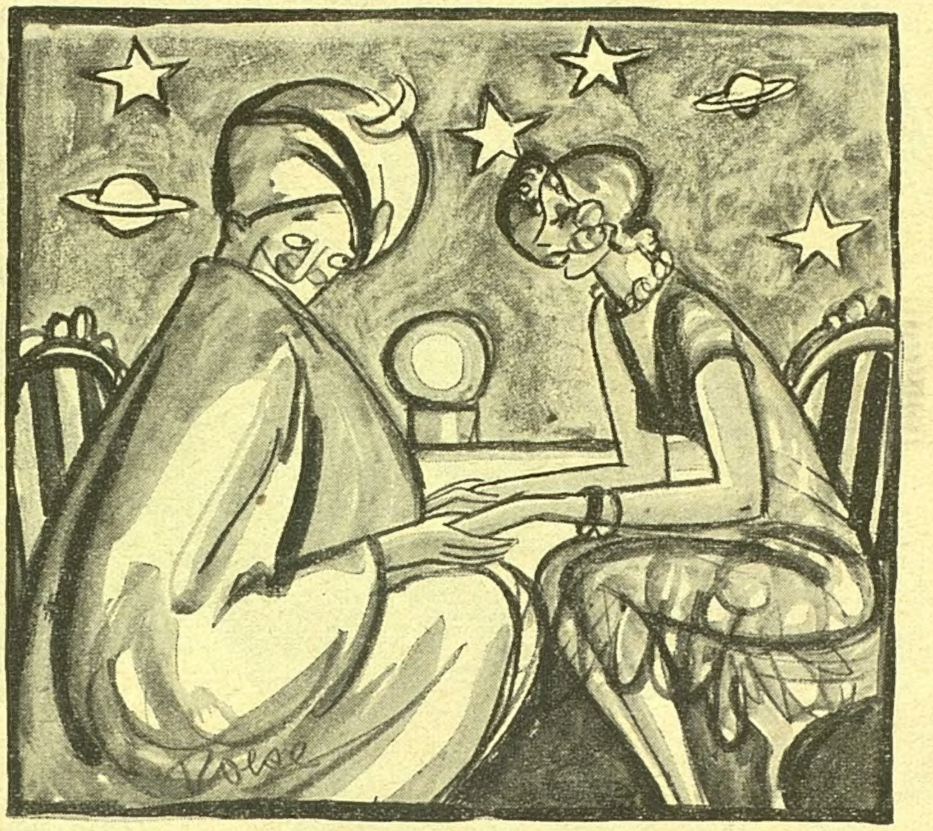
It was some time before I could get out from under her, and even more time before I realized what it was that had given her such a fright; but, once it became clear to me, I knew that I had here the makings of a great little racket. So, stepping across her prostrate body, I went

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

out into the world to become a medium, or, in the technical language of the craft, a medium stout.

Not many people realize how easy it is to fake spirit manifestations. For example, there was the famous case of one Dr. Rariborou, well known in London during the first decade of the century as a highly successful medium and eye-ear-nose-and-throat man. He combined his medical practice with his occult powers by making spirits play tambourines in people's throats while he was working on them. This not only mystified his patients but made them pretty irritable, so he had to give it up in the end and devoted all his time to séances.

Dr. Rariborou, or, as he afterward became known, "Dr." Rariborou, was famous for his "flying leg" trick, or "foot messages." This was a highly mystifying manifestation, even to Dr. Rariborou, although he knew exactly how it was done. The client was seated in a darkened room, after having examined the medium to make sure that he was securely bound with surgeon's tape to his assistant, who was, in turn, chained to the wall of the room. The room was then hermetically sealed, so that it got rather unbearable along about four o'clock.



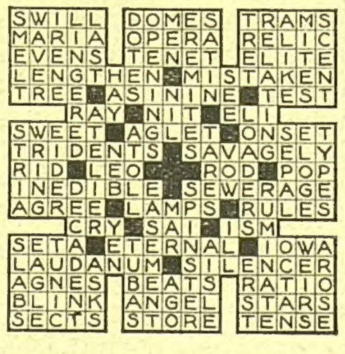
Society should know how it has been duped, boop—doopa—duped, in fact.

Having made sure that everything was shipshape (one of those old medieval prison ships you read about—I don't), the client sat in a chair and held fast on to the knee of Dr. Rariborou. Sometimes they would sit this way for hours, if Dr. Rariborou happened to like the client. Otherwise, the séance would begin immediately with a message to the doctor from his control, an old Indian named Mike. Mike would tell the doctor that someone wanted to talk to the client, usually someone of whom the client had never heard, whereupon a ghostly leg would be seen flying through the air, delivering a smart kick with its foot on the side of the client's head. Almost simultaneously a kick would be received on the other side of the head, which would pretty well rock the client groggy. His chair would then be pulled out from under him and a pail of water be upset over his shoulders.

At the same time a spirit mandolin, suspended in midair, would play Ethelbert Nevin's Narcissus in double time, with not too expert fingering on the high notes.

THIS astounded, and bruised, a number of clients, and the doctor's reputation grew apace. The funny part of it was that practically every client who was thus maltreated had no difficulty in recalling some deceased friend or relative who might be glad to treat him in this manner. They all took it for granted that they were getting only what was coming to them from someone who was dead. They would say, as they picked themselves up after the séance: "I guess that must have been Dolly," or, "Sure, I know who *that* was, all right. was Joe." All of which does not speak very well for human society as it is constituted today.

Now for the explanation of how this "flying leg" trick was done. It was one of my favorites when I was at the zenith of my powers. The medium is



SWILL DOMES TRAMS
MARIA OPERA RELIC
EVENS TENET ELITE
LENGTHEN■MISTAKEN
TREE■ASININE■TEST
RAY■NIT■ELI
SWEET■AGLET■ONSET
TRIDENTS■SAVAGELY
RID■LEO■■■ROD■POP
INEDIBLE■SEWERAGE
AGREE■LAMPS■RULES
CRY■SAI■ISM
SETA■ETERNAL■IOWA
LAUDANUM■SILENCER
AGNES BEATS RATIO
BLINK ANGEL STARS
SECTS STORE TENSE

Answer to the puzzle

geon's tape, to his assistant, who is in turn chained to the wall. When the lights are put out, the medium, using the one knee which is free from the grasp of the client, presses a concealed spring in the chair on which he is sitting, which releases the entire side of the room to which the assistant is chained.

The assistant, with nothing to bother him now but the loose wall hanging to his wrists and the medium who is strapped to him, seizes an artificial leg which has been covered with phosphorescent paint and belabors the client with it as we have seen. With one foot he releases a spring which pulls the chair out from under the victim, and with the other foot releases another spring which upsets the pail of water. By this time the client doesn't know or care much what goes on.

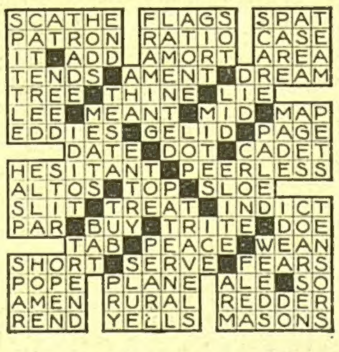
MEANWHILE the medium, still strapped to the assistant, brings out a mandolin pick which he has had concealed in his cheek and plays a phosphorescent mandolin which has been lowered by a second assistant from the ceiling to a point directly in front of his mouth. Narcissus calls for very little fretwork on the mandolin, being played mostly on the open strings, but what little fingering there is to be done is easily handled by the tip of the medium's nose which he has trained especially for this work. You can do it yourself some time, unless you happen not to like Narcissus as a tune. I myself got pretty darned sick of it after five or six years, which was one of the reasons I gave up holding séances.

Another famous medium, whose fakes are now generally recognized, was Mme. Wayhoo, an East Indian woman from New Bedford, Massachusetts, whose father was one of the old New Bedford whales. Her specialty was spirit writing, and her chief claim to integrity was that she herself could neither read nor write. (As a matter of fact, she was a graduate of Radcliffe, according to the gossips.) The person desirous of getting in touch with deceased relatives would go into a darkened room and ask questions of Mme. Wayhoo, such as, "Is it in this room? Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral? Did you file an income-tax return in 1930 and, if so, were you married or single at that time?"

To these questions the medium would reply nothing, until the questioner got rather jittery as a result of sitting in a dark room and asking questions into the blackness with no replies. Just as some form of mental breakdown was about to take place, the medium would scratch on a slate with a slate pencil, at the revolting sound of which the client would leap into the air and rush from the room screaming. On returning, he or she would find that a message had been written on the slate, something like "Out to lunch—back at 2:30," or a complete bowling score. I think I do not even have to explain how this was done.

I have in my files hundreds of other explanations of psychic phenomena, but I am saving them up for a debate. I also have some excellent rye whisky which I will let go for practically nothing to the right parties.

Further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.



SCATHE FLAGS SPAT
PATRON RATIO CASE
IT■ADD AMORT AREA
TENDS■AMENT■DREAM
TREE■THINE■LIE
LEE■MEANT■MID■MAP
EDDIES■GELID■PAGE
DATE■DOT■CADET
HESITANT■PEERLESS
ALTOS■TOP■SLOE
SLIT■TREAT■INDICT
PAR■BUY■TRITE■DOE
TAB■PEACE■WEAN
SHORT■SERVE■FEARS
POPE PLANE ALE■SO
AMEN RURAL REDDER
REND YELLS MASONS

Answer to the puzzle on page 53

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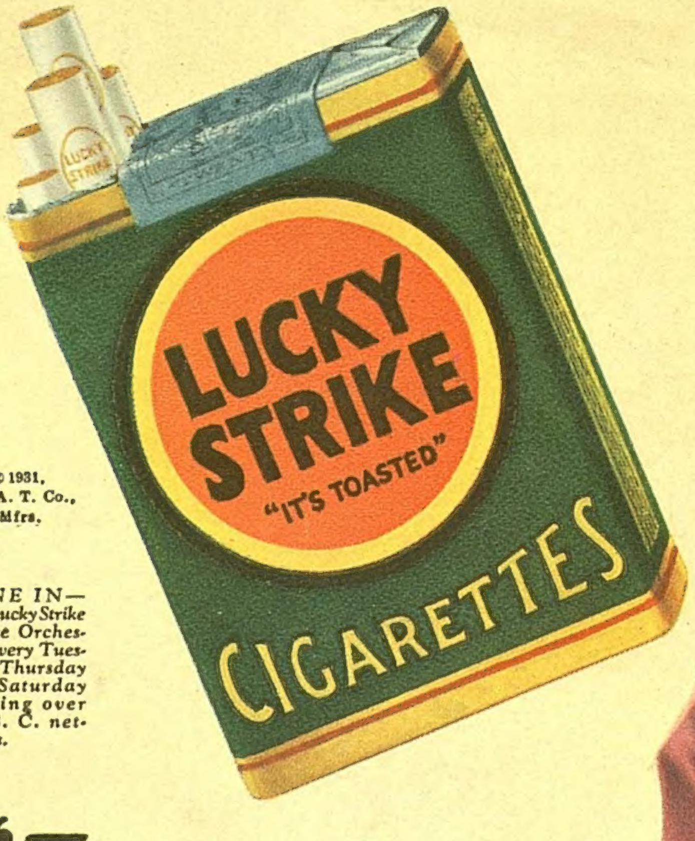

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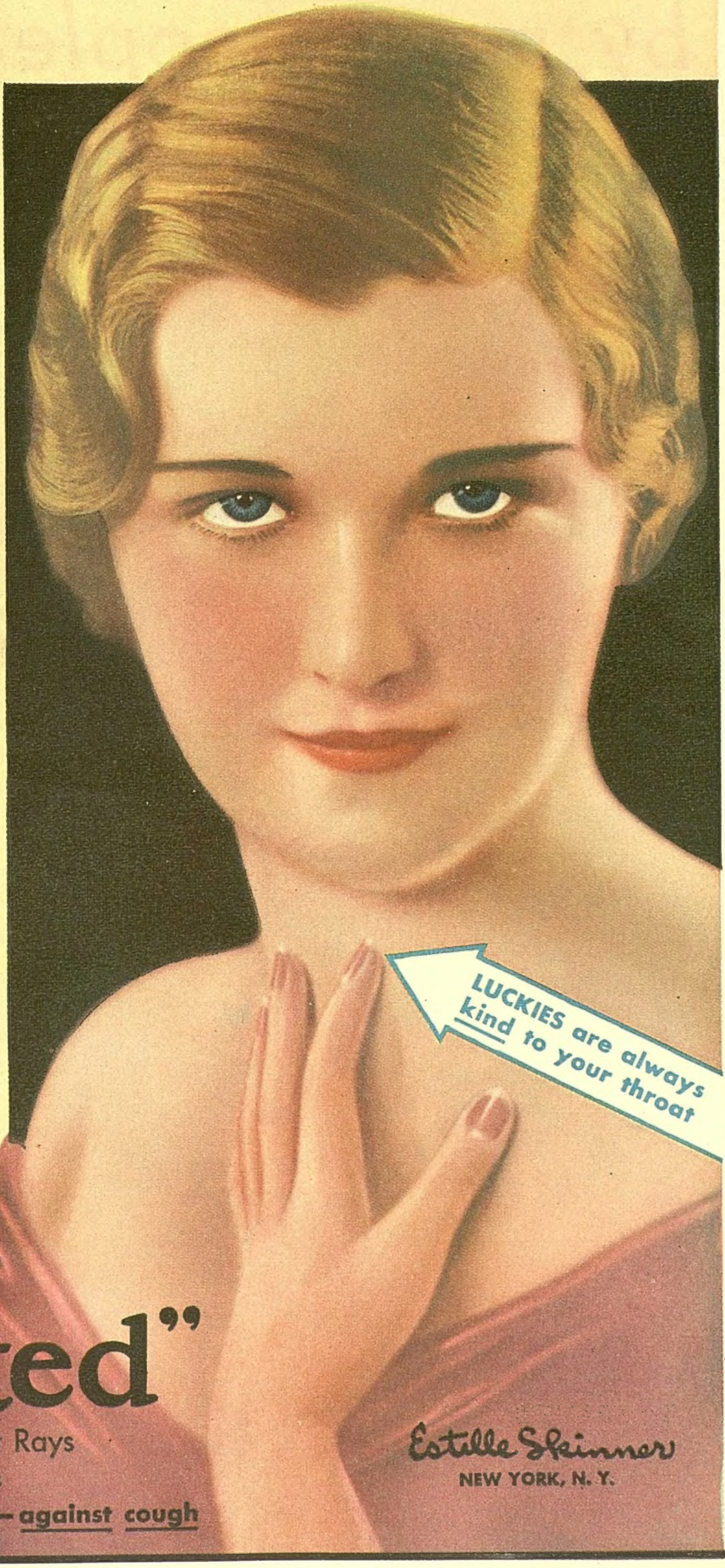
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